THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W agazine
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JULY 30, 1910

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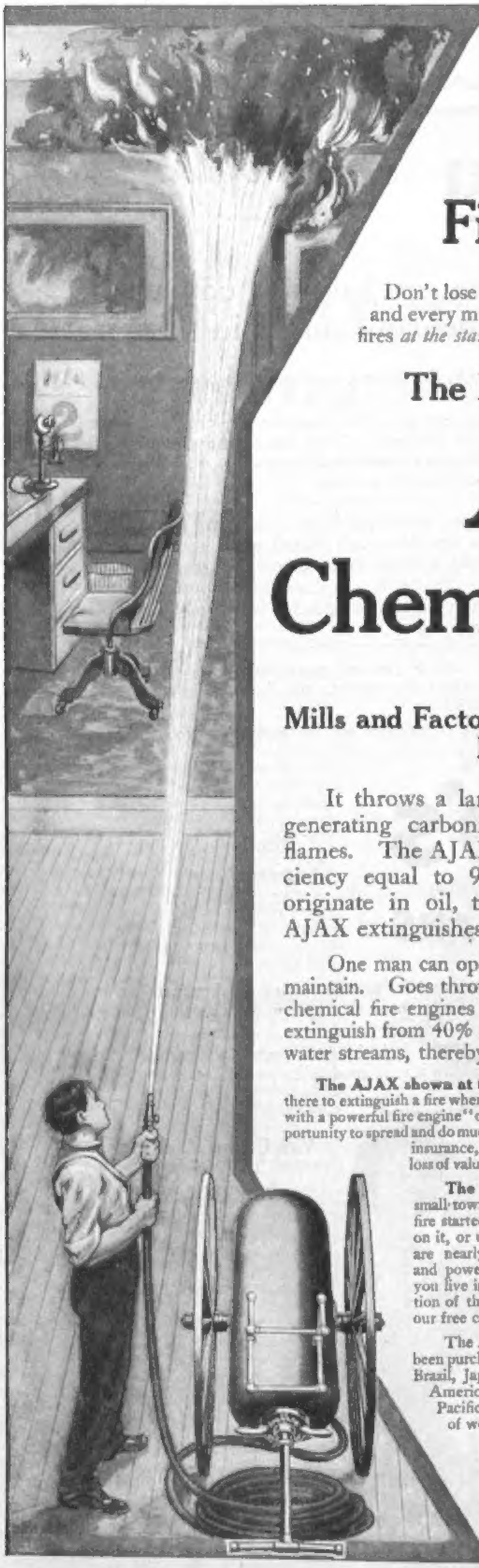
More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly



Have "Your Own Fire Department!!!"

Don't lose valuable time when a fire breaks out. Seconds count—and every moment lost means more dollars loss for you. Extinguish fires *at the start*, and in this way nip in the bud what might be a disaster.

The Powerful and Highly Efficient

AJAX Chemical Fire Engine

is an invaluable protection for

Mills and Factories, Towns and Villages, Country Estates Public Institutions, Stores, Etc.

It throws a large, powerful chemical stream about eighty (80) feet, generating carbonic acid gas that smothers the oxygen, the life of the flames. The AJAX will extinguish a big fire, having a fire-fighting efficiency equal to 9,000 pails of water. Water is useless on flames that originate in oil, tar, paint, celluloid, alcohol, turpentine, etc., but the AJAX extinguishes them as easily as a wood blaze.

One man can operate the AJAX in ten seconds. It costs practically nothing to maintain. Goes through ordinary doorways and aisles. Is similar in efficiency to the chemical fire engines used by nearly all our large City Fire Departments, and which extinguish from 40% to 90% of all the fires in those cities today, without the use of water streams, thereby saving great water damage.

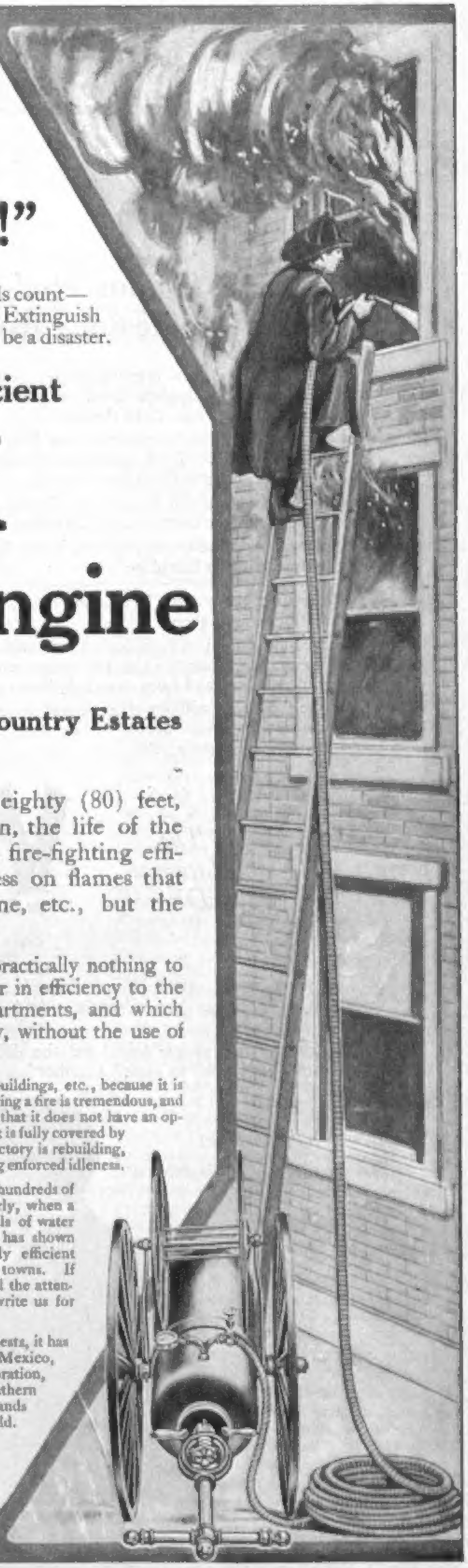
The AJAX shown at the left is especially valuable for factories, homes, public buildings, etc., because it is there to extinguish a fire when it starts. The value of the first two or three minutes in fighting a fire is tremendous, and with a powerful fire engine "on your own premises," a fire can be extinguished so quickly that it does not have an opportunity to spread and do much damage. This is worth a great deal to a factory, for even if it is fully covered by insurance, the companies do not pay for the loss of business while the factory is rebuilding, loss of valuable papers, records, customers, profits, and employees during enforced idleness.

The AJAX shown at the right is being rapidly purchased by hundreds of small towns which formerly had little or no fire protection. Formerly, when a fire started in such a town, about all they could do was to throw pails of water on it, or use other primitive and ancient methods which experience has shown are nearly always inadequate. The AJAX furnishes an especially efficient and powerful fire protection that is within the means of small towns. If you live in a town without adequate fire protection, you should call the attention of the citizens and Town Council to this advertisement, and write us for our free catalogues and full particulars.

The AJAX has met with phenomenal success. After thorough tests, it has been purchased by the United States Government, the Governments of Mexico, Brazil, Japan, etc., the Standard Oil Company, U. S. Steel Corporation, American Sugar Refining Company, Great Northern Railroad, Southern Pacific Railroad, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and thousands of well-known corporations and individuals throughout the world.

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS
95 East Liberty Street, New York, U. S. A.

We also invite immediate correspondence with those interested in selling the Ajax in their vicinity.



Free Trial Offer

We want to send you an AJAX on 30 days free trial, entirely at our expense, and without obligation on your part. We want you to try it on a test-fire you can build for the purpose, or make any other tests desired. If it does not more than substantiate our claims, return it at our expense. No deposit or red tape—a trial of the machine itself is our best advertisement. Fill in the attached coupon, or write us a note, and we will send you pamphlet which explains everything about the machine, quote prices, and give particulars as to free trial.

Ajax Fire Engine Works, 95 East Liberty St., New York, U. S. A.

We also invite immediate correspondence with those interested in selling the Ajax in their vicinity.

Ajax Fire Engine Works,
95 East Liberty Street, New York City

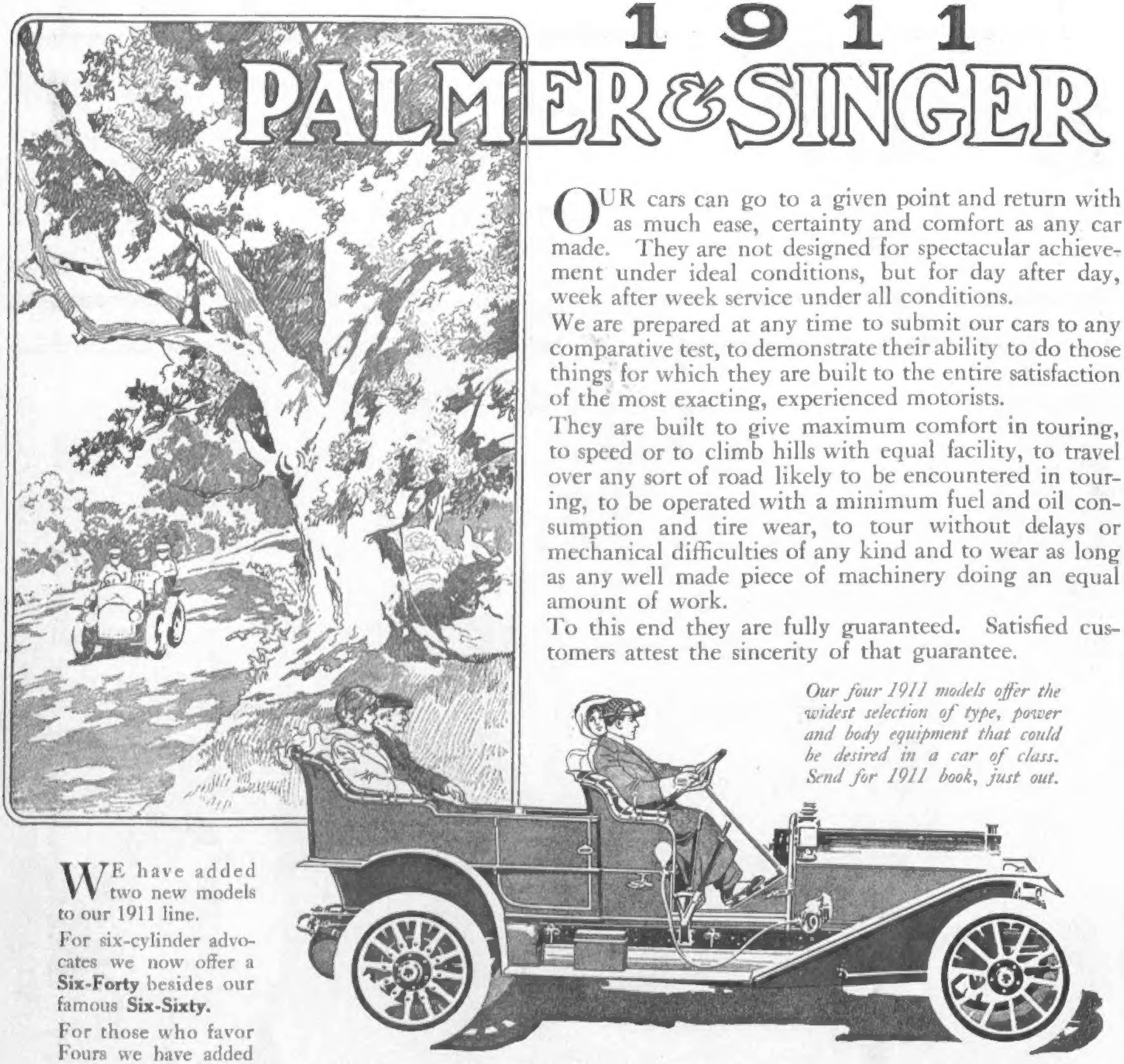
Send the undersigned your pamphlet which gives all facts regarding your Ajax Chemical Fire Engine, and quote price and free trial offer.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

Please state whether interested in a machine for your own private use or whether interested for your Town.________________

1911
PALMER & SINGER



OUR cars can go to a given point and return with as much ease, certainty and comfort as any car made. They are not designed for spectacular achievement under ideal conditions, but for day after day, week after week service under all conditions.

We are prepared at any time to submit our cars to any comparative test, to demonstrate their ability to do those things for which they are built to the entire satisfaction of the most exacting, experienced motorists.

They are built to give maximum comfort in touring, to speed or to climb hills with equal facility, to travel over any sort of road likely to be encountered in touring, to be operated with a minimum fuel and oil consumption and tire wear, to tour without delays or mechanical difficulties of any kind and to wear as long as any well made piece of machinery doing an equal amount of work.

To this end they are fully guaranteed. Satisfied customers attest the sincerity of that guarantee.

Our four 1911 models offer the widest selection of type, power and body equipment that could be desired in a car of class. Send for 1911 book, just out.

WE have added two new models to our 1911 line.

For six-cylinder advocates we now offer a **Six-Forty** besides our famous **Six-Sixty.**

For those who favor Fours we have added a powerful **Four-Fifty** and continued our **4-30** town cars.

Our prices on touring cars:

6-60 138 in. wheel base
Cylinder (4⅞ in. x 5½ in.)
7 passenger, **$4,200**
5 passenger, **$4,000**

4-50 129 in. wheel base
Cylinder (5⅛ in. x 5¼ in.)
7 passenger, **$3,900**
5 passenger, **$3,500**

6-40 125 in. wheel base
Cylinder (4 in. x 4¾ in.)
5 passenger, **$3,300**

Prices on application for our closed and special body types.

All our cars are guaranteed for one year.

WE invite comparison of our specifications with those of any other high-grade motor car in the market, confident that no other car of nearly equal price offers so many acknowledged superior features.

In design, material and workmanship, all our models are practically identical, differing only in size, power and equipment. Features common to all include:

Large valves; water cooling, supplemented by fan; mechanical oiling, gear driven pump; dual ignition, double set of spark plugs, multiple spray carbureter; four point motor suspension; plain bearings in motor.

Pressed channel steel frame, four cross members; I-beam, one piece, drop forged front axle.

Irreversible worm and nut steering gear; universal steering knuckles (not ball and socket); steering mechanism fully protected by front axle.

Multiple disc clutch; four speed selective transmission; imported ball bearings in transmission; four point suspension; sliding block universals; enclosed shaft drive; full floating rear axle; ball and thrust bearings on shaft and axle.

Four large brakes, internal and external on rear wheels; 36 in. wheels and semi-elliptic, extra long and heavy springs, front and rear (except in town cars).

PALMER & SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Executive Offices and Salesroom: 1620 Broadway, New York City
Factory: Long Island City
Chicago Branch: 1321 Michigan Avenue
Western Distributors: E. M. Fowler & Co., Santa Barbara, Calif.
Southern Distributors: Apperson-Lee Motor Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Licensed under Selden Patent.

Suppose Our Chef Came to You

Suppose a famous chef came to you on a hot day in July—a day when the porch invites one from the kitchen. Suppose he came and said this:

Madam, I propose to prepare you—ready to serve—a hundred summer meals. I will place them on your pantry shelf, fresh and savory—just as they came from the oven.

They are meals which require sixteen hours to prepare, even when one has the facilities. I will make them ready for you to serve in a minute. You can serve them hot or cold.

They will be meals fit for a king—hearty, delicious, our national dish. They will be richer in food value than meat or eggs or cheese.

I refer to pork and beans prepared in the famous Van Camp way, with the tomato sauce baked in.

I have spent many years in learning how to bake beans better than anyone else can bake them.

I have all the modern facilities. I bake with live steam superheated to 245 degrees. Thus I bake the beans until they are digestible. They don't ferment and form gas as do beans baked at home.

I bake the beans without crisping and without breaking the skins, by the use of these steam ovens. They come to you as you like them best—nutty, mealy and whole.

By baking the pork, the tomato sauce and the beans together, I create a delicious blend.

I use the finest beans grown—Michigan beans, picked out by hand from the finest part of the crop. They are all the same size—all white, plump and full-grown—so they all bake alike. They cost four times what some other beans would cost.

I use whole tomatoes, round and hard, to make the tomato sauce. They are ripened on the vines, and picked when the juice fairly sparkles. I could make a tomato sauce without this zest for just one-fifth as much.

I prepare this dish in this ideal way, and supply it to you ready to serve at a little price per can.

Suppose our chef came to you and made that proposition—just at meal-time, perhaps, when the weather was hot. Don't you think that you would accept it?

Yet that is just the proposition we are making to you again and again in these pages.

The National Dish

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

The National Dish

For years many others have claimed to bake beans which were just as good as Van Camp's. And many still make the claim.

But, one by one, people found out the difference. As a result, Van Camp's have come to outsell all other brands combined.

Don't argue with those who say their beans are better. Just buy them and try them. Serve them the same meal with Van Camp's. Then decide for yourself.

This dish is our pride. It is the final result of 49 years of experience. You may be sure it is as good as it can be.

Three Sizes
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Van Camp Packing Co.
(Established 1861)
Indianapolis, Indiana

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Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

Borrowing Stranleigh's Name—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

THERE comes a period in the life of every man when, no matter how successful he may have been, he thinks for the moment he has chosen the wrong career. The comedian yearns to play Hamlet, and the world-renowned portrayer of the melancholy prince imagines he could set audiences in a roar of laughter. The carpenter regrets that he did not select the trade of blacksmith, and the blacksmith, as he mops his perspiring brow over red-hot irons, hankers for the ice business, while the ice man wishes he dealt in coal.

Young Lord Stranleigh began to realize the futile part he played in the affairs of the world at the time his friend and colleague, Mackeller, broke down in health. Now Mackeller was a much more stalwart man than the slim and elegant Stranleigh, yet a London specialist informed him that his nerves were gone; that worry and anxiety for the last few years had so strained the heart that the price of prolonged existence was complete cessation from work and withdrawal from business of any kind.

An English specialist who has successfully attended a member of the Royal Family, thus attaining instantaneously a European fame that years of hard work would never have achieved, does not temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but states the result of his diagnosis with a terseness that rather appalls the ordinary man. The blow in Mackeller's case was softened by the fact that the big-boned Scotchman did not believe a word the expert said. There was nothing the matter with him, he averred, but an occasional distressing shortness of breath. His trouble was bronchial and not cardiac, he insisted. The famous physician shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"If you know so much of your own condition, why trouble coming to me?" he asked, with some show of reason.

"It is quite impossible for me," continued Mackeller, "to cease work at a moment's notice, as you suggest. Very large interests are involved, and any neglect of them might be ruinous."

"That's what every business man says," replied the doctor. "In your case, keep on as you are doing and you have less than six months to live."

Peter Mackeller listened to this sentence of death with bowed head and furrowed brow, still incredulous; nevertheless, being an intensely practical man, his mind at once took up a search for an alternative. Perhaps, after all, this gruff medico might know what he was talking about. Never during his strenuous life had Peter experienced a single day's illness. The strong physique that his Highland ancestry had transmitted to him could surely not break down thus completely before he reached middle life. Most of his forefathers had died young at a hundred. Peter muttered to himself, rather than addressed the doctor:

"Perhaps Stranleigh would take charge of my affairs for a while."

"Do you refer to Lord Stranleigh?" asked the expert.

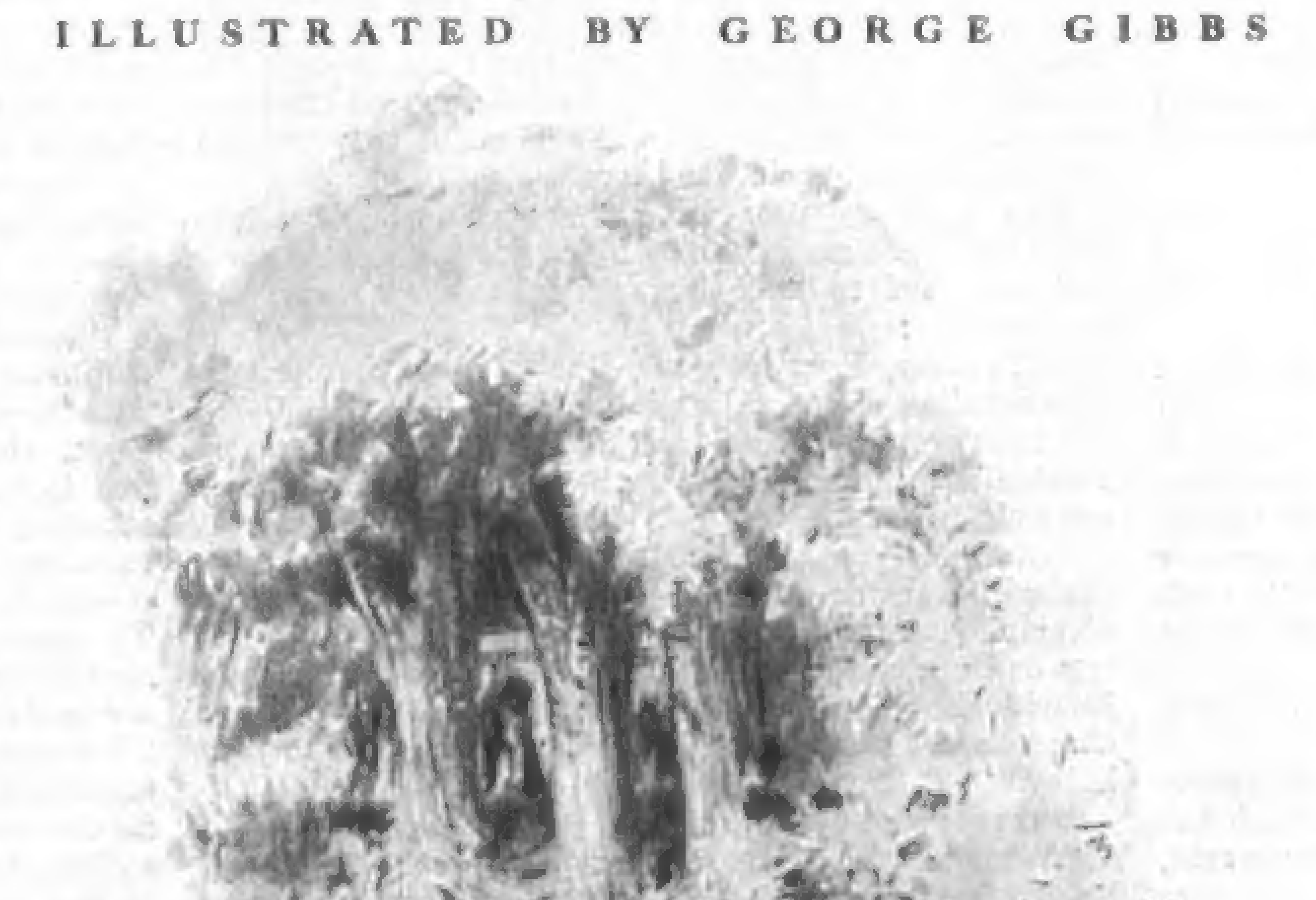
"Yes; he's an old friend of mine. He has got me out of trouble several times; I mean, of course, financial trouble."

"You say Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood is a friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"Well, if any man in England can afford monetary aid without feeling it, it is his wealthy lordship. I should be glad if you would bring him here one day, when I could discuss your case with him more freely than I can with you."

"There has been no lack of definiteness about your statements to me," said Mackeller, looking up. "You need not reproach yourself on that score."



"Pshaw! Bannerdale Must be Worth Sixty Million if He's Worth a Cent"

The great man smiled for the first time. He had been visibly impressed by the friendship with Lord Stranleigh, for, after all, even the Royalties he attended were paupers compared with Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood, and money talks in London, as is its garrulous habit elsewhere.

"You see, it's like this, Mr. Mackeller: Your heart is racing along at ninety-five beats to the minute when it should be contenting itself with from sixty to sixty-five. Roughly speaking, every four beats of the heart require one inspiration of air to the lungs. Your conservative lungs are vainly endeavoring to keep pace with your radical heart. The late Sir Henry Irving did me the honor to call at these rooms, and I told him exactly what I have told you. By a curious coincidence, his answer and yours were almost identical. He said it was impossible for him to stop work at the moment because of numerous engagements he had accepted, and further stated that the only inconvenience he suffered was an increasing shortness of breath. In six months he would knock off for a while, but he could not do it then. Before six months were past he was in Westminster Abbey. I suggest that you consult your friend, Lord Stranleigh, and bring him to my rooms here, say a week from today, at this hour."

With that Mackeller took his leave, still wondering how much truth, if any, there was in the doctor's prognostications. He stepped into the electric brougham awaiting him on Harley Street, and curtly ordered his man to drive him to the office. Seated in the noiseless vehicle, he endeavored to throw from his mind all thought of the doctor's doleful diatribe and to concentrate his attention on the business now awaiting him. He was disquieted to find that in spite of himself the sentence of six months kept running through his head like a recurring decimal. Suddenly he touched the electric button, and as the driver slowed down directed him to turn round and proceed to Stranleigh House.

Although half the world had done half a day's work, the energetic Mackeller found, as he expected, that the easy-going young nobleman had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Peter," cried his lordship, "there is little use in wishing you the top of the morning, for you have always transmuted the early golden hours into coin of the realm before one sees you. As the old adage says, 'Satan finds some mischief still'—no, no; that's the wrong one. Truth is, I'm hardly awake yet. What I wished to lay my hands on was, 'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,' and gather money all the day, et cetera, et cetera. You've come in the nick of time for a sweet-when-the-morn-is-gray cigarette; or perhaps you prefer a fragrant Havana?"

"No, thank you, Stranleigh. I've knocked off smoking."

"Really? Since when?"

"Since ten o'clock this morning. I have just come from a Harley Street specialist in heart disease. My own physician made an appointment with him for me at half past nine. He is a man with more patients than he can rightly look after, and grants appointments at odd hours as if he were conferring a favor."

"Oh, I am sorry to hear you are feeling seedy. What did the specialist say?"

"He said I must instantly cease work, and this command comes at a most inconvenient time. It seems I need to undergo a complete rest for an indefinite period, so I wondered whether you would take charge of my business pro tem."

"Certainly," said Stranleigh, the humorous expression disappearing from his face, and giving way to a look of deep concern. "What did the doctor say was the trouble?"

"My heart has gone all wrong."

"Ah, the heart is a most important organ, which must be taken care of. It slumbers not, nor sleeps."

"The specialist tells me," replied the matter-of-fact Mackeller, "that the heart sleeps in that fraction of a second that occurs between beats."

"Really! I am profoundly ignorant about these things, but I keep a walking cyclopedia in the person of my friend Ponderby. What course of treatment does the doctor recommend?"

"We did not get that far. I suppose I shall retire to my place in the country, where I can secure rest and quiet. He suggested that I should bring you with me a week from today, at nine-thirty."

"Why does he wish you to take me with you?"

"Oh, I suppose," replied Mackeller, with impatience, "that every one wishes to see the great Lord Stranleigh."

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten. Quite natural. Did the doctor suggest your country place as a sanatorium?"

"No; that was my own idea."

"I suppose your country house is connected with the city office by telephone?"

"Yes; it has that advantage."

"Pardon me, Peter. You mean disadvantage, and a very vital disadvantage too. However, let us summon authority to our aid; for I am profoundly ignorant."

He touched the bell, whereupon the grave and dignified Ponderby appeared silently as a genie responding to the rubbing of a lamp.

"Ponderby, when a man is afflicted with an affection of the heart—a physical affection—what should he do?"

"It depends, my lord, upon whether he prefers to reside in France, Belgium or Germany."

"He prefers, Ponderby, to live in England, but that is not the point. His chief desire is to live."

"The strongest waters for the purpose, my lord, are those at Bad Nauheim, in Germany, a pretty little village to the east of the Taunus Mountains, seventeen miles north of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The next strongest are those of Royat, in the center of France, although the wells of Spa, in Belgium, are about equal in strength to the French waters."

"What do you mean by strength, Ponderby? Salt, sulphur, or what?"

"There is a very large proportion of salt in the waters at each place, but the strength I referred to, which has proved so beneficial in cardiac troubles, is carbonic acid, held in solution by the waters of each district."

"Thank you, Ponderby."

Ponderby bowed, and vanished as silently as he had appeared.

"Well, Peter, there you are, with a choice of three nationalities, and of three charming health resorts. Which do you prefer?"

"I should say Nauheim. As it possesses the strongest waters, the cure would probably take the shortest time," replied the practical Mackeller.

"That appears reasonable: still, we'd better make sure."

He touched the bell once more.

"Ponderby—I forgot to ask you—does one drink the waters at these places or merely bathe in them?"

"In each locality, my lord, there are waters to drink, but the sprudel or carbonic-acid waters are bathed in."

"Mackeller suggests that the waters at Nauheim being the strongest a cure may be more quickly accomplished there."

"Not necessarily, my lord, for sprudel baths in their full strength are rarely administered at Nauheim. At each place treatment lasts from twenty-one days to six weeks, and it begins not with the carbonic-acid waters, but with salt baths in ever-increasing strength. All but the most serious cases yield to treatment in any of the three towns."

"In that case, Ponderby, it doesn't seem to matter much which an invalid chooses."

"I would not go so far as to say that, my lord," replied Ponderby in a tone of profound deference. "His most gracious Majesty, the late King, visited Royat once or twice while Prince of Wales."

"Thank you, Ponderby; that is an unanswerable argument. Royat for Royalty, as one may say."

For the second time the loyal Ponderby disappeared. When he had gone Stranleigh laughed a little.

"Have you made your choice, Peter?" he asked, and Peter, apparently resenting the laugh when his case was so serious, replied with sullen Scotch stubbornness, "I shall go to Nauheim."

"Right you are," cried his lordship, "and I'll go with you."

Mackeller glanced up at him in surprise.

"But you promised to look after my business while I was absent."

"Of course."

"But you can't do it if you are absent with me."

"Didn't you hear Ponderby say that Nauheim was only seventeen miles away from Frankfort?"

"What has that to do with the case?"

"Don't you know that Frankfort is the greatest financial city in Germany, if not in Europe? It is the town from which we draw, if not our Stranleighs, at least our Rothschilds, who have always been reasonably successful in commercial affairs."

"I still don't see what connection that has with the matter in hand."

"Peter, if I am to take charge of your business I must do it my own way. As I believe in going to the best spot for the cure of heart disease, I have made it my habit to select the best man I can find to transact each of the various affairs with which I deal. As you know, I employ twelve of the shrewdest business men I can secure. To the chief of these I shall turn over the general direction of your interests, and he will distribute the different sections among the eleven others."

This by-proxy proposal did not commend itself to Mackeller, who sat glum and depressed while the scheme was explained to him. Stranleigh, however, continued unperturbed:

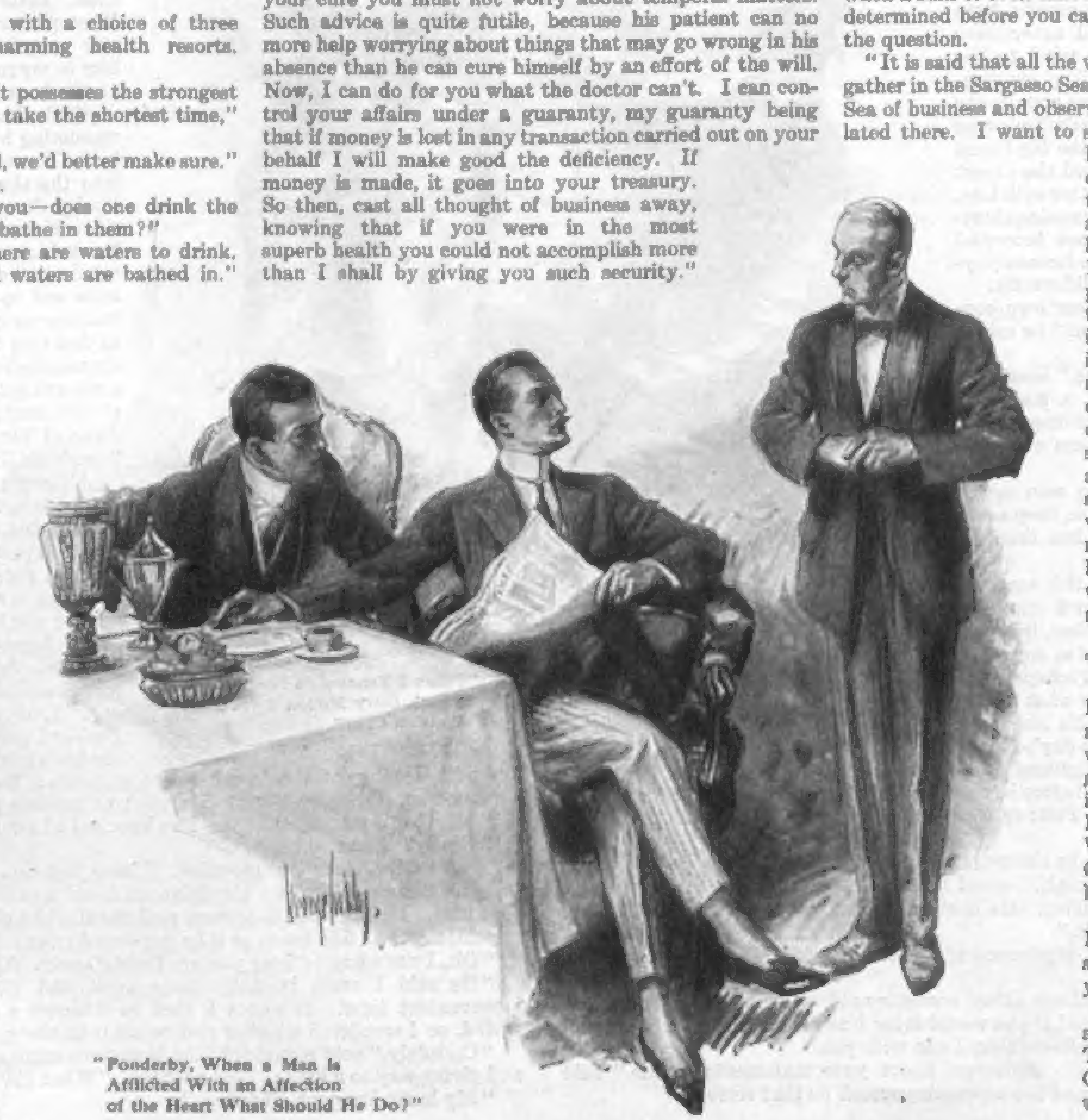
"Of course, Peter, if you'd like to have the business conducted as you would do it yourself ——"

"That's exactly what I wanted, if possible," interrupted Mackeller, "but I suppose such a condition of things is not to be hoped for."

"Oh, bless you, yes, it is! Anything may be accomplished if a man really makes up his mind to it. Instead of employing twelve competent men, I'll substitute for two or three of them an equal number of ordinary, fussy individuals who will muddle whatever is put in their charge, and thus reduce the average of excellence to your liking."

Peter scowled darkly at him.

"What we wish to attain," Stranleigh went on, ignoring his displeasure, "is first of all the restoration of your health. Quite a secondary consideration is the carrying on of your business. A doctor will tell you that during your cure you must not worry about temporal matters. Such advice is quite futile, because his patient can no more help worrying about things that may go wrong in his absence than he can cure himself by an effort of the will. Now, I can do for you what the doctor can't. I can control your affairs under a guaranty, my guaranty being that if money is lost in any transaction carried out on your behalf I will make good the deficiency. If money is made, it goes into your treasury. So then, cast all thought of business away, knowing that if you were in the most superb health you could not accomplish more than I shall by giving you such security."



"Ponderby, When a Man Is Afflicted With an Affection of the Heart What Should He Do?"

"Oh," said Mackeller, "I could not think of accepting so one-sided an arrangement as that. It is 'Heads I win and tails you lose.'"

"Precisely; but the agreement lasts only for a short period, six weeks at the most. Whatever losses I incur during that forty-two days will not matter a button to me, while it is imperative that the primary condition of your cure shall be achieved. I defy even a pessimistic growler like you to worry when you have accepted so advantageous a bargain. Now, we will regard that as settled, and I refuse to discuss it any more."

"My dear Stranleigh," said Mackeller, speaking with some difficulty, "Fate seems determined to place me under obligations to you that I can never repay."

"That's all right, Peter. Let us leave it with Fate. Now, will you be ready to depart with me for Nauheim tomorrow morning?"

"Oh, that is another thing I wish to speak to you about," said Mackeller. "I cannot accept such a sacrifice on your part. You would be bored to death at a health resort filled with invalids. You must not accompany me to Nauheim."

"Friend Peter, I ask you to allow me to be a little selfish on occasion. I am going to Nauheim to learn whether or not it will cure me."

"Cure you! Why, there's nothing wrong with your heart, is there?"

"We read that the heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked, and that's what's the matter with mine. I learned its state, not from a doctor, but through introspection. An incident that occurred last week startled me. I engineered a deal against a man who stated at my chief club that all the *coups* for which I had received credit were the result of luck, and not of brains. I used to believe myself that it was luck, but I wasn't going to permit a man to state that publicly; so I gave him fair notice, and attacked some of his favorite interests in the stock exchange. On settlement day he was thirty thousand pounds to the bad, while I was richer by that amount. This was all as it should be; nevertheless I caught myself, for the first time in my life, feeling an unholy joy at the accumulation of money. That frightened me. I saw that if I went on I should become like all the rest, raking money together into my bank account not because I needed it but for the mere pleasure of handling the rake. I also caught a glimpse of the haggard face of my opponent, and realized he had lost money he could not afford to lose, while I gained cash I didn't need. I understood for the first time the tension a man like my adversary must go through when a sum of even that size is in the balance. I had just determined before you came in to study the other side of the question.

"It is said that all the wrecks in the Atlantic ultimately gather in the Sargasso Sea. I resolved to find the Sargasso Sea of business and observe the human wreckage accumulated there. I want to see the men of affairs who may have been successful or unsuccessful financially. I want to see them, not with a hawklike predatory gleam in their eyes, as I have met them in London and New York, but when they are paying the price. I want to see them, not when they are paying in cash, but when they are paying with life. I want to see them, not gambling on the stock exchange, but when the grim figure of Death puts up the opposing stake. I want to see those men a mere rumor of whose ill health sets Wall Street in a tremble. I want to study the face of such a man when a famous specialist tells him he must cease all connection with the world's affairs if he is to remain in it for another half year."

"My God!" groaned Peter; "that's what the doctor told me!"

"Oh, you're all right, Mac. I'm quite certain that before two months are past you will be as well as ever again. You are engaged in legitimate business, not in gambling. Now you know why I am going to Nauheim with you. Will the nine-o'clock express from Charing Cross tomorrow morning be too early for you?"

"Too early for me?" cried Mackeller in amazement. "I should say not; but how about yourself?"

"Oh, I'll make the effort on an important occasion like this. That will enable us to catch the Ostend-Vienna train de luxe, which will drop us off at Frankfort.

Still, it is a bit early, now you call my attention to it. Wait a moment till I consult Ponderby."

When this well-informed man came in Stranleigh said ingratiatingly:

"As you are in a measure responsible for our journey to Nauheim, perhaps you would be good enough in your own interests, for you are coming with me, to mention what train you prefer. I have been suggesting the sumptuous and speedy Ostend-Vienna express. If that train does not rise to your ideas of luxury I shall be glad to engage a special."

Ponderby's seriousness was in no way affected by his master's pretense that the servant's conduct was the chief consideration. He slightly inclined his head in acknowledgment of the persiflage, then replied soberly:

"I never recommend the Vienna express for any distance short of Nuremberg, where it arrives about eight in the morning. It reaches Frankfort at 3:29 A. M., an inconvenient ——"

"That's quite enough, Ponderby," interrupted his lordship. "Although I might for once consent to reach Charing Cross at 9 A. M., I am jiggered if I'll alight at Frankfort at three in the morning. Trot us out another train, Ponderby."

"There's the afternoon train from Charing Cross, my lord, leaving at 2:20. Sleeping-car Ostend to Cologne. A run up the left bank of the Rhine by daybreak, arriving in Frankfort just before noon."

"That's all right, Ponderby. I need not ask you to have everything ready by two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

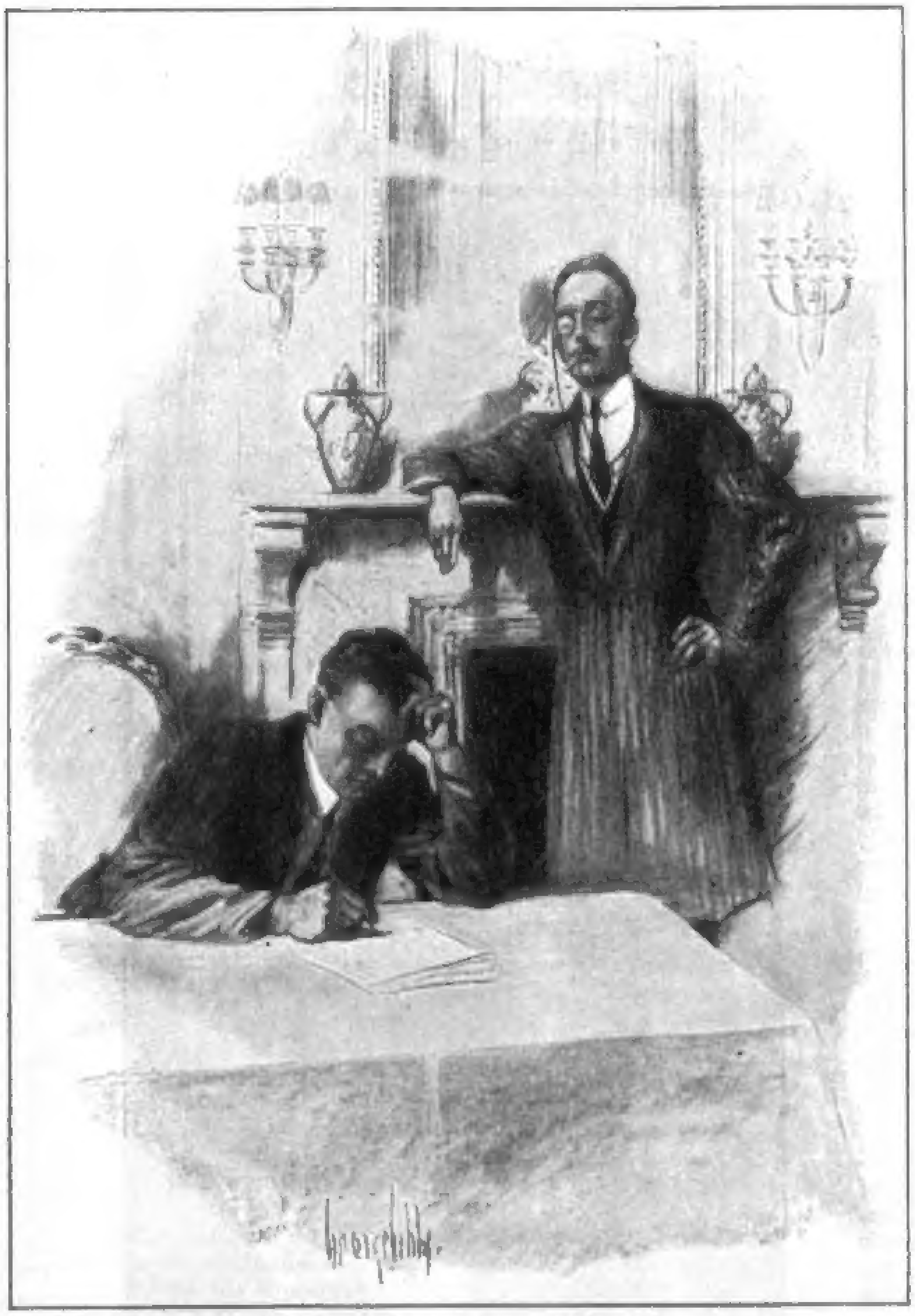
"Thank you, my lord. Everything is ready at this moment."

"Ponderby is mistaken. I'm not ready," said Mackeller querulously.

Lord Stranleigh glanced at Peter with just the slightest touch of astonishment.

"Why, my dear Mac, I've given you five hours extra. I understood you were willing to take the nine o'clock train, and now you don't need to depart until two."

"Five hours are of no use to me: indeed, five days will probably prove too short. Half a dozen imperative affairs require my personal attention."



Reluctantly Mackeller Did as Requested

"What are they?" inquired Stranleigh with mild indifference.

"I have points of disagreement with three men and two companies, any of which may lead to a suit at law unless diplomatically handled. If not settled before I leave they will worry me all the time I am away."

"Ah, we mustn't allow that," said his lordship. "Now, just oblige me with the names and addresses of your protagonists, the amount in dispute in each case, and also in each case the exact terms of satisfactory settlement."

Reluctantly Mackeller did as requested, Ponderby providing him with paper and pencil, his lordship contenting himself by lighting cigarette after cigarette as an aid to business. While Mackeller wrote out his list Stranleigh requested Ponderby to telephone solicitor number one, asking him to call immediately at Stranleigh House. When Mackeller handed the list to his host the latter rose languidly, nevertheless with a distinct air of dismissal. He had had enough of that glum Scotchman for this particular occasion.

"Now, Peter," he said, "go home, and let nothing prevent your keeping the appointment with me at Charing Cross tomorrow afternoon at two. Bring your own valet with you. I am too selfish to spare Ponderby's ministrations. Besides, a krank like you would worry the sedate Ponderby into heart trouble before a week was past."

"I'm no crank," cried Mackeller angrily, "but a man of business who likes to see affairs carried on in a shipshape way."

"Pardon me," replied Stranleigh with the utmost placidness. "Unfortunately spoken language does not differentiate between terms as the written word does. I'm not using American slang, but good solid German, when I call you a krank. I use a 'k,' not a 'c.' The German word for a man who is ill is 'krank.' More correctly, at this moment you are a 'Herzkrank.' Do brush up your German, Peter; but, anyhow, don't fail me at Charing Cross."

"Oh, that's all very well, Stranleigh, but while I'm in danger of being dragged before the law courts ——"

"Within half an hour this possible litigation will be in the hands of the most competent solicitor in London; so I implore you, Peter, to go home, and allow me time to give a few orders, for I must get into telegraphic communication with the German Government, so that my own comfort, and incidentally yours, shall be looked after."

Mackeller proved very difficult to manage, as, indeed, all strenuous men are when they only half believe what the doctor tells them and are irritated at the thought of even a temporary suspension of business. Stranleigh, however, was imperturbably good-natured, though he sighed with relief when finally he got Peter aboard the sleeping-car at Ostend.

Peter did not sleep well during the early part of the night. He had looked up the route, and worried over the fact that he must rise before reaching Herbesthal in order to pass his belongings through the German customs. This ceremony, which would take place somewhere between four and five o'clock in the morning, he regarded as a stupid, thoroughly foreign proceeding; and furthermore, as the sleeping-car did not go beyond Cologne, at six o'clock he must get into the train for the left bank of the Rhine. Notwithstanding, during the long wait at Brussels he dropped off into a sort of stupor, having enjoyed little real slumber since learning the seriousness of his condition.

It was after nine o'clock when he woke with a jump, knowing that everything had gone wrong because of his temporary oblivion. His room was still dark, although sunshine struggled through the chinks of the blinds. He turned on the electric light and a glance at his watch threw him into a panic. The train was humming along merrily and the Lord only knew in what direction it was going. More than three hours had elapsed since he should have changed carriages, and doubtless all his baggage was retained at the German frontier.

Trembling with excitement, he wrapped a dressing-gown around him and stepped out into the corridor, where he was met by the unexcited Ponderby.

"I must see Stranleigh at once," demanded Mackeller. "I wonder if he has the least notion into what part of Germany he has got us. And then there's the luggage: every stick of it held up at Herbesthal these four or five hours!"

"His lordship," responded Ponderby, pronouncing the title with gentle deference, "is not to be disturbed until eleven o'clock, as we approach Frankfort. This carriage goes through from Frankfort to Nauheim, as it came through Cologne for Frankfort. The luggage is all aboard and has been examined. His lordship will breakfast between Frankfort and Nauheim, but I have orders to attend to your wants whenever you call. He recommends a nice fresh sole, which we took on at Ostend, or an excellent Rhine salmon, obtained at Cologne. His lordship is anxious to eliminate all cause of worry, and so empowered me to open and read to you any telegram that came from London. Several messages have already been received pertaining to his own affairs, but one arrived half an hour ago, at our last stop, that may interest you. All your threatened law cases have been settled at a figure ten per cent higher than you had stipulated for. I may tell you privately that in each case his lordship gave your opponents the opportunity of compromising on this basis, or being involved in law proceedings with his lordship himself. Such is the power of money that in every instance his lordship's reputation as a very wealthy man carried the day. Did you say sole, or salmon, Mr. Mackeller?"

"A grilled sole," muttered Mackeller, who thereupon retired to dress. Ponderby's words were unexceptionable, but his tone implied a subtle condescension which Mackeller resented. It was only too evident that Stranleigh's valet regarded him as a fussy muddler of affairs, in no way to be compared with his slothful but efficient master.

Mackeller's medical examination at Nauheim resulted in his being ordered into a private sanatorium, where communication even with friends was forbidden, and Stranleigh felt a qualm of meanness at the relief caused by this announcement.

There was much to interest a stranger in Bad Nauheim. At first sight it seemed exclusively the stamping ground of the rich, for its new bathing houses were models of modern convenience and luxury, while comfortable hotels, lavishness in well-laid-out parks, and the general expensiveness of its Parisian shops marked it as a resort of the wealthy. Soon, however, the young nobleman learned that great reductions were made to people whose income was less than twenty-five hundred marks a year, and that the Bath Direction, in extreme cases, remitted the fees altogether.

Lord Stranleigh's mind being turned in the direction of finding some means to do good with his money, other than by the haphazard charity in which he was accustomed to indulge, found himself confronted by an obstacle seemingly insurmountable. He felt a reluctance he could not overcome in approaching a person evidently poor and scraping acquaintance with him. Such an action on his part seemed impudent; indelicate; an unwarrantable intrusion. He was therefore deeply gratified when a man undoubtedly in low financial condition made the first advance.

He had frequently observed this man and wondered why he was poor, for his face was keen and vulpine, a countenance that betokened power if ever a countenance is any index of character. The eyes, however, were dull and expressionless, and Stranleigh thought that in spite of the masterful face they betokened a vacant mind; but once he caught them fastened on himself with such intensity that it almost made him shiver.

"That man's an anarchist," he said to himself, but the explanation came immediately.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but have you finished with that newspaper in your pocket?"

"Quite," said Stranleigh, "and you are welcome to it."

"I only want a glance at the news. I'll give it back to you in a minute."

"I take only a glance at the news myself," replied Stranleigh, "so I don't wish it returned if you will be good enough to accept it."

"You are very kind. The truth is I can't afford to buy a paper in this town. I can get better dailies where I come from for a cent, and here they charge four to six times that much."

Stranleigh sat down beside him on the bench. They were in the Parkstrasse, with many passers-by going up to the afternoon concert at the Kurhaus. The person who couldn't afford a newspaper showed great familiarity with the one presented to him. He scanned its columns with lightning rapidity, then folded it up and handed it back. For a moment it seemed to Stranleigh that his threadbare acquaintance was already aware of the journal's contents and had made his request merely as an opening for conversation.

"I am not well-enough dressed," he said when Stranleigh proposed they should go to the concert together, "to mix with you swells on the Terrace, and though I understand the music is good I don't care much for music."

"I'm no swell," said the younger man with a laugh, "and I've just invited you to go there with me."

(Continued on Page 23)

SELLING THE STAPLES

Men and Methods

By James H. Collins

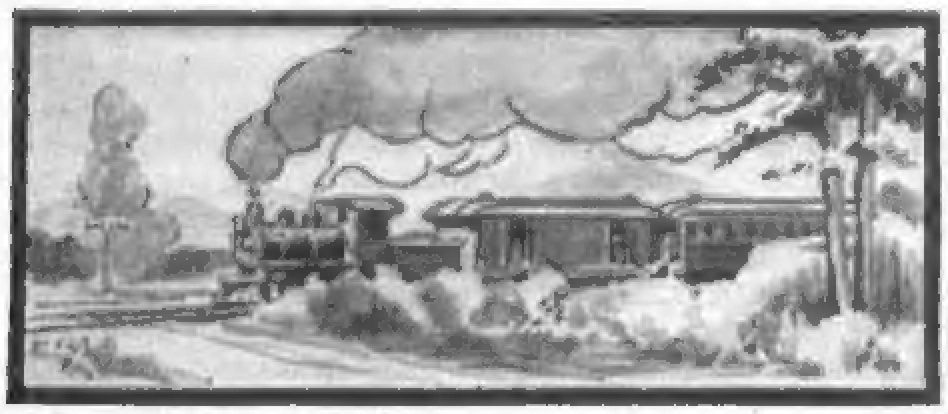
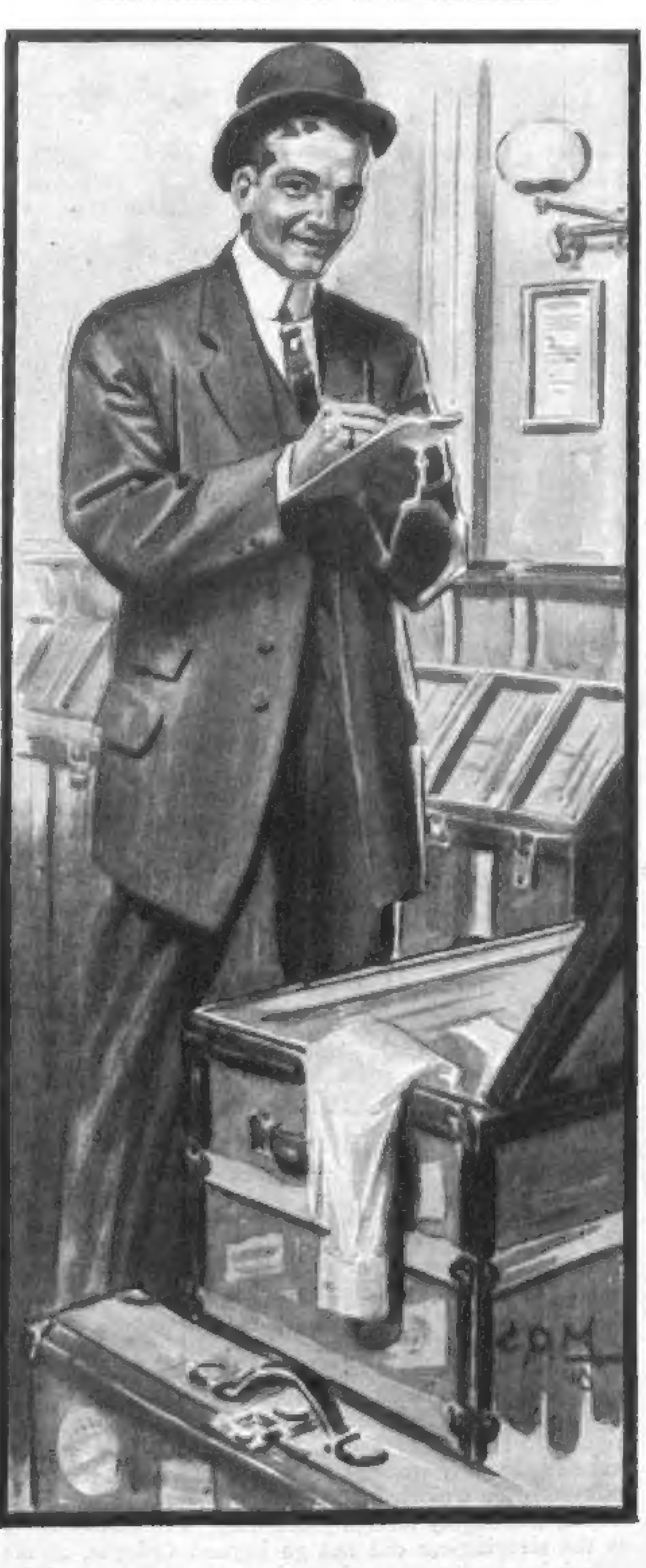
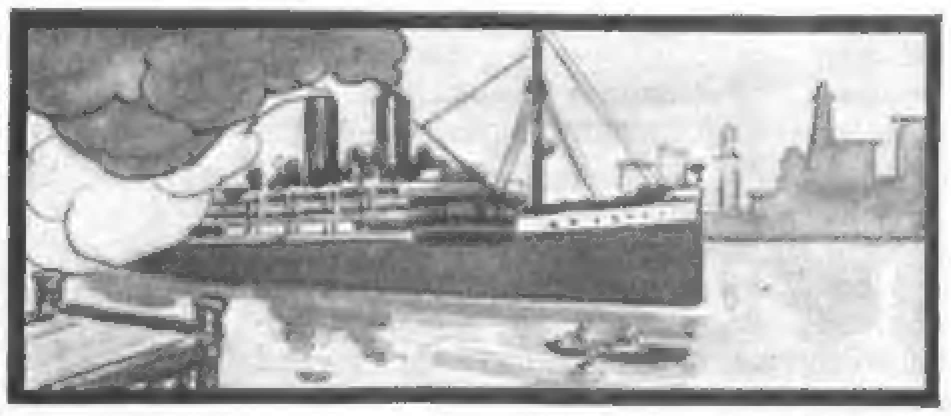


ILLUSTRATION BY C. D. MITCHELL





IN OUR business life today there are thousands of active young men selling specialties—card systems, time clocks, steel filing cabinets, and other special contrivances for special purposes.

These specialty salesmen often have no experience of the staple trades or of the old-fashioned commercial traveler who sells groceries, drygoods, hardware and other basic necessities. So, they are likely to think of the traveling salesman as more or less a figure of the past. The art of selling goods seems to have been greatly improved since they took it up. To sell a cash register or a rope drive requires special knowledge and skillful special pleading; but in staple goods, they reason, sugar is just sugar and salt nothing more than salt. With every salesman handling about the same goods, at nearly the same prices, it appears to them that the commercial traveler has little chance to use special skill or knowledge—that he is chiefly a sample-carrier, going from customer to customer and mechanically taking orders from those who happen to be sweet-tempered that morning.

As a matter of fact, however, the salesman traveling with staple lines is often the best salesman of them all, because the very limits imposed by his merchandise and prices compel him to turn sales on points in human nature that might utterly escape the specialty salesman, or to put his goods on something like a specialty basis. The specialty salesman devotes most of his energy to making sales. The seller of staples must make more than sales—he must make connections.

The specialty man's customers may purchase of him only once or twice, and the whole demand for his goods is usually irregular. The staple man's demand is as regular as the seasons. He covers the same territory year after year, sees the same customers in all sorts of moods and weather, and has to live with his past and that of his house.

An experienced traveling man is continually tying knots. He ties people to his goods. He ties them to his house. If he can't tie them in any other way he ties them to himself.

Some years ago an Eastern wholesale house took one of its salesmen from territory he had covered eight years, and sent him down South to establish new connections. Within three months the purchases of several important customers in the old territory showed marked falling off. Obviously the salesman had not taken trade with him, as might have been the case were he covering this same territory for a competitor. Feeling seemed to be as cordial as ever and the old customers bought regularly from the new salesman. But they had formerly reserved many orders for the departed salesman and arranged their buying to favor him, and this had been stopped.

The Power of Personality

THE sales-manager spent a week looking into the matter, and found that these customers missed the former salesman as a friend. He was a man with a good deal of sentiment and tenderness in his nature. He had a wife, three children and a comfortable home. After looking at samples all morning, he and one of these customers would go to lunch and compare families. The salesman would affirm repeatedly and emphatically and sincerely that God had certainly been good to him. He had new snapshots of his wife and youngsters. He would recall that only two weeks before, when he left the cozy little home, the birds were singing, the grass was green, the sky blue. He would look forward to the first week of the next month, when he could go home again, and to the day in the future when he could retire. He pulled the domestic stop way out, and that, apart from prices, goods and the character of his house, was the only advantage he had over other salesmen. Yet these customers had long been interested in his family, and they missed him as a friend and confidant when he was sent to other territory. The young salesman who took his place had no wife, no youngsters, no home. For all he ever said about it, the grass might be blue and the sky green. So he had to take his chances as an outsider with competitors' salesmen.

It is upon these apparently slight trifles that connections are often built. Skillful personal interest in a customer's grandmother has probably sold more staple goods than all the special prices and secret discounts ever whispered.

One of the largest wholesale houses in the Middle West maintains a clipping service covering all the small towns and villages in its territory. Only a few items of local news about Antioch, Arkansas, will be filed away each month, but there is sufficient to show whatever is happening there. Down at the front door there is a "professional handshaker," who meets customers. About once a year Uncle Henry Archibald comes from Antioch to buy goods. He is welcomed at the front door, asked whom he wants to see, and has his name and town telephoned upstairs ahead of him to the salesman or department head with whom he usually deals. The gentleman on the front door talks with him a minute or two and turns him over to a boy in buttons. It will take several minutes to ride up in the elevator and walk to the man he wants to visit. On the way the boy stops to show him where the company is going to build an addition to the building. When Uncle Henry reaches his man the latter has been posted on Antioch affairs by the girl who runs the clipping bureau.

"Well, Mr. Archibald," says the department head, "I guess you folks in Antioch feel pretty good about getting that new factory—when do they start building it?"

Uncle Henry immediately feels at home. This intimate knowledge of his own community establishes a bond between himself and that big wholesale concern and gives him confidence in the department head's suggestions as to his purchases of fall and winter stock, for it implies that the latter is keeping in touch with the state of trade in Antioch.

Of course, a salesman on the road cannot lug around a trunkful of newspaper clippings. They would be of doubtful service if he could, for he deals with fewer customers than the home sales-force and can easily keep track of them by methods of his own.

The best-paid salesman for a large jobbing house is a most constant and attentive reader of the trade journals in his line. He sells chiefly to the large merchants in leading cities, and his customers, as well as likely "prospects," are revealed there. One leading man will attend a convention and speak. Another expresses himself in an article. A third is interviewed. This gives him timely information about the opinions and activities at the moment, and after he has followed a man a year or two he knows his general cast of mind. Even the news items relating to his trips and vacations are valuable. Then, the doings of the merchants' business organizations are also followed, so that he knows the general policy of each, its department heads, and so forth. With a fairly good memory and a genuine interest in all that pertains to his trade, he is able to approach any customer on matters of present and personal interest, even though he sees him but once or twice a year.

Good Policy to Protect Customers

ANOTHER jobbing salesman, covering territory where most of his customers are country merchants of small capital, seldom going to the mercantile centers to see goods themselves, maintains connections through his offices as an adviser.

There are still plenty of salesmen who will overload a merchant with goods for the sake of selling. "Somebody else would have loaded him up, anyway," they say. "He'll get rid of the stuff somehow. It'll make a real merchant of him. Besides, while he is overloaded my competitors can't sell him much."

Then the merchant's resources for solid staple goods are continually being diverted to novelties by the specialty salesmen, who come with tempting offers on newfangled breakfast foods, fly-traps and prize packages generally. These novelties are often pure speculations, the customer being persuaded to stock them through tempting offers of a free case with a liberal purchase. As a result, when the traveling man selling staples comes along, the customer has most of his capital tied up in doubtful merchandise, and is interested only in the bare necessities, like sugar, which are handled on the slenderest margin of profit.

This salesman keeps track of his customers through credit information as well as personal dealings. He knows the approximate scale upon which each does business, keeps them away from speculative lines and foolish "deals," fights every salesman who overloads customers, and makes all his own sales with the general purpose of giving merchants well-balanced stock. One of his most successful devices is that of finding the money to pay for a bill of seasonable goods when a merchant insists that he is already overstocked.

"I'll bill them at thirty days," he says, "and show you how to get the money to meet the bill before it is due."

This is accomplished by going over the merchant's stock, bringing slow-selling stuff to light, and outlining an ingenious sales-plan for disposing of it quickly for cash; in effect, new lamps for old. That traveling man's sales each year in his territory exceed those of his three chief competitors combined.

In the drug and grocery trades, the pressure to find outlets for new brands of staple goods is often so great that the loosest terms are offered merchants who will give them a place on their shelves. Several cases are consigned to the merchant at thirty days, ninety days, six months, or whatever time is demanded, with the further understanding, perhaps, that goods not sold when the bill comes due can be returned. Naturally it takes a long time to build up really paying connections on such a basis, for the merchant is merely playing his shelf-room against the manufacturer's goods, selling what is called for, and at the end of the trial period throwing the brand out to make room for something else.

A veteran salesman was given the task of marketing a new mineral water. Nobody ever takes a new mineral water seriously as merchandise, for it is assumed that, as the proprietor owns the spring, his goods cost him little or nothing, and most liberal terms are expected. This salesman, however, marketed mineral water as though it were an expensive manufactured commodity. Instead of placing it indiscriminately with every small druggist and grocer who would give it room on consignment, he selected one influential retail house in a city, and sold water to it at only ten days, with a discount for cash. Sometimes it took several weeks to make such a sale, but when his goods were placed the retail house owned them, and was interested in selling them because it had to do so to get its investment back. It was slow work at the outset, but in a few years that mineral water was being sold regularly by leading retail merchants in most of the large cities and, after these strong connections had been formed, smaller merchants stocked the water as a matter of course.

The specialty salesman, handling special goods as a specialist, basing his argument on technical devices or patented "talking points," has wonderfully improved selling methods during the past ten years.

The world of staple trade is following the specialty man closely nowadays, freely adopting his methods.

As an example, take cotton shirtings, which are fabrics sold by big wholesale and importing houses to manufacturers and custom shirtmakers, who buy with expert knowledge, in large quantities and on a basis of a fraction of a cent in prices. To the specialty salesman such a commodity seems to offer nothing but keen competition and the narrowest limitations. But there is really no dead uniformity in such goods. For one thing, the element of design has been introduced in shirtings during the past generation. Twenty years ago, with a dozen salesmen splitting a cent in their quotations on plain white cotton cloth of a standard quality, there may have been limitations. But today shirts are sold by the pictures upon them rather than the bare quality of the cloth, so that a salesman who calls upon an important buyer after eleven of his competitors have quoted prices may still get a fine order at a higher price than any of them on the strength and novelty of the designs he has to show.

Again, the ablest wholesale merchants in such a line of staples have the element of service to place them ahead of competitors. At a large mercantile center there may be half a dozen houses that sell their goods on the old-fashioned plan of following the seasons, taking orders from customers weeks before the cloth is to be delivered, and carrying their stocks in outlying warehouses, with no facilities for shipping a small order or an odd pattern quickly to the customer who wants it in a hurry. When one of these houses adopts present-day methods to take care of rush orders, the salesmen have strong special arguments. One of the leading Eastern houses in this line, for instance, carries stock on seven floors of a central wholesale building, and is not only able to fill orders the same day for its customers, but can, through its salesmen, show shirtmakers how to build new business for themselves on that service.

Marked selling advantages are often secured in keenly competitive staple lines by a slight change in the method of marketing goods, or the adoption of an original business policy.

The average buyer in a big department store is a busy man. Most of his time must be given to selling and supervising. Perhaps he has but an hour daily to inspect samples. A dozen rival salesmen bring their trunks to a room set apart in the basement, lay out their samples in long rows, and the buyer then goes over hundreds of items, rapidly making his selections. Every good buyer feels that he is likely to pass over desirable goods in his haste.

Salesmen feel this more acutely, so ingenious devices are resorted to by the thinking salesman to bring his stuff into the specialty class, enabling him to show one thing at a time, and talk about it.

One of the best men handling millinery trimmings in New York shows his trunkfuls of samples along with the rest, but when the buyer gets back to his office there will be a single artificial flower on his desk, the stem in a cut-glass holder to enhance its close resemblance to a natural rose or carnation.

Again, he will ask the buyer's permission to send him a sample hat that is being trimmed, stating that he had planned to bring it with the rest of his samples that morning, but found it could not be finished in time. Later in the day a young woman delivers this special hat. On her head is another piece of millinery that the salesman is anxious to bring to the buyer's attention. He put it there himself.

The young woman is a professional hat model. The hat appears far from the vast assortment of trimmings in the sample room, and is displayed under the most favorable circumstances. The buyer's interest is usually keen and immediate, because it is that of the discoverer.

One of the most progressive skirt houses in the Middle West sends its salesmen on the road without samples. Skirts and women's suits are sold to large department stores upon the general methods described above. These men visit not the buyer but the merchant who owns or manages the store. Instead of showing skirts, the salesman explains his "proposition," which is to give him the benefit of the manufacturer's organization in his skirt department. His skirt buyer may be a competent man, but he cannot be constantly at the fashion centers, as are the manufacturer's representatives. His proposition is, briefly, to supply the merchant regularly with superior goods, relieving the buyer of detail and enabling him to devote more time to selling. Incidentally, if some competitor hires his buyer at a higher salary, his skirt department is not crippled, because it has not been built upon one man's personal selection of goods. These points are pretty certain to interest the merchant, and he asks to see samples. Thereupon the salesman tells him that they can be seen only at the manufacturer's warerooms, perhaps five hundred miles away, and that goods are of secondary importance, the main thing being for the customer to make a detailed study of a wholly new way of running his skirt department.

The whole world of staple goods is being changed by the introduction of special goods and special methods, giving the seller of staples new arguments to work with. One of the largest retail stores in the East has a factory in which it makes its own shirtwaist stock. For a long while it refused to buy waists from other manufacturers, and was also their local competitor to some extent, selling surplus goods to other retail merchants. About a year ago a shirtwaist salesman went into that establishment with some figures that led to his disposing of a large bill of goods and getting a profitable customer. He demonstrated that other stores in the same city were building up shirtwaist trade twice as fast as this establishment. Moreover, its other departments were growing faster than the waist section. With only its own factory to draw upon for stock, and all its garments designed and made by the same people, there was deadly uniformity season after season. Its range of selection was so limited that every woman in that town who knew what was what in waists went to the other stores, which bought of many manufacturers and carried wide assortments.

Such specialization of clothes, through design and fashion, is duplicated in foods by the development of package delicacies. Today many of the bulk groceries and meats that were sold by the pound to the consumer a generation ago have become the raw materials of food manufacturers who make them up into package goods.

Even in machinery, structural materials and kindred lines there is specialization of design and quality, all furnishing selling material for the salesman. If design and quality are pretty nearly equal he may still take the contract away from competitors by turning his argument to deliveries.

Editor's Note — This is the second of two articles by Mr. Collins on Selling the Staples.

The Hills

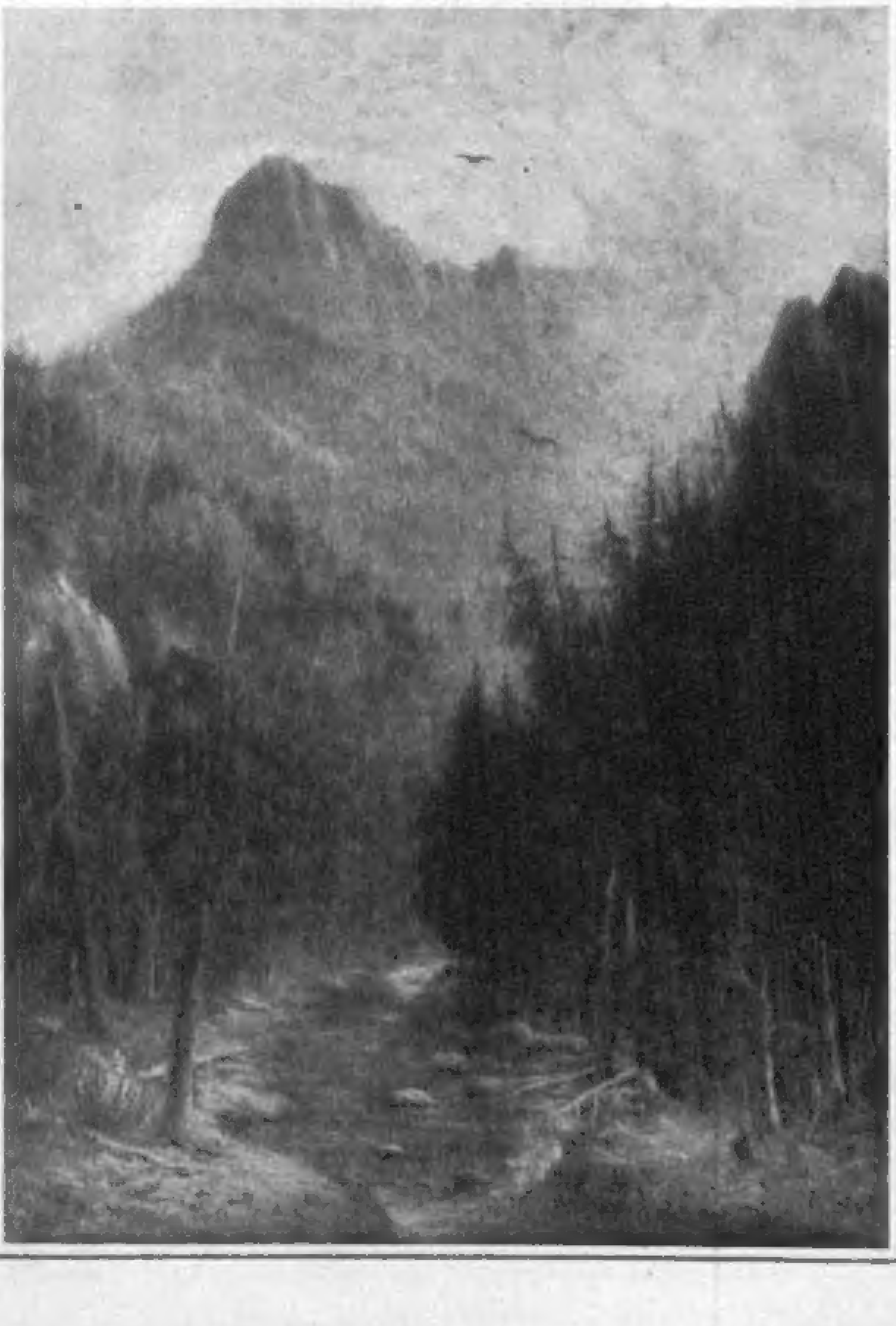
By Berton Braley

ILLUSTRATION BY R. L. PALEY

PARTNER, remember the hills?
The gray, barren, bleak old hills
We knew so well—
Not those gentle, placid slopes that swell
In lazy undulations, lush and green.
No; the real hills, the jagged crests,
The sharp and sheer-cut pinnacles of earth
That stand against the azure—gaunt, serene,
Careless of all our little worsts and bests,
Our sorrow and our mirth!

Partner, remember the hills?
Those snow-crowned, granite battlements of hills
We loved of old.
They stood so calm, inscrutable and cold,
Somehow it never seemed they cared at all
For you or me, our fortune or our fall,
And yet we felt their thrall;
And ever and forever to the end
We shall not cease, my friend,
To hear their call.

Partner, remember the hills?
The grim and massive majesty of hills
That soared so far,
Seeming, at night, to scrape against a star.
Do you remember how we lay at night



(When the great herd had settled down to sleep)
And watched the moonshine—white
Against the peaks all garlanded with snow,
While soft and low
The night wind murmured in our ears—and so
We wrapped our blankets closer, looked again
At those great, shadowy mountaintops, and then
Sank gently to our deep
And quiet sleep?

Partner, remember the hills?
The real hills, the true hills.
Ah, I have tried
To brush the memory of them aside;
To learn to love
These fresh, green hills the poets carol of;
But the old gray hills of barrenness still clutch
My heart so much
That I forget the beauty all about,
The grass and flowers and such;
And just cry out
To take again the faint and wind-swept trail,
To see my naked mountains, shale and snow,
To feel again the hill-wind and to know
The spell that shall not fail.

The New Woman and Her Ways

THE WOMAN FARMER

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

One Might Just as Well Have the Care of a Sanitarium as of a Lot of Hens

THERE is an increasing number of women in this country to whom spring is no longer the season of romance, the time when the blood tingles for a score of inexplicable reasons easily grouped under a general yearning for green and balminess, and when the mind turns to flowery hats and muslin gowns. To these women, numbering almost a million, spring is a hard practical business season when they put on short skirts and rubber boots, and scrutinize the green with an appraising and critical eye, and watch for the balminess with calculating mind rather than with poetical soul. They are farmers, even more anxious to get their money out of the ground than as if it came from a school board or a business office. The pay envelope does not change its character, but the face of the earth does; some little whim of Nature will blacken the wheat crop or will bring an unexpected shower of gold from the melon field.

"Why did I become a farmer?" one of these women replied to a questioner. "When I heard that the earth yielded seven billions in dividends; when I was told that the eggs sold in this country in one year were more valuable than the products of the gold and silver mines; when I read that five million square feet of glass are devoted to the growing of vegetables alone, and when I realized that no trust and no hideous barrier labeled 'Large Capital' stood in the way of my getting a share of the spoil—then I didn't see why some of those dividends shouldn't be mine. Common-sense, a liking for details, magnificent health and nine hundred dollars—that is what I began with. I had no experience or training; I got both as I went along, paying much more in losses than a training would have cost me at an agricultural college, and finding out, too, that if I had had five thousand instead of nine hundred dollars, my returns would have been much more in keeping with the hard work I have done."

In conservative farming districts, country people still say, as they pass a run-down farm, "That looks like a widow-woman's place." Nothing in this world but convention ever made a widow's farm go downhill. She always did a man's work for her husband if he needed it, yet when she was left alone her men neighbors thought she could not handle her land successfully, and she thought so too, and therefore she let her difficulties overcome her. But, in spite of this destructive convention, women have been farming successfully for years, and ten years ago when the slogans "Back to the Farm" and "The Call to the Country" sounded loudest, among the recruits that obeyed the summons were large numbers of women appalled by the way the cost of living was advancing upon them in the nerve-racking congestion of the cities.

Ever since, women have been joining the ranks for all sorts of reasons. Many of them, as is to be expected, are the daughters and widows of farmers, with little children or half-grown brothers and sisters to bring up. A very few are college graduates who have trained themselves for the work. Numbers enter the life with neither training nor experience. One young woman had an invalid sister whom she thought she could care for in the country better than she could in the city, working as a stenographer and living in a stuffy flat. She had no capital except hope, no knowledge aside from figures and the typewriter; yet after much disappointment she succeeded. Another, who made ends meet on eight acres, was a factory woman whose daughter had gone down in the lure of the city, and who got her little place in the hope that it would some day prove a home of healing for her child. Many of these women farmers have been school-teachers.

"I'm just typical," explained one teacher. "We get along pretty well in our work until we are about thirty, and then the children begin to wear on us. Pretty soon we have to stay out now and then from illness. After a while some of us can count on paying a substitute for from two to four weeks a year, taking massage or treatments for the rest of the year to keep up. It becomes a nicely calculated problem how to spend the summer so that we can best get through the grind of the winter. We never can have a good time for its own sake; everything is school. Living expenses increase; it costs twice what it did for board six years ago; the same kind of cloth suit is almost twice as dear as it was; even rubbers are a quarter more than they were last year. My salary was not advanced to correspond, and I had saved very little. I knew that the day would come when I should have outlived my usefulness at school, but not my need to eat. So, while I still had the strength for the work, I came down to earth."

Plenty of women fail in farming because they have taken it up either too hastily or with too little capital, or because they have already worn themselves out at some other vocation, and have not the strength for the hard work of the farm. If a teacher finds some disadvantages in caring for fifty restless children, she must not expect cutting seed potatoes to be sheer pleasure. The hen-run cannot take the place of the woman's club, nor can the tomato field be regarded as a salon.

An Outlook None Too Rosy

ALL women who make headway, whether they follow farming because it was the occupation of husband or father, or whether they come into it from other occupations, are of the same practical tailor-made type—women usually past their first youth, no longer eager for the life of the city with its crowds and amusements, and, above all, no longer just working at something or other till they can get married, but looking for something that will suit their particular needs and provide for their unmarried middle and old age. If they are young, they are of those who do not make marriage their preëminent aim. They are all of the nature that could never be content to be cogs in a wheel, and so they choose a self-directing life—and there is none more individual. They are alert, resourceful and tactful, the sort to master the soil, but also the sort that could anywhere master a difficult situation.

Undoubtedly, those who get along best are the ones who were brought up on a farm, and thus have always had the right sort of exercise for the kind of physical development most valuable to them; they have had the practical work, and they can, if necessary, do all the farming operations. There are multitudes of such women standing behind the men farmers of this country. Those who stand alone on farms of their own are to be found in the East rather than in the West. The reason is not only that land is cheaper in the East, but that men are rarer; and in the West many women who could succeed well on a farm are taking the chance of succeeding well in marriage.

For the most part, these women farmers have been relying on their own common-sense, on the grange, and on the practical advice of farming neighbors, and somewhat on literature. They have made but slight efforts to organize. Some three or four years ago, the first farmers' institute was held in the East by and for women, where all the speeches showed the true investigating spirit and sound practical ideas. Recently at Bryn Mawr, under the auspices of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, a convention of practical farmers was called together with the object of finding out what opportunities the field offers to young women. Women's clubs, too, have spread a little sporadic information by having lectures on the subject from women who have succeeded in general or extensive farming, market gardening, horticulture, dairying, poultry raising, beekeeping and landscape gardening.

They Watch for the Balminess With Calculating Mind Rather Than With Poetical Soul

The majority of such lecturers are likely to give but lukewarm encouragement to their sisters who would essay the work of general farming. However, most women who have succeeded preëminently in any line are prone to take that attitude. Every woman remembers the hard work in her own life, and even a successful mother would shrink from the task of bringing up her grandchildren. When a competent farmer looks over a lecture hall and sees listeners with pencil in hand ready to take down all she says, some of them young and all of them eager, she recalls that the women pioneers in what has been regarded as man's work always have to pay too dear for success; she thinks of her own toil in March with the chilly clods, and in November under the bitter rain, and she cries in her heart:

"Oh, marry a corporation lawyer if you can, and let a man do a man's work for you. It is better to sit up all night with a sick child than with a sick animal, and the rewards are greater."

But she would be entirely likely to give this advice to any girl who expected to earn her own living in any way whatever.

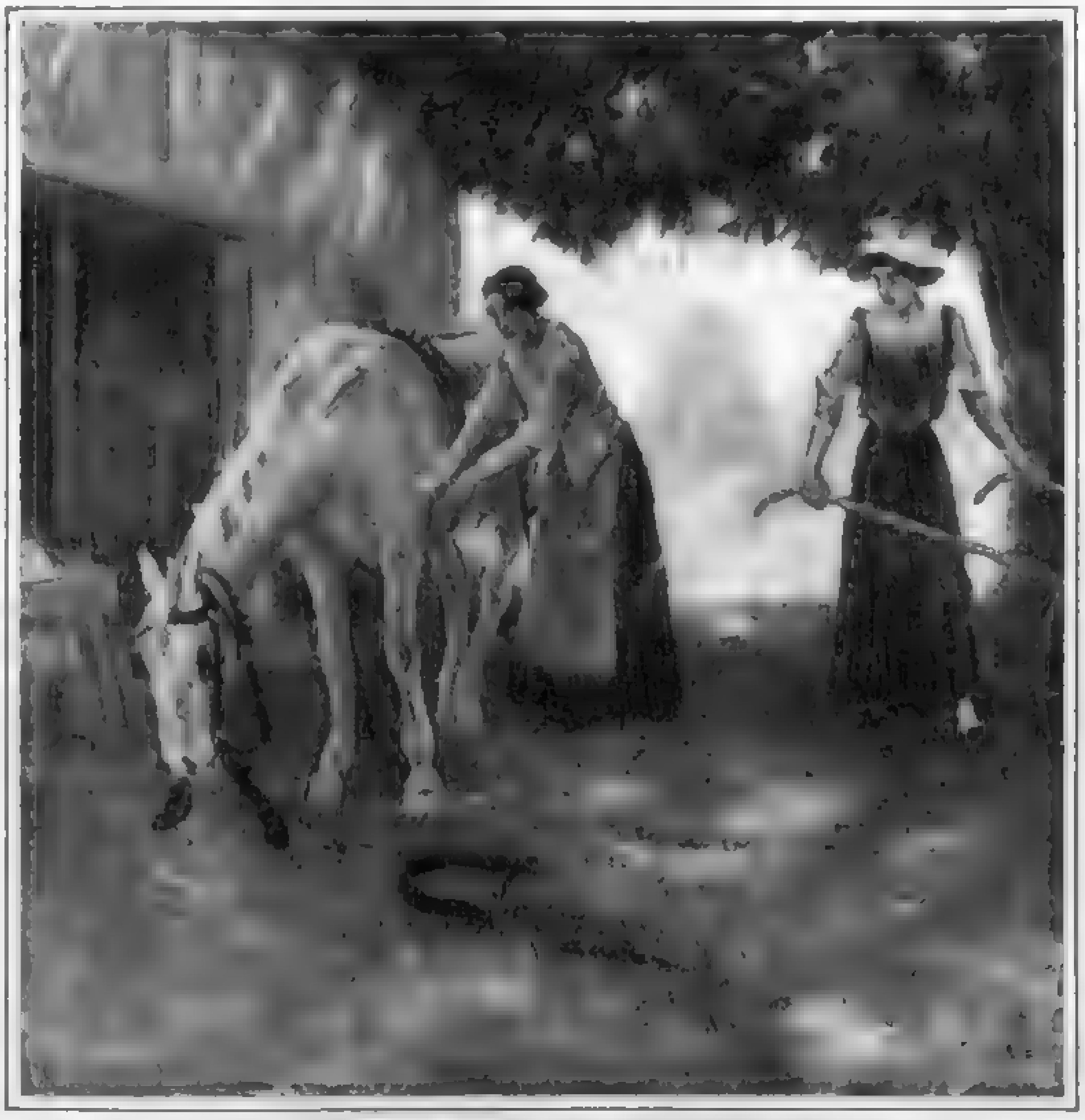
Some of these lecturers are less concerned with pointing out to their sisters a new vocation than they are with advertising their own work. Women are likely to find the written word about farming much more optimistic than the spoken word. Articles such as Four Acres and Felicity and Five Acres and a Fortune seem to be written by people who have heads for sentiment rather than for figures, or else by people who, cheered by the check they are going to receive for the writing, see the farm through a rainbow glow; and, as they optimistically state that they have received twenty per cent interest on their investment, they forget to count in the losses from the crops that fail and the deterioration of the land they are

The Hen-Run Cannot Take the Place of the Woman's Club .

exhausting, and they also forget to charge themselves for their living and labor expenses. They are likewise prone to crowd into an inconspicuous sentence or two the chances for failure. Besides, some of them get their results at second hand, and others are not dependent on their farms for their living. When one reckons on the psychology of the reader, who is likely to feel himself fitted for anything at which he is willing to work, it is no wonder that disappointment and failure often come to adventurers on the soil.

But, notwithstanding discouragements and chances of failure, the fact remains that a woman with a liking for the land; with, if possible, experience and training; with good health, good judgment, courage, patience, self-control, tact and some capital, can succeed in farming—probably in extensive farming and certainly in some particular branches of farming. Moreover, the equipment for the work, in muscular and mental training, costs less than practically any other equipment which a woman with comfortable standards of living could obtain.

"I'm forty-five," said one prosperous farmer, "and I have just cleared off the mortgage from my farm and am beginning to lay up for my old age. I had a college education that cost my father at least twenty-three hundred dollars over what I would have cost him if he had kept me at home to do housework with my mother. After graduation, I tried to teach and found it wasn't my vocation. Then I paid out more money for a course in a stenographic college, and began work at six dollars a week. I was competent, but one progresses slowly enough, and I was twenty-nine before I was getting twenty-five dollars a week as private secretary to a steel-corporation lawyer. I could not stand the indoor life and his business of doing poor, injured workmen out of their damages, and so at thirty I left. I had about a hundred dollars in the world, which seems small interest on what my education had cost. My family partly gave and partly lent me the money to buy this farm of eighty acres, and here I am, at forty-five, just about beginning to get interest on what was spent on me to equip me for the world."



There is Nearly Always a Sister or Friend on Whom She Can Call for Help

Schools of Farming

STATISTICS tell us that the average college woman receives from five to seven hundred dollars a year for her work, usually teaching. It is not surprising, then, that numbers of women are eschewing this overcrowded profession and are asking themselves what occupation will give them an adequate return for their educational investment.

The muscle and the experience itself, can, of course, only come perfectly from the farm; the training may be had partly on the farm and partly in a school. The impulse toward education in agriculture has been growing, and with it the means. A good many women who have succeeded feel that they would have done better if they had been scientifically trained. Farmers themselves are asking for more institutes, and they are beginning to see that the agricultural experiment stations have helped to put scientific farming on a basis of trust and confidence. All the state colleges and universities, besides specialized agricultural colleges, offer opportunities at a low cost. Some of the courses are lengthy, and some are short enough to attract the man actually engaged on the farm. Pennsylvania State College, Cornell and the University of Wisconsin are particularly notable, and are more sparingly attended by women than they should be. Cornell and Purdue even occasionally run colleges on wheels with professors to give forty-five-minute lectures at the stations. There are some excellent secondary schools with the aim of inducing not a "back-to-the-farm" but a "stay-on-the-farm" movement, and where the subject of agriculture is being practically handled—such as the Friends' Bloomingdale Academy of Indiana, where Professor William Hill puts his boys and girls to work on ten different farms under competent teachers, who give them individual instruction.

In Europe, several agricultural schools managed by women are devoted to training women only, such as the Horticultural College, Swanely, Kent; Lady Warwick's Farming College for Girls, Godesberg on the Rhine; and Château la Chatelaine, Geneva. The only American school of the sort is the Pennsylvania School of Horticulture for Women, which opens its first term at Ambler in September, and where, at a low cost, girls can be instructed in gardening, poultry raising, beekeeping, dairying, chemistry, the marketing of produce, proper business methods and kindred subjects. The value of agricultural training, however, depends entirely on the trained. It is an unfortunate fact that but a small percentage of the people graduated from agricultural colleges become farmers; they become teachers, writers and salesmen of fertilizers and machinery. A few of them, women and men, secure well-paid civil-service positions as agricultural investigators and demonstrators.

There are two professions allied to farming for which technical specialized training, about as costly as college education, is necessary. Forestry offers a chance as orchard demonstrators to women who are masters of entomology, who have specialized in bird-life, and know the beneficent organisms, the friendly insects and soil bacteria. Some day certainly there will be needed many caretakers of village lands, regular nurses for trees, who will be women. But forestry, broadly speaking, can never be woman's profession, since it carries with it police powers, the right of arresting, and fire-fighting.

Landscape gardening as a profession for women has its difficulties as well as its rewards. A few women have made wide reputations, beginning with Miss Beatrice Jones of New York, and including such names as Elizabeth Leighton Lee and Marian Coffin. Such a profession demands large natural endowment: pictorial imagination, an eye for proportion and color, strong constructive sense, knowledge of botany, surveying, engineering, drawing, architecture and design. In England women have done some public work: Miss Wilkinson is adviser to the London Board of Works, and Miss Agar is superintendent of the London public gardens. But in America women have been limited to private estates, though the increasing number of parks may give them an opportunity. The rewards for such work are not superabundant; though the profession seems to include an open-air life, it involves a good deal of traveling in stuffy sleeping-cars; and while a landscape gardener is supposed to charge a percentage on cost, like an architect, yet the work is often worth much more. If the profession brings a woman twenty-five hundred dollars a year she may count herself fortunate.

As to extensive farming proper, there are many conservatives still who say that no woman should attempt it; that she may go in for the specialties, like trucking, poultry raising and beekeeping, but that, unless she has a man behind her, she should not attempt to handle all the burdens of a farm. Yet, if she has been brought up on a farm, there is no real reason why she should not be as capable as a man of acting as general farmer. Practically the hardest work on a farm today is lifting the harness on a horse. Cultivators, mowers, binders, plows, hay-loaders—all are driven. Certain heavy tasks would indeed tax either man or woman, but these are done with coöperation. If women think they could do the work, they can. Running an automobile is much harder than most farming. Mrs. George Foulke of Pennsylvania, Mrs. E. W. Brophy of New Jersey, Mrs. Ware of Massachusetts, Mrs. Adda Howie of Wisconsin and Mrs. Virginia Meredith of Indiana are a few of the successful general farmers.

The main reason for undertaking general or extensive farming is that a better living and more money are to be had in that way, and at that it is at least three years before the new farmer, even if she is a well-capitalized woman, begins to get back returns on her investment. Farming does not lend itself to specialization as factory work does, for Nature imposes times and seasons, and always some part of the crops fails. In a certain district of New York, those farmers that have an adequate return from their investment have at least three specialties. Some of their neighbors do not make as much profit as the wages of their laborers amount to. There is no one line of farming at which a person can continue all the year round and employ the time advantageously. Dairying comes nearest it, but a larger force of workers is necessary for this than can be employed all day long.

A woman farmer without a man behind her has her own particular problems. The chief difficulty will be with the laborers. She may have to depend upon them to such an extent that the farm is run by them rather than by her. The skilled laborer can understand and will obey orders, but he will want such a high price for his work that it will eat up most of the profits. The ordinary laborer is likely to be stupid, and is certain to have something of a contempt for a "woman boss." He may disobey an order, and, doing the wrong thing, destroy the result of weeks of foresight. The mistress of the farm has to make her men feel that she knows what she is doing; they must respect her. At the same time she has to flatter them, make them feel that after all she is only a poor weak woman who admires their strength and can't begin to milk a cow as well as they can. This is called "tact," and if the farmer feels a self-disgust when she exercises it, it may console her to reflect that the married woman who must conceal the fact that she understands her husband's faults; the school-teacher with fifty restless children to educate and her principal to propitiate; the stenographer who dares not correct the spelling of her employer, and the shopgirl whom the floor-walker "has a pick on"—all have to use "tact" too.

Why Women Succeed

THE woman farmer, though she lacks a man behind her, can usually depend on some other woman, for she looks on her land from the home side as well as the farm side, and she does not make a home alone. There is nearly always a sister or friend on whom she can call for help. In the long run, she will not be at any more disadvantage than a man, for, though he has more physical strength with which to conduct his fertilizing and planting and harvesting and fencing and gardening and dairying and cattle breeding and poultry raising, and whatever else he has to do, on the other hand she has more patience, is more careful about petty business details, and can buy and sell crops better than he can.

Women, indeed, have certain practical gifts, developed through ages of housekeeping, which fit them for success in farm life. A certain eminent farmer economist, who has been consulted many times by city men proposing to buy farms, states that in almost every case the man has wanted to conduct his land along certain lines corresponding to those he has used in his own business, while the wife has opposed him, and her way, from a practical farmer's standpoint, has been the right one.

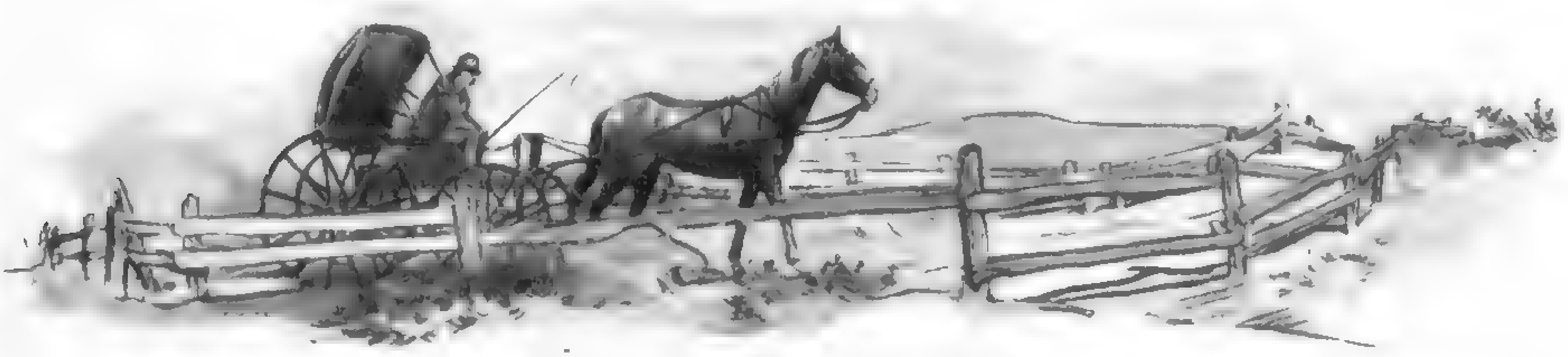
Though women who come from families trained to the work nearly always take up general farming, many of those coming from other occupations choose truck farming, market gardening. There are more popular

(Continued on Page 38)

MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

The Blue Stain—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



It Turned Up a Hill in the Direction of the Burned Buildings

Facts cannot lie.—Mr. Baron Legge.

IN ALL those crimes which are necessarily perpetrated in secret, and in which the ingenuity of the criminal is exerted to conceal his identity, the law must depend upon what is called circumstantial evidence. But there must always be some point, some clew, some incident from which the investigation can begin. The first aspect of the mystery is usually bewildering. The tests which the law is accustomed to apply for the purpose of determining whether a suspected person is guilty or not guilty cannot be brought into use until some incident can be found pointing out the suspected person.

The examination of a great number of criminal cases would lead one to the conclusion that this identifying mark, or clew, is a sort of by-product of crime. No man can wholly detach himself from all the varied and complex avenues of human knowledge. The threads of human events are so interwoven that no agency can disturb them without the effect of that disturbance being transmitted in a thousand directions. It is as though all events constituted a network, every thread of which was related in some manner to every other thread, and the whole so charged with the truth that no thread could be broken, or touched, or changed from its position, without that violence having its effect upon the whole web.

It is, however, exceedingly curious how a criminal agent is unable to move about this work without leaving his own peculiar, distinguishing mark on the face of that work. This fact is especially conspicuous in the greater crimes, like homicide. But it is equally to be found in the lesser crimes—necessarily perpetrated in secret—as, for instance, all that class of malicious burnings which the law groups under the head of arson.

. . . .

On the morning of the thirtieth of December, 1896, a building on the plantation of T. O. Smith, in Bullock County, Alabama, was burned to the ground.

Now, when a building is burned, those familiar with its contents, its situation and the human agencies moving about it are immediately able to say with a probable degree of certainty whether or not the fire arose from some accidental cause or from incendiary origin.

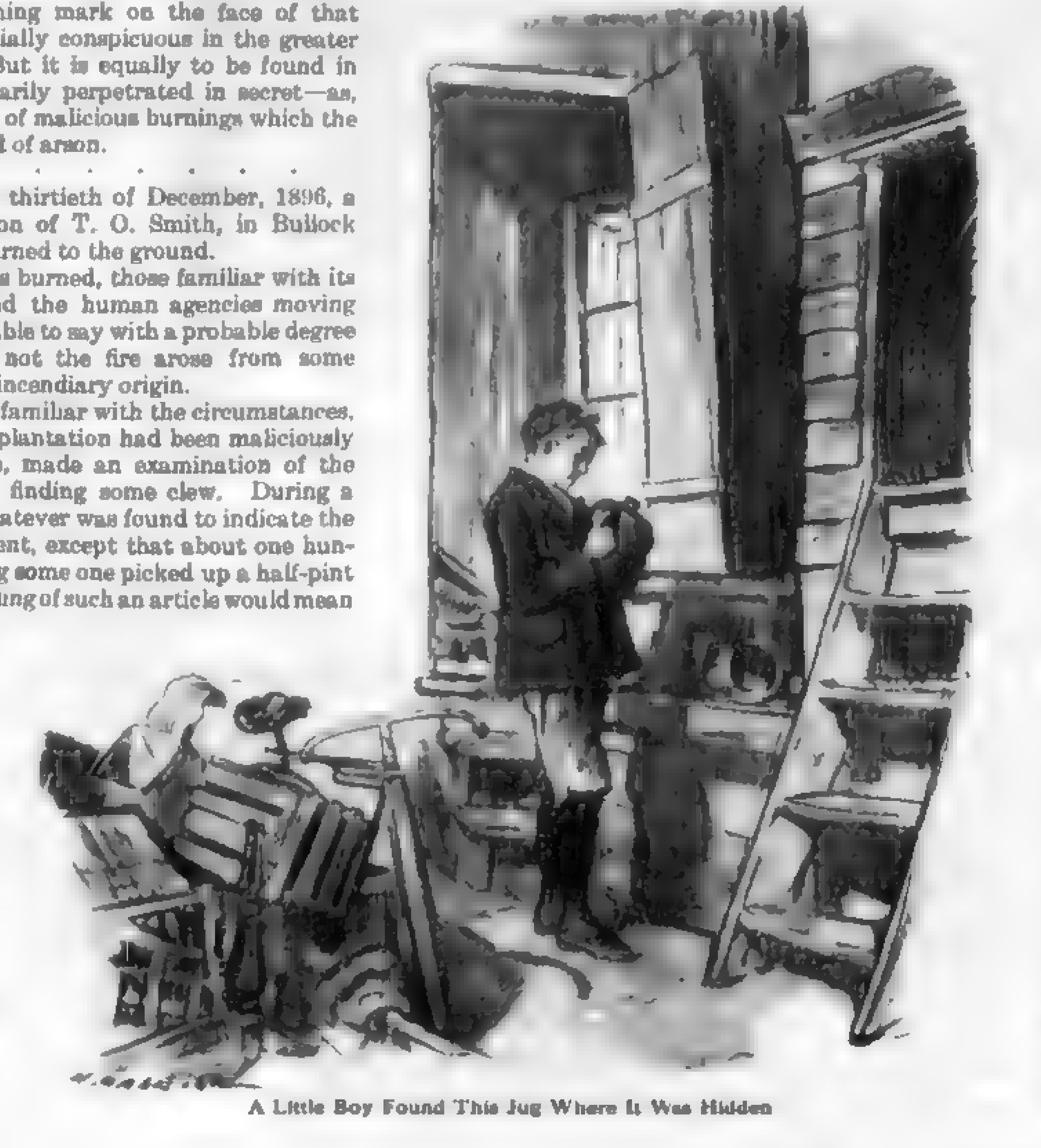
It was certain, to those familiar with the circumstances, that this building on the plantation had been maliciously burned. They, therefore, made an examination of the premises in the hope of finding some clew. During a careful search nothing whatever was found to indicate the presence of a criminal agent, except that about one hundred feet from the building some one picked up a half-pint bottle. Ordinarily, the finding of such an article would mean nothing. Any one passing by might toss away an empty whisky flask. Nevertheless—true to that instinct which always causes the identifying clew of a criminal to be carefully scrutinized when found—those who picked up this bottle examined it. The bottle was found to have contained kerosene oil. This was sufficient to connect it with the burning. But what distinguishing feature was there to connect it with the criminal agent?

Strangely, this flask which contained traces of kerosene oil, thus joining itself by a thread to the burned building, contained also traces of another substance which connected it, as by another thread, to the one who burned the building. The lower half of the bottle on its interior was stained blue, as though the bottle, before the kerosene oil had been poured into it, had originally contained some blue substance.

The query immediately arose, What had this bottle contained? What substance was there in common use in the country with which such a bottle might have been filled before being used by the incendiary to carry the oil with which he had fired the building? The housewives at once came forward with the answer to the question. The bottle had been filled with a solution of indigo.

The mystery had now moved within the limits of human knowledge. A man named King remembered that in the summer of 1896—the building having been burned in December of that year—he was at the house of a person living in the community, and he saw the man's wife with this flask with water and bluing in it.

The suspect was arrested, tried and convicted. He appealed to the Supreme Court of Alabama, but the court affirmed the lower court. (27 So. Rep., Morris vs. State, 336.)



A Little Boy Found This Jug Where It Was Hidden

Similar to this case, and in the same state, is that of Thomas vs. State. (18 So. Rep. 229.)

Here Thomas, who burned the building, carried kerosene oil, with which he fired it, in a jug and after the crime concealed the jug. By curious coincidence—if there is ever such a thing as a coincidence—a little boy found this jug where it was hidden. Some persons identified the jug as one which they had had and could trace to the possession of Thomas.

One never can finally say what it was that led the child to this hidden evidence of Thomas' guilt. Again "coincidence," or "the direction of Heaven." We do not know.

. . . .

The most perilous thing to the criminal in connection with these traces is their infinite variety. The thing may be an article forgotten, some incident or some defect in a plan.

It was such a defect in a plan that led to the apprehension and conviction of Levine for his attempt to fire the United States Hotel, at Los Angeles, California.

About a quarter to one o'clock, on the night of January 24, 1888, a fire broke out in the basement of the United States Hotel. The basement at the time was occupied by Levine as a saloon. If the ingenious plan of Levine for firing this building had not curiously miscarried no one could have said that it was of incendiary origin. There was no defect in the plan itself. No human agency disturbed it. The calculations of Levine with respect to it were correct. It would have succeeded but for a thing which hardly any one would have foreseen, yet which proved to be merely the operation of a natural law.

Levine was the lessee of the basement of this building The saloon which he maintained there was not a prosperous concern. He had endeavored to sell it, but he had failed. He had even made the effort to obtain by auction two thousand dollars, which he considered the value of the stock and fixtures within it. This stock and these fixtures were insured for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Not being able to sell, he determined to burn the building so that he might secure the insurance money. But he feared to set fire to the building with his own hands. He therefore hit upon a plan to fire the building that would permit him conclusively to demonstrate that he was at another place at the time the building caught fire. Circumstances aided him in maturing such a plan.

A plumber, who had been engaged in making some repairs on the premises, left three half candles. Levine's plan was to light these three pieces of candle, set them near to a lot of waste paper and the like, saturated with coal oil, go out of the saloon, and leave them to burn down to the point where they would touch the oil and waste. This would give him time enough to show himself in another part of the city at the moment when the fire broke out. In order that the lighted candles might not be seen from the street he found it necessary to conceal them behind the counter. That the plan might not fail he placed each of these pieces of candle in a different position, so that if one, or even two, happened to go out, the third would burn. In setting the lighted candles in various places behind the counter he put one of them in a locker, with some of the refuse saturated with coal oil near it.

The plan was successful. The candles behind the bar fired the oil, and the basement of the building began to burn. But the fire was hardly under way before it was discovered. Some one saw it through a window, and by good fortune it was put out and the building saved. In endeavoring to find some evidence of the cause of the fire, those who had broken into the saloon began to look about in it. Half an hour afterward they discovered one of these candles still burning in the locker.

Levine, who planned the firing of the building so cunningly, overlooked the significant fact that the piece of candle which he had set burning in the closed locker under the counter would necessarily, because of the lack of oxygen, burn very much more slowly than the others.

The Supreme Court of California (85 Cal., People vs. Levine, 39) said in its opinion:

> It will be remembered that the candle found burning was found in a closed locker or drawer. It was because so closed in that it was not earlier discovered. The fact that it was so shut out from the air, and in a confined space, will possibly account for that candle holding out so much longer than the others; and if counsel will try the experiment he will probably find that the half-candle, burning under such circumstances, will last fully half to three-quarters of an hour longer than a similar one burned in the open air of the room.

The field of these extraordinary identifying incidents is apparently unlimited. They are discovered by all sorts of extraordinary impulses.

In a Western case, recently decided, the fire was creeping at midnight from the prisoner's dwelling to the building that was to be burned, when suddenly a woman sleeping in a house near by arose, looked out of the window and discovered the fire. She could not explain why she looked out of the window. She thought it was a mosquito that awoke her! Such are the perils that surround the criminal.

. . . .

Sometimes the incendiary leaves behind him a mark peculiar to his physical or mental structure.

Thomas Hunter was indicted for feloniously burning a storehouse, in the night, in North Carolina. (State vs. Hunter, 56 S. E. R. 547.) The thing that led to his being charged with the burning arose from a physical defect. Behind the storehouse the ground was soft, having been freshly plowed. In this soft earth there was discovered a peculiar track. The indentations in the earth showed the left toe of the boot deeply impressed, while the heel was hardly visible. The other track was an ordinary track. This mark in the soft earth as completely identified Hunter as though he had written there his name. Persons who had known him all his life knew that he made this peculiar track.

The court said in its opinion:

> There was evidence that the ground behind the storehouse was soft and had been freshly plowed, and witness testified that next morning the prisoner's tracks were found there, leading off from the storehouse; that he had known prisoner all his life, and that the prisoner made a peculiar track; that, having had white swelling when a boy, the left leg was about two or three inches shorter than the other; that this made him walk on his left toes, the heel of that foot not touching the ground; that he knew prisoner's track well, and that these were his tracks; that no one else in that neighborhood made such tracks; that these tracks were plain and distinct . . . and led off to the road which went to the prisoner's house.

Like this case is that of Carlton vs. People (150 Ill. 184).

About ten or eleven o'clock on the night of April 9 the barns of one Ridenhour were burned. On the next day, Sunday, a careful examination was made of the whole premises. Tracks were found south of the barn, in a path leading to the highway. Mud was found on the fence at the corner of the field, indicating that some one had there climbed the fence. The earth in this field was soft. It had been sowed with oats, and the oats had not yet come up. Observing that some one had climbed the fence, from the bit of mud on it, the field was examined. Here in the soft earth were tracks. Upon careful examination it appeared that one foot of the person who had walked there made a deeper impression than the other foot. There was evidently some physical reason for the difference in these tracks. This physical reason immediately presented itself to the minds of those making the investigation. The person who had walked there was lame.

From this tiny clew, the slight difference in the depths of the two tracks, Carlton was connected with the crime. The tracks were measured and found to correspond with his own. He was lame and walked "with a kind of hop."

. . . .

It will now doubtless occur to many persons that in cases where the evidence is necessarily circumstantial innocent men may be drawn into jeopardy. Such a query involves the comparison of circumstantial with direct evidence. Here the greatest judges have not been able to agree. Some have held direct evidence, the testimony of witnesses, to be a surer method of arriving at the truth than the consideration of circumstances. Other judges have been equally certain that a complete chain of concatenating circumstances surrounding a crime was not likely to be in error. Witnesses may lie, they say, but circumstances cannot.

Mr. Justice Butler said in Donellan's case:

> A presumption, which necessarily arises from circumstances, is very often more convincing and more satisfactory than any other kind of evidence, because it is not within the reach and compass of human abilities to invent a train of circumstances which would usually be so connected together as to amount to a proof of guilt, without

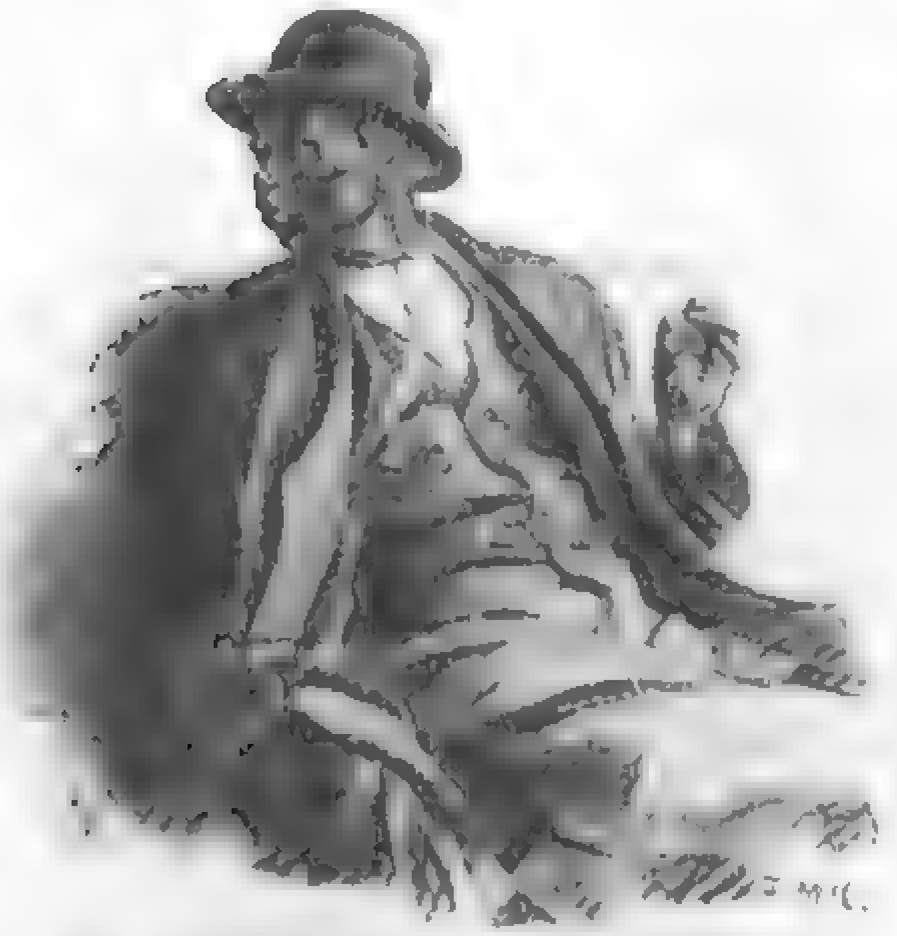
(Continued on Page 28)

BOGUS TWENTIES

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

Ole Reliable Meets a New Friend and Shoves the Queer



He Found Himself Playing for the Applause of One Who at First Regarded Him With Indifference

THE cordial Christmas weather lingered on and genial sunshine warmed the battle hills of Vicksburg. Balmy December held over into January, and Ole Reliable carried a Christmas holdover into the new year, a balance brought forward from that bachelor dinner at Colonel Spottiswoode's.

Evening came on, the hour for rumination, resolutions and the turning of new leaves.

Zack sat impenitently at his hearth, smoking a clay pipe and shedding Selina's personal remarks as a duck's back gutters off a drizzle. It never touched him—didn't turn a single hair of the kinky hedge that skirted his bald knob. During those intervals when Selina floundered for a word, Elder Moss leaned forward and supplied a Scriptural admonition suited to the sanctimony of his rusty coat.

Ole Reliable said nothing—kept on saying nothing in a most exasperating tone. No political boss ever smiled more leniently upon a brace of muckrakers.

"Zack! Zack Foster! Why'n't you speak up?" demanded Selina.

Zack untangled a foot from underneath his chair. "Ef I don't say nuthin' maybe you an' de Elder mought shet up, 'cause you won't have nuthin' to argufy."

"Warn't you drunk when you come home?"

"No, I warn't—jes tol'able well organized." Zack beamed reminiscently; upbraiding couldn't rob him of a cheerful Christmas.

Selina gave her chair a vicious jerk. "'Tain't no use, Elder. Zack puts me in mind o' dat time when Drif et up de Cunnel's roast pig. He licked his chops while Zack was beatin' him, 'cause Zack couldn't beat de pig outen him."

"Yes," observed Zack. "Drif's jes like a nigger—give him a inch an' he'll take hell."

Blam! blam! blam! Somebody knocked on the kitchen door.

"Uncle Zack! Uncle Zack!"

Zack ran to open it and a white-eyed boy gasped out, "White man rid up to our house jes now lookin' fer you. Pa say he's a constable."

Ole Reliable promptly slammed the door and faced Selina.

"Zack, what you been doin' now?"

"Ain't been doin' nuthin'."

"Dat's yo' reg'lar job." Selina withered him with suspicion.

"Huh!" volunteered the Elder; "he don't know what he is been doin'."

"Dat don't signify," retorted Zack. "Look yonder!" He pointed through the window, and the three of them peeped out together.

A rawboned white man on a stocking-foot sorrel had stopped at Jim Bowman's fence. Jim was Zack's next-door enemy ever since Drif killed the next-door dog. Anxiety choked Ole Reliable's throat, but Jim appeared to be acting the perfect gentleman. He kept shaking his head at the white man's inquiry, which was loyal of Jim—considering.

"Dat's Foxy Hoskins," Zack whispered. "Used to be dep'ty; he don't know nuthin' on me."

Hoskins rode on and dismounted at Zack's gate. "Go out an' see what he wants," suggested Selina.

"Not me; constables don't chase a nigger fer to give him no ripe peach. You talk to him."

Hoskins knocked; Zack dissolved into the kitchen and closed the door all but a crack.

"Good evening," began the man.

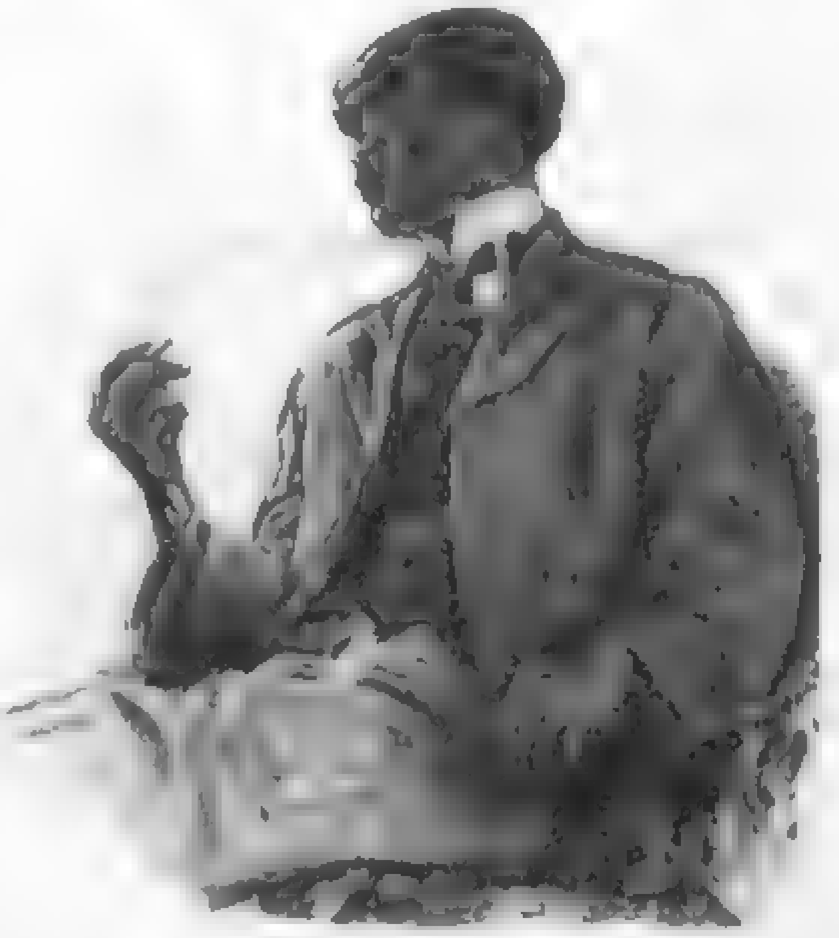
"Good evenin'," responded Selina.

"Do you know a colored man named Zack Foster? They told me he lived near a big cottonwood tree."

Selina tried hard to think. "Zack Foster? Zack Foster? Oh, yes; he's a bright-skinned yellow fellow? Works on a steamboat?"

"That ain't the man; this one calls himself 'Ole Reliable.'"

Selina passed him on with a helpful suggestion: "Maybe he lives on de nex' block; lot o' new people down there."



Hoskins turned to go. "Colonel Spottiswoode sent me to find him right away; Colonel wants him to go down to Gatesville."

There was an undecided shuffle in the kitchen, but Zack did not disclose himself until Selina shut the front door. Selina made another suggestion: "Hadn't you better ax dat man what de Cunnel wants?"

Zack shook his head. "Constables is mighty slick; I'll ax de Cunnel."

Early and provident fear being the mother of safety, Zack scaled his back fence and circled around to Colonel Spottiswoode's. The sorrel stood hitched at the post. So Zack made his arrival from the rear and halted behind the stable. Then he passed through the stable, slipped around the chicken-coop and dodged across to the servants' house so briefly that he made Aunt Abby lose a flea.

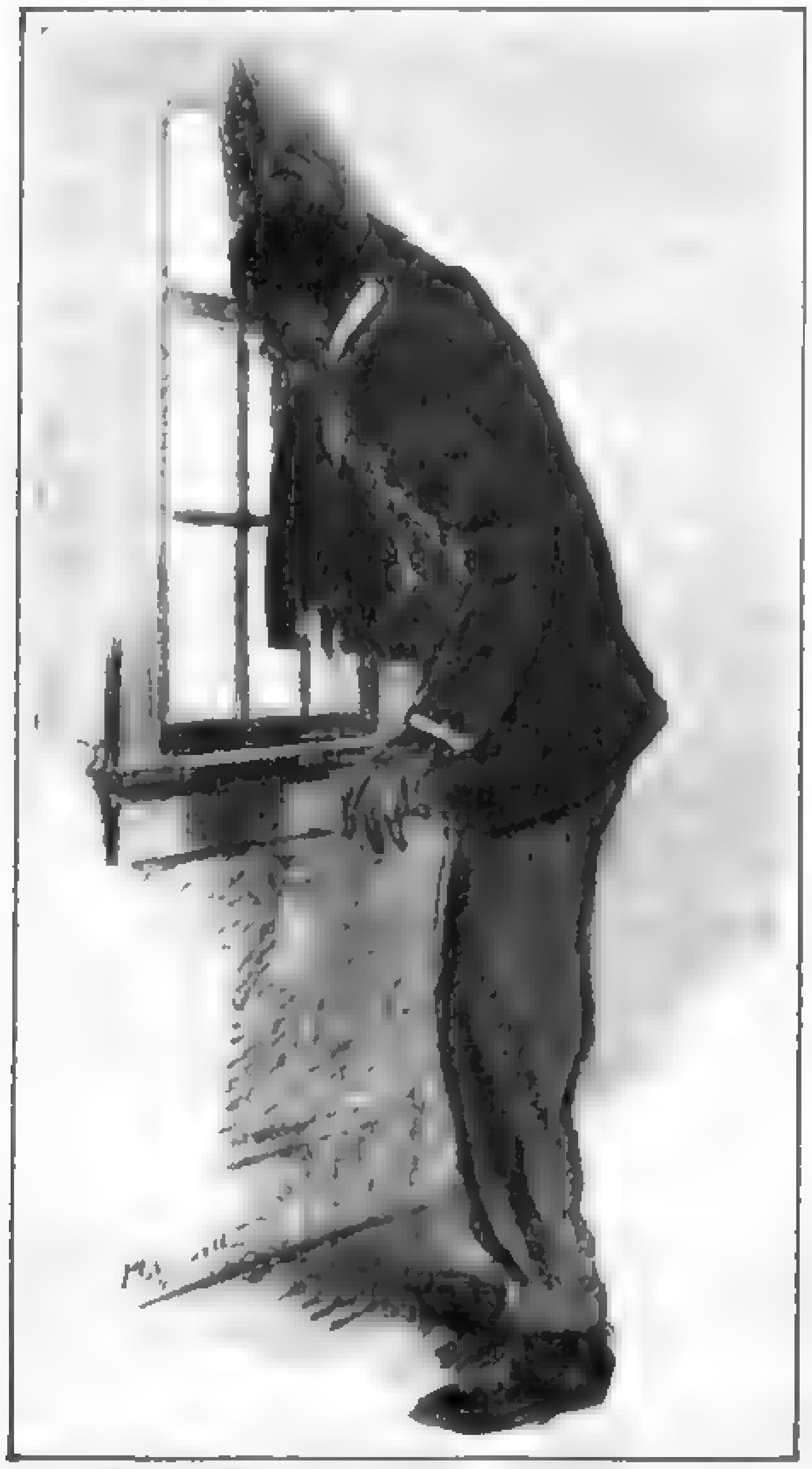
"Dar you is! Dar you is! Cunnel is been huntin' high an' low, cussin' 'cause he couldn't find hide nor hair o'you."

Zack kept traveling straight to the house, to the very front gallery thereof, and demonstrated himself before the Colonel's window.

"Here you! Zack! Come here."

"Comin', suh."

With his flowered dressing-gown and slippers Colonel Spottiswoode sat deep in his chair among a scatteration of newspapers and magazines. Zack resented the constable,



Brother Singleterry Sprang Up and Carefully Drew Aside the Tattered Curtain

in a rocker smoking one of the Colonel's best cigars. He jabbed at the fire and waited for the Colonel to speak.

"Sit down, Zack; I want to talk with you." Zack eased himself to the edge of a straight chair.

"Zack, didn't you used to live near Gatesville?"

"Yas, suh; 'bout fo' miles out, on Jedge Foster's place."

"You know the people in that neighborhood?"

"Yas, suh; I knows all de fust-class folks—an' niggers."

"Those people are having trouble about the boll-weevil. The planters won't be able to furnish their tenants this year, and the negroes have got to move. I want to get about forty or fifty new families and put them on Sherwood. Can you go down and get them?"

"Shucks, Cunnel, ef dem niggers 'spicions you want 'em dey'll block de big road in a scramble."

The Colonel smiled. "Now, Zack, listen to me. I won't take a tenant without the landlord's consent. You are not to run off a single negro."

"Sholy, sholy; us couldn't do no sech po'-white-trash trick as dat."

The Colonel reached over to his table and picked up three letters already written. "Here is a letter to Mr Webster, cashier of the Gates County Bank. Do you know him?"

"Ef dat's little Jimmy Webster I knows him. His pa used to be Doctor Webster what lived at Katharine Plantation?"

"He's the man."

"Know 'im! I raised dat boy since he warn't no taller'n my finger. Spec' he's right big now fer his size."

"Present this to him at the bank. He'll tell you what to do. Here is a letter for Mr. Lawrence, six miles from town on the Farmers' Ferry Road."

"Yas, suh; I knows every step o' dat road—sho do. He lives right at de brink o' dat red hill jes 'cross a bridge; magnolia tree on de lef'-han' side."

"Mr. Lawrence is not planting Homewood this year. Most of his tenants will have to move. Go to him, and if he is willing you can talk to the negroes about moving to Sherwood."

"Sholy, sholy; we might jes as well git 'em."

"But you must see Mr. Lawrence first, you understand?"

"Yas, suh; yas, suh; cose I wouldn't do nuthin' widout axin' Mr. Lawrence."

"Then you will call on Mr. Green, of Tower Hill, with this letter. He wrote me that there are about a dozen families on his place that he cannot take care of, and asked if I could take them."

Zack wrapped the letters in a piece of newspaper and put them in his pocket.

"When you round up a gang go back to Mr. Webster and tell him how many people you have; then Mr. Hoskins will come down and ship their things to Sherwood."

The Colonel arose. "Now, Zack, you know how these labor agents slip around at night among the negroes, stirring them up, running off tenants and leaving their cotton unpicked in the field. If those people catch you doing that, why—you'd be lucky if you ever got to jail." The Colonel repeated every detail of his instructions. "Now, Zack, you understand?"

"Yas, suh; I knows you wouldn't stand fer nobody goin' on Sherwood an' meddlin' wid yo' niggers." Zack assented all the more joyfully when the Colonel began feeling in his pocket.

"Here is twenty-five dollars in small change. You may have to buy little things for the negroes, pay for hauling, spend a few dollars to get them in a good humor. Remember to wear your best clothes and look prosperous."

Zack hesitated before he went out the door. "Cunnel, it jes fell in my mind to ax you one mo' thing—what's dis here boll-weevil dat's got de niggers so skeered?"

"It's a beetle, a sort of bug that eats the cotton."

"Now, Cunnel, ain't you afoolin' me? A bug? Huh! I 'lowed de boll-weevil war somethin' like dat tariff what romps round de country bluffin' ever'body."

. . . .

Next morning, when the southbound passenger train pulled out of Vicksburg, Ole Reliable was half aboard; his other half hung out of the window, waving his derby. "Goodby; ef I don't see you no mo' de ole bline mule is yourn." He had a long cigar in his mouth; several others peeped out of his vest. He stacked his paper imitation alligator-leather valise on the seat in front of him. Then he lolled back with his feet on the cushions, spread his coat and exhibited his secret-society badges. Every time the train whistled Zack threw up the window and stuck out his head. "Goodby, niggers; I'm gwine to Gatesville." One seat pent him up; he changed frequently, and drained the water-cooler. With one hand in his pocket, the rattle of silver followed him. Failing to rouse a proper enthusiasm he sat down and squirmed.

Zack had never read Sandy MacPherson, but he found himself, like Tammas Carlyle, playing for the applause of one who at first regarded him with indifference. Across the aisle sat an intensely black man in fervid trousers and dilettante vest. Zack took particular notice of a silk-lined tan overcoat carelessly displayed across the seat. For traveling he wore a golf cap, while a cream-colored felt creation reposed in the rack. This glittering member of his race looked persistently out of the window when Zack paraded past. But whenever Zack turned his head the stranger eyed him keenly.

Having taken Ole Reliable's measure, the stranger opened a small satchel and selected a badge that matched one of Zack's. He fastened this to his lapel and presently shifted his position so that Zack could see it. Zack struck like a trout, moved across the aisle and sat down beside his new-found brother. Mystic signs and gripes passed between them; then Zack began to tell Brother Singleterry the story of his life, with embellishments.

"O' cose my real name is Foster—Corpr'l Zack Foster—but everybody, white and black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

"*Mister* Foster is the best; our race should drop those old-time negro names."

"Sholy, sholy; but nobody don't pay no 'tention to Cunnel; he's de main one what calls me dat. Cunnel thinks a heap o' me—jes look at dese letters he gimme to de bank to git money."

"Great compliment," Brother Singleterry remarked. "I am a banker myself." And he said it without raising his voice so that the other negroes in the car could hear him.

Zack was forced to ask questions—Brother Singleterry being that modest—before he discovered that he was sitting beside the Honorable J. Webb Singleterry, cashier of the Liberator Savings Bank of Cincinnati, President of the Knights and Ladies of David.

This awed Zack for a while; he listened while the other chatted affably about the uplift of the colored race. "They needs to quit bein' so 'spicious of each other. They got to stand side an' side, an' stop pulling every which way."

"Ain't dat de troof!" Zack hoisted his big foot to the seat beside Singleterry's, then jerked it down because of its dusty comparison with patent-leathers. By a happy coincidence Singleterry had business in Gatesville, and remarked that they would travel together if he were not intruding. Zack waved his hand in protest at the bare idea of intrusion; he smiled to think of the figure they would cut parading up the street, and how the other negroes would ask, "Who's dat?"

Just before the train reached Gatesville in the afternoon Brother Singleterry led Brother Foster to the front platform on the off side. "We will disembark here. If these people knew it was me they would bring out the band; I'd rather go along like a citizen."

"Yes, I hates a band—sho do." Zack glanced around with a sneaking hope that his wishes might be overruled. The train stopped. Brother Singleterry dodged across the platform and dived into a hack. Ole Reliable climbed in and Brother Singleterry whispered something to the hackman. It was disappointing to drive up a side street instead of having a parade, but Brother Singleterry paid the fare and Brother Foster could not complain.

"I got important business at court," Brother Singleterry explained. "'Twon't do for me to show up too soon You better keep dark until you see how de cat is goin' to hop." Zack, being a full-fledged labor agent, considered this very good advice.

"Sho," he responded, the monosyllable marking him as a man of reticence.

Brother Singleterry knew exactly where he was going. They stopped at a negro boarding-house, a tumbledown frame which had once been a store. He did not tarry on the sidewalk, but pulled open the door and went straight upstairs, where a slovenly negro woman showed them into a room. Brother Singleterry went at once to the window and looked out. It commanded a view of both streets. He threw himself across one of the thin-looking beds. "Travelin' makes me tired. I'm goin' to take a nap."

"All right," said Zack. "I reckin I'll go walk about some. I ain't been in dis town since de war."

Singleterry leaned on his elbow. "Ef I was in yo' business I wouldn't show up too strong, 'specially 'mong white folks. Our race is O. K.; they won't say nuthin'; white folks blabs everything they knows."

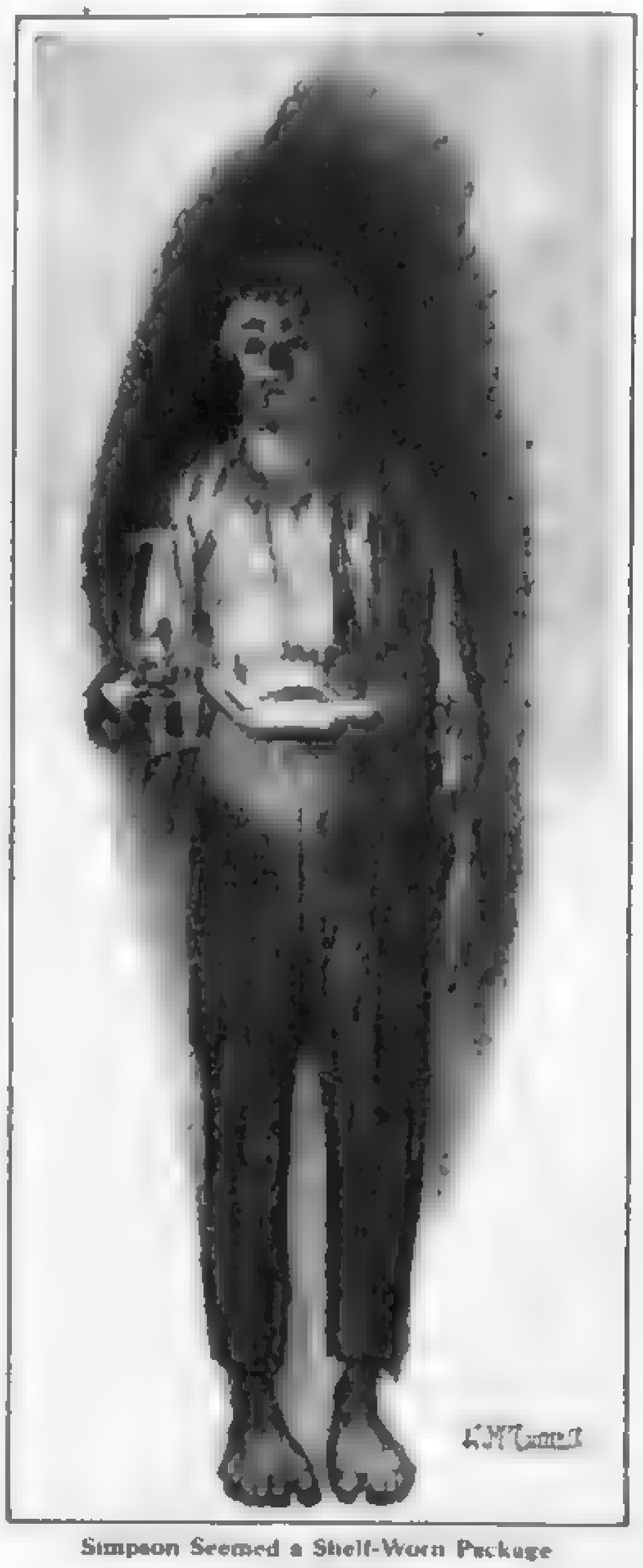
"Amen to dat; you spoke a parable."

"We are going to have supper in our room; don't miss it." Which showed that he did not know Ole Reliable.

Zack glanced at his clothes before going out on the street. The coat and vest had been a trifle tight for Colonel Spottiswoode, but looked fine on Zack. He had excellent trousers, his derby was all right, but the overcoat looked somewhat frazzled.

"Gittin' hot outdoors, ain't it?" he said, and laid the coat in the corner. As Zack passed out he ran his hand across the silk-lined tan beauty hanging on a chairback.

Brother Singleterry continued to smile until Zack reached the bottom of the creaking stairs. Then he sprang



Simpson Seemed a Shelf-Worn Package of Humanity up and carefully drew aside the tattered curtain. Ole Reliable stopped in the middle of the street and seemed confused. Singleterry saw him call a boy and ask some question. Then he trudged aimlessly around the corner

Singleterry shook his head dubiously. "Guess I ought to pick him before somebody else gets a chance."

With that Singleterry turned his talents to Zack's valise. It had the kind of a lock that opened with a corkscrew, hairpin, pocketknife, toothpick or thumbnail. But Singleterry carried something better than these for locks. With a professional glance at Ole Reliable's belongings he shut up the valise more quickly than he opened it. Zack's overcoat came next—nothing of consequence except the letter to "Mr. J. L. Webster, Cashier," which Singleterry read with friendly interest. "He don't know Zack Foster, and it's a cinch he won't know me." Putting on Zack's overcoat and a less conspicuous hat, Singleterry sallied out.

It must have been a short horse and soon curried, for Singleterry came back swearing. "Oughter hit him fer a hundred; twenty-five bones hardly pays me for my time Wouldn't take it if I didn't have to hustle out of this town."

Having provided pin-money, Singleterry prepared for the serious purpose of his visit. First he locked the door Out of his gripsack he took a small satchel. From this he laid a package of banknotes on the table—all twenties and absolutely new. These he divided into separate packages of ten, fifteen and twenty-five, and put them in his inside vest pocket Three or four loose bills he stuffed carelessly into his trousers. Then he put away his satchel and unlocked the door

When Zack returned, it had grown dark; a kerosene lamp was burning on the washstand

"Huh, Brother Singleterry, dat looks good to me," he remarked, surveying a table set with plates, black-handled knives and forks, thick cups without handles and a checkerboard cloth.

Brother Singleterry reposed in a thick shadow on the thin bed. "Hello, Brother Foster, I ordered beefsteak and onions, coffee and battercakes; how does they hit you?"

"Dat's jes what I gits when I goes travelin'." Ole Reliable sat down gloomily on a tin trunk in the corner. "Brother Singleterry, comin' back to de ole town ain't what I spected. 'Tain't nuthin' like it used to be. All dem little frame sto's settin' side an' side, dey's gone De drug sto' is gone. 'Tain't no benches roun' de grocery, whar folks kin set down an' whittle. Neber did see but one ole frien'—Harvey Skidmore, he lives on Homewood Plantation "

Ole Reliable rambled on, half to himself. "Cullud people is havin' mighty hard times. Never made no crop las' year, an' a heap of 'em ain't gwine to try fer a crop dis year. Don't know how dey's goin' to git sumpin' to eat."

"That's where you git in yo' graft," winked Brother Singleterry; "you ought to get at least five dollars a family for moving hands."

"Dat's de reg'lar price, but I'm gittin' dese han's fer de Cunnel; he'll 'low me what's right."

"Stick him for all you kin. You're a hard worker, and you mustn't let somebody else git the gravy. Five dollars a family, forty families, comes to two hundred dollars—easy money. You old befo'-de-wah niggers make me tired."

Ole Reliable stared at the broken-mouthed pitcher on the table; loneliness and disappointment struck deep into his simple soul

Brother Singleterry sat up in bed, and took a flask out of his pocket. "A little wine for thy stummick's sake. Brace up—take a drink."

Zack demurred a little to the first invitation, less to the second, and anticipated the third. His eyes sparkled and he began to talk a blue streak. "Gwine to git out o' dis town right away. Ole man Harvey would a tuk me on his wagon, but he's skeered, bein' as I'm a labor agent. He say fer me to come out to Six-mile Bridge an' holler, an' he kin hear me to his house. I reckin dey ain't built dese slick sidewalks in de cotton-patches, an' put 'lectric lights on de fence-posts, so I won't know de ole plantation. I reckin dey ain't tore down the hills and dug hollers I wants to see sumpin' I knows."

Brother Foster kept talking and Brother Singleterry kept watching him until the woman brought their supper She sniffed in disgust at two niggers putting on airs. The slattern moved in slow jerks like a mechanical toy that is about to run down. Singleterry tossed a dime on the table. "Now, you go outside and stay; don't let nobody bother us." The woman backed out and left the door imperceptibly ajar.

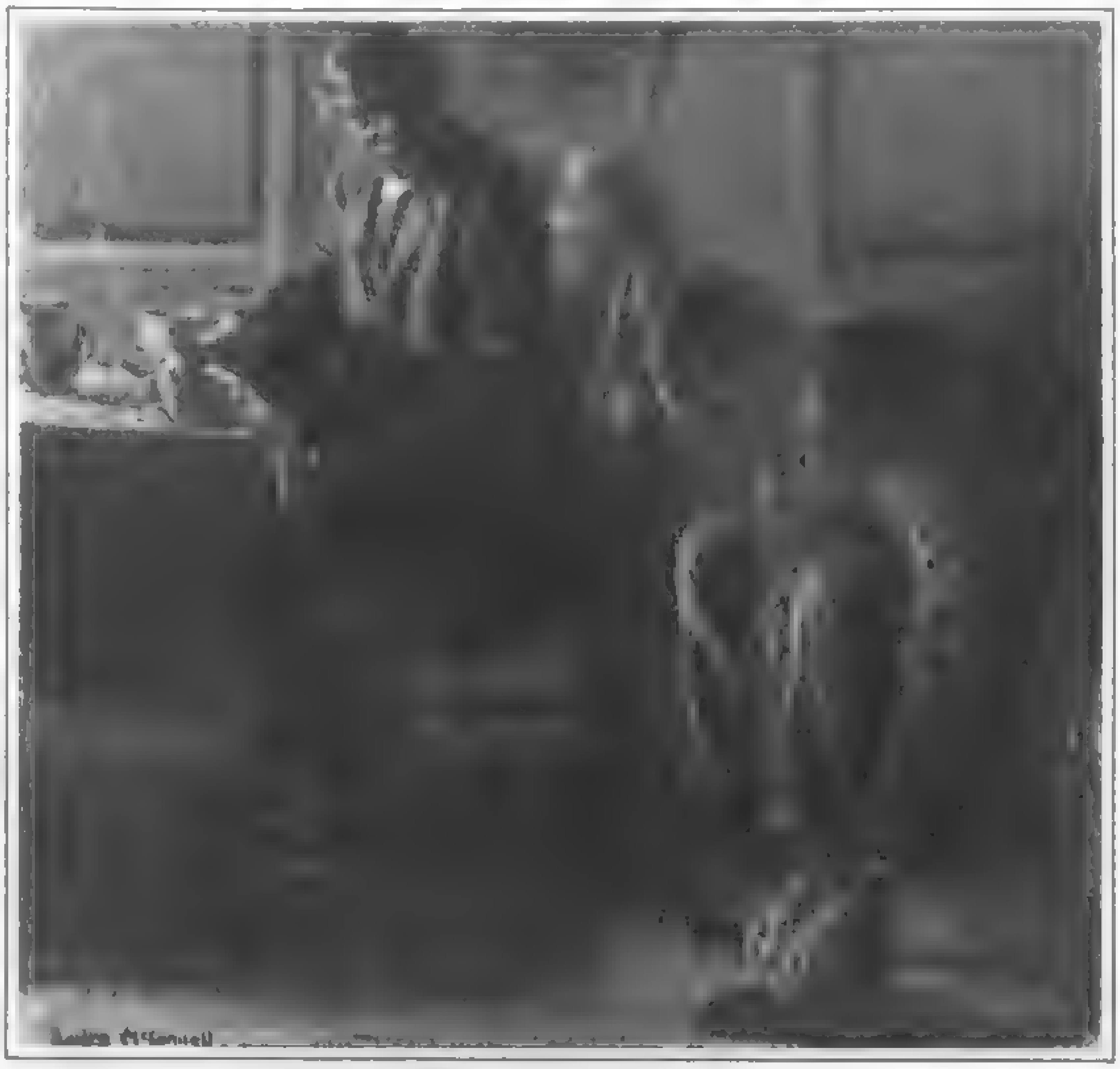
"Shut that door!" It slammed viciously Singleterry took the chair which had his overcoat across the back and set it against the door.

"What fer you doin' dat?" asked Zack.

"That woman—she looks through the keyhole. Pull up yo' chair and help eat this expense account; the company pays for it."

With three stiff drinks behind him and the smell of steak and onions ahead Ole Reliable was not backward in drawing forward. "Spense 'count? What's dat?"

His host paused in the act of cutting the beefsteak "When you git to travelin' you'll find out—expense is everything from beefsteaks to—to—tan overcoats. Hand yo' plate."



"I Never Makes Mistakes. If I Does My Company Stands by 'Em"

Zack might have puzzled over this, but his plate came back with such a load of steak and onions that he couldn't put his mind on theories.

Presently Brother Singleterry laid down his knife and dropped into a brown study. "A notion jes hit me, Brother Foster," he observed. "You seem to got influence among the old members of our race. Of course we got to pay a big salary and expense—you would have to travel. Now, if we could jes get you to be State Organizer for the Knights and Ladies of David?"

Ole Reliable grabbed his breath to keep it from leaving him—big salary, expenses, rides on railroads, free ice-water the accumulated glories hit him in a bunch. Brother Singleterry leaned forward anxiously and added, "Of course you would get a percentage on the new members."

"P'centage?" Zack gasped.

"Influential men like you must be well paid."

"Dat's so—I got to be paid."

"You needn't worry about your regalia to wear in the parades—company pays for all that. We couldn't expect you to pay for such a fine one, being as you ride all alone by yourself in the first hack."

Ole Reliable sat dumb, overwhelmed by the gorgeous bunch of language that Brother Singleterry released upon him. He floated in a dreamland of red velvet and spangles, expenses and salary. Brother Singleterry kept on talking while he got up and felt in all his pockets, including the overcoat. "Ain't dat a pretty howdy-do, invitin' a gent'man to dinner an' got no seegars?" He laughed contemptuously "An' not a cent o' change less dan a ten."

"I got money aplenty," Zack suggested eagerly "Lemme buy de seegars." He dug down in his jeans and brought out a fistful of silver

The other negro waved his hand airily. "Dat ain't de way we do it. Some companies is cheap screws about seegars Expense account, that's the thing Give me change for this ten."

Zack shoveled out a handful of silver, halves and quarters, and laid them on the table Brother Singleterry raised up on the edge of the bed, beyond the radius of light, and flung a crumpled bill to Zack Then he leaned over and began lacing his shoe

Ole Reliable prudently examined the bill, this being a considerable transaction in finance It was brand-new, crisp and crinkly, and—he looked again—of the twenty-plunk variety. Ole Reliable held it up to the light, examined both sides and then turned to the man on the bed. "Brother Singleterry, ain't you made a mistake about dis money?"

Singleterry went on lacing his shoe. "I never makes mistakes. If I does my company stands by 'em They would rather pay fer it than to have them niggers think I makes 'em—hurts business, you know. Everything goes in the expense account—it don't belong to nobody."

Zack was in doubt, so he took the trick. He transferred the bill to his pocket and handed over the change. Singleterry saw that this left a pile of silver on the table, so he pulled out a mate to the first bill. "Better give me change for another ten. You won't be spending nuthin' while you is with me. I likes to have plenty of chicken-feed. Don't it pester you to stand round in a store while the clerk is fooling in the cash drawer?"

"Sho do," assented Zack.

A second twenty followed the first into Zack's pocket. It made him dizzy. A second ten—in silver—was dumped into Brother Singleterry's satchel. Each negro had struck a gold mine, and choked to keep from laughing in the other's face. Twenty dollars in two minutes—Zack wanted to get out of the room into the fresh air

"Now, then," Brother Singleterry continued amiably, "we'll smoke seegars if it takes the hair off"

"All right, I'll go git 'em; it's my treat."

Zack broke for the door, but Singleterry cut him off. "Not this day; it ain't yo' treat. I couldn't afford to let my company ketch you spendin' a nickel; they would fire me hot off the bat if I warn't the president. Bein' the president, I reckin they'd jes set around and look grumpy."

Zack hated to think of such a nice company settin' around lookin' grumpy, so he stopped. Brother Singleterry laid one hand upon his shoulder, and with the other pressed a third twenty into his palm. "S'posin' we compromise? You go to that first drug store on the right-hand side—got a big soda fountain at the door—red-headed boy—you can't miss it; don't make no mistake. Buy fo' bits' worth o' Gray Eagle seegars, give him this twenty and bring me the change. Don't stop nowhere."

Ole Reliable had a swimming in the head. Luck was coming his way in automobiles—money, dinners and cigars—thicker'n fleas on a fat pup. He cocked his hat to one side and stamped down the steps

The minute Zack passed the door Singleterry's manner changed. Keen as a hound on a trail, he listened to the creaking of the stairs and heavy footfalls on the sidewalk. Then he crept out noiselessly and followed, keeping well in the shadows. The counterfeiter had selected this particular drug store because the fountain was far in front, away from the proprietor, and that red-headed boy had a slapdash manner of making change.

Zack walked straight on to the drug store and spoke politely to the red-headed boy. "Good evenin', mister; please, suh, lemme have fo' bits' wuth o' Gray Eagle seegars."

"Ten cents each," announced the boy, as if that settled it. "Oh, you are buying them for somebody." And he handed out the box.

Singleterry stopped outside. "He's a good one, all right. If I had his face and my sense I could make a killin'."

Singleterry kept one eye on the youngster in front, the other on a second man at the office desk. The man at the desk was very busy, and thirty feet away. These were mere details, but it was Singleterry's business to observe details. Zack was selecting one by one the cigars that he seemed to want. Then he produced the twenty-dollar bill. The red-headed boy merely glanced at it, for the bill was a really excellent counterfeit. He opened the cash register and began fumbling. "Haven't got that much change. Wait a minute." And he started back to the desk with the bill in his hand. Singleterry moved closer to the window, where he had a clear view. This was the crucial moment. The man at the desk took the bill and opened the safe. He counted the change very rapidly four fives, Singleterry thought. Then he looked at the bill—examined it closely. Red-head and the boss whispered together; both of them looked keenly at Ole Reliable, who had lost himself contemplating a case of perfumery. Singleterry wished he could hear what they were saying at the desk

The boss nodded toward Zack and whispered to Red-head, then hurried out of the store with the bill in his hand. Red-head strolled between the counters and engaged Ole Reliable in conversation. He was visibly excited. This didn't look good to Singleterry—it being the usual preliminary to a striped suit.

Just as soon as the boss got out of sight he started down the street on a half run. "Too much hurry for change," thought Singleterry. He strolled to the door, caught Ole Reliable's eye and beckoned violently.

"All right," he called back; "jes as soon as I git my change."

"What do you think o' that for a fool?" said Singleterry to himself. Being a man of resource he always carried a trick or two up his sleeve. One of them came out instantly, for he yelled in the doorway, "Fire! Fire!"—not loud enough to draw a crowd, but they could hear it in the store.

Neck-and-neck Red-head and Zack struck the sidewalk. Singleterry called out to Zack: "Fat's in the fire; run back to the room."

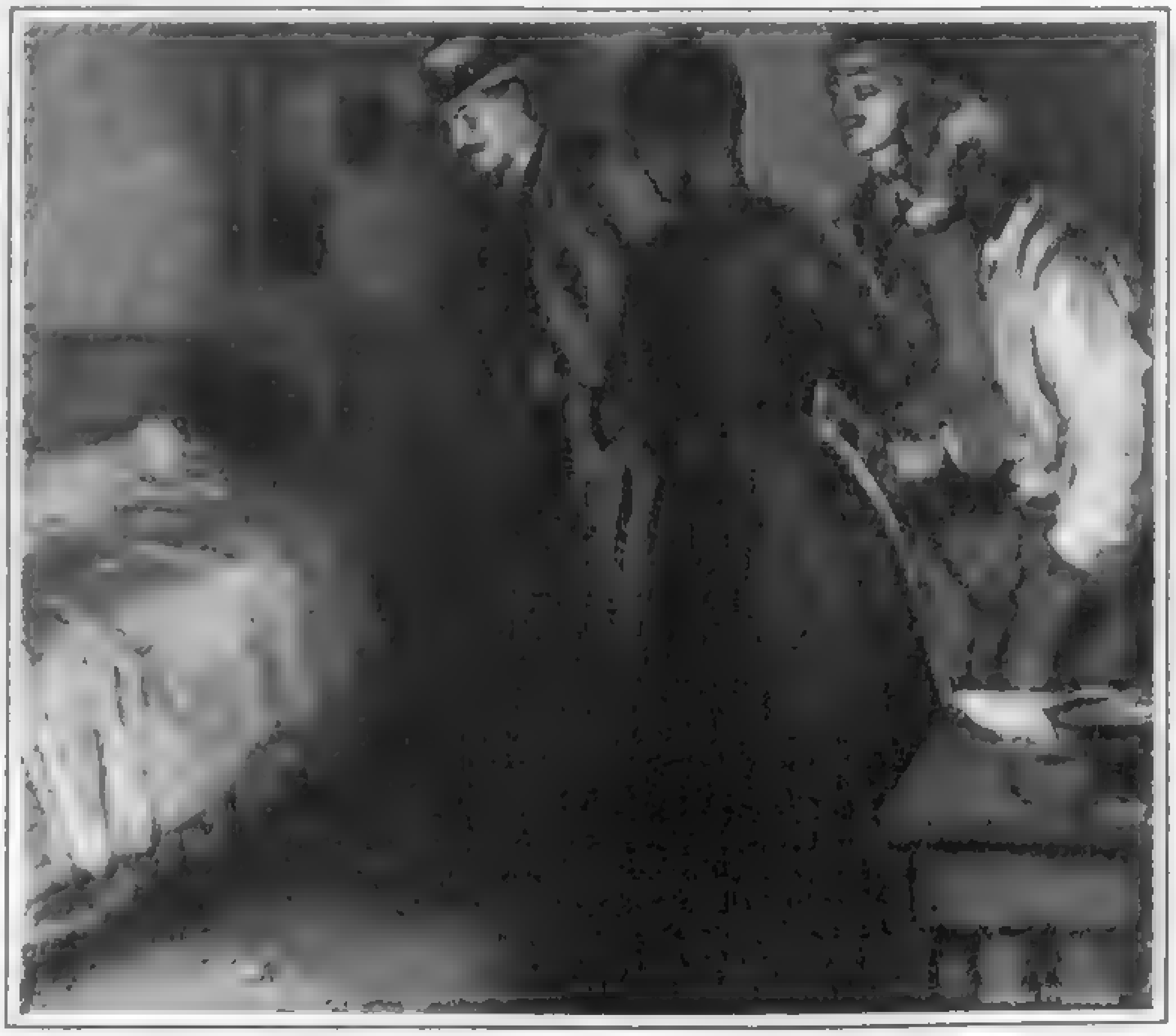
"Lemme get my change."

"Never mind the change; they's fixin' to arrest you for a labor agent Ten years in the pen." Singleterry jerked Ole Reliable into one end of the alley, then outran him to the other. But he had nothing to brag of when he reached their room, for Zack burst in behind him. Singleterry got his own satchel, but he put on Zack's overcoat. "Look here, fool," he said; "grab your duds and hit de big road; bust it wide open. Country's the place for country niggers. It's better than the pentenchery—but not much."

"Pentenchery!" Zack repeated. "Hold on; gimme my overcoat."

For answer Singleterry snatched Zack's hat off his head, dropped his own soft felt hat and played Israel Putnam going down the steps.

For a moment Zack stood dazed, then his foot itched for the road. With Singleterry's hat and coat, and his own valise, he dived down the narrow steps. The chambermaid grabbed him. "Lemme go; lemme go!" He tore loose from the woman, who followed him, shouting some triviality about a board-bill.



"Dat's Kate's Sister What's Got de Newmony—Please, Suh, Don't Hole Dat Do' So Wide Open"

. . . .

When the 10:30 train slowed down at Gatesville two men jumped off, sprang into a hack and yelled to the driver, "Sheriff's office."

The lights were still burning; the sheriff was re-reading advertisements, shipping news, society, everything in a New Orleans paper, trying to keep awake. The two men ran in. "You're the sheriff?"

"Yes, sir; Saunders is my name."

"This is Mr. McCullough. My name is Reid. Did you get our man?"

"Sit down, gentlemen. Your telegram came late in the afternoon and we were trying to locate your negro when somebody shoved a queer twenty on the druggist. But the negro does not answer the description of your man."

"Where is the druggist?" demanded Reid, a thin-faced ferret who did the talking. McCullough did not speak.

Saunders stepped to the telephone. Hanging up the receiver he said, "He will be here in five minutes."

The druggist and Red-head had scarcely got inside the sheriff's door before Reid began asking questions, quick, sharp, incisive questions that elicited some information. Neither of them could describe the man. "He was just a common old negro—nothing about him to notice."

"Mac, who do you think that could be?"

McCullough shook his head.

"What about the other man?"

"I did not see him," answered the druggist. And they turned to Red-head.

"I only noticed a tan overcoat and a soft hat."

"That's him; that's him."

"Just as he passed our door somebody hollered 'Fire!' That drew my attention until they both got away."

Reid laughed. "That cinches it. Dressy Jack has turned that trick a dozen times."

Reid took from his pocket a circular headed, "Five hundred dollars' reward." "Look at this picture, sonny."

The lad shook his head doubtfully. "I'm not sure; I could not see him very well."

"The tan overcoat is enough," said Reid to his partner. "Mac, what's your guess about the other fellow?"

"Can't place him. Let him go. Jack's the gentleman we're after."

"We'll land him all right," the sheriff assured them; "every train and steamboat and road is being watched."

Before they had finished planning their search one of the sheriff's deputies entered. He stood and listened. Presently somebody mentioned the tan overcoat. The young man stepped forward instantly. "Maybe that's the negro I met on Six-mile Bridge about 9:30. Just before I struck the bridge I heard a man holler—a loud whoop. He must have been calling Harvey Skidmore, who lives up on that hill. When I rode on the bridge he spoke up quick: 'Harvey? Dat you?' I stopped and got a match; while I was lighting my cigarette I could see that he had on a light-colored overcoat and a soft hat. A valise was lying at his feet."

Both the detectives got up. "Mr. Saunders, can you spare us a man who knows the country?"

"Sure."

"Come on, Mac; we've followed that tan overcoat too far to let it get away."

A lone figure split the night and whizzed along the Farmers' Ferry Road with his face to the open country. In one hand Ole Reliable carried a broadbrimmed hat, in the other a light valise; the tails of his tan overcoat flapped between the two. He ran as if he were stepping ditches. He struck a mudhole and wished the moon would shine; he heard somebody coming, dodged into the woods, and thanked Providence for shadows.

At the top of the hill Zack looked backward to the last sentinel light on the picket-line of Gatesville. Beyond that lay innumerable others, glaring, winking and blinking. It seemed to Zack that he had passed them all. Every one of them had shone into his face and pointed to him as he ran. But the lights were hitched and Zack wasn't.

Zack looked cautiously around him; the hills were thickly wooded and the night intensely dark. He felt safe enough to sit down, take out his handkerchief and wipe away the honest sweat. "Huh! Dis is one hot night."

Then he began to spell over the situation. Zack talked to himself for two reasons: he loved to hear a good speaker and he appreciated an intelligent audience

"Brother Singleterry sho is spry. Dat chambermaid hadn't oughter grabbed me fer his board-bill. Dat's how come Singleterry got de head start."

But there was balm in Gilead. Ole Reliable felt the thrill of two crisp twenties and began to chuckle. With a tallow-dip, he would have found the bright side of things in Erebus. The new hat pleased him and the tan overcoat tickled him into a laugh that startled the echoes. "I sho did out-swap Singleterry in dat trade—an' twenty dollars to boot. He's a easy mark."

It never crossed his mind that he carried counterfeit money, and the tan overcoat was a penitentiary bell hanging around his neck

A white man came riding rapidly out of town. Zack merged into the blackness and let him pass. "I knows a whole family in Georgia what makes a livin' tendin' to deir own bizness. Mebbe he was atter me. Dese white folks sho do make a miration 'bout 'ticin' labor. Ef Singleterry hadn't put me on to dat I mout have got in jail an' de Cunnel wouldn't git no hands. Dat wouldn't suit him—me, neither."

Zack took up his valise and hustled. The lights behind him had no allurements; darkness ahead suited his taste

He walked on, looking wistfully for some remembered landmark along a once familiar way. At every light he paused and tried to make out whose house it was. There were many new houses, interlopers that had no place in his boyhood's memory. Joy came only when he caressed the silky overcoat, and the shine of his eyes lighted the path before him. The highway dipped gradually into a valley, curving and widening into a leisurely stretch of yellow through a sea of ink. The trees almost met above him; he could see a streak of sky and the stars. This was Sandy Bottom, where he used to walk his team because of the cooling shade. Zack stopped and leaned over a fence that inclosed the cedar grove—all just as he remembered it. Memory could trace the outlines of a little church.

"Jinkins Chapel! Major Dean lives right over yander; dat way is Doctor Elmore's, an'——" Putting out his hand he touched a cold shaft of marble that stood beside the fence in the burying-ground where long-dead Elmores lay. It electrified him into a sudden spurt of speed. Like a man in a skiff, he went forward and looked back. Two hundred yards away he set down the valise and wiped his face. "Ain't dat hard luck! De onliest place what I knows is whar I don't want to come nigh." After that Zack paid strict attention to walking.

Six-mile Bridge was new, but the creek was old. He recognized the hills and the big magnolia tree This being his meeting-place with old man Harvey Skidmore, Zack relieved his feelings in a shout: "Harvey! Harvey!" A horse and man appeared. The horse's hoofs struck the bridge before Zack saw him. "Dat you, Harvey?" he asked

"No," the man answered—he was a white man. Zack snatched up his valise and got ready to run, when the man asked him, "Got a match?" The young man struck the match and lit his cigarette; then thanked Zack and rode on. Another figure came down a brushy path on the left

"Who dat you was talkin' to?" Harvey inquired cautiously.

"Dunno; he jes passed along de road an' axed me fer a match."

"Don't you be talkin' so free wid strangers; dey's raisin' a rookus in dis neighborhood 'bout labor agents."

Events had moved so swiftly that Zack had little to say as he followed Harvey up to the summit of the knoll There was no cow, no mule, no other domestic animal A few disconnected posts showed where a fence had been.

Two grimy panes of glass, one in each sash, let out a flicker of light. The other panes were broken and the holes stuffed with rags. For a few feet around his cheerless cabin the grass had worn bald—a little bleaker, more barren than elsewhere. The presence of man had destroyed, but had not built; and this was all that marked the proximity of a human habitation. Harvey opened the door and motioned Zack to enter. A young woman rose from beside the fire. Her voluminous wig betrayed certain aspirations that poverty had crushed

"Kate, this is him. Us is old friends."

(Continued on Page 32)

AILSA PAIGE

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

XIV

THE tremendous exodus continued; regiment after regiment packed knapsacks, struck tents, loaded their wagons and marched back through the mud toward Alexandria, where transports were waiting in hundreds.

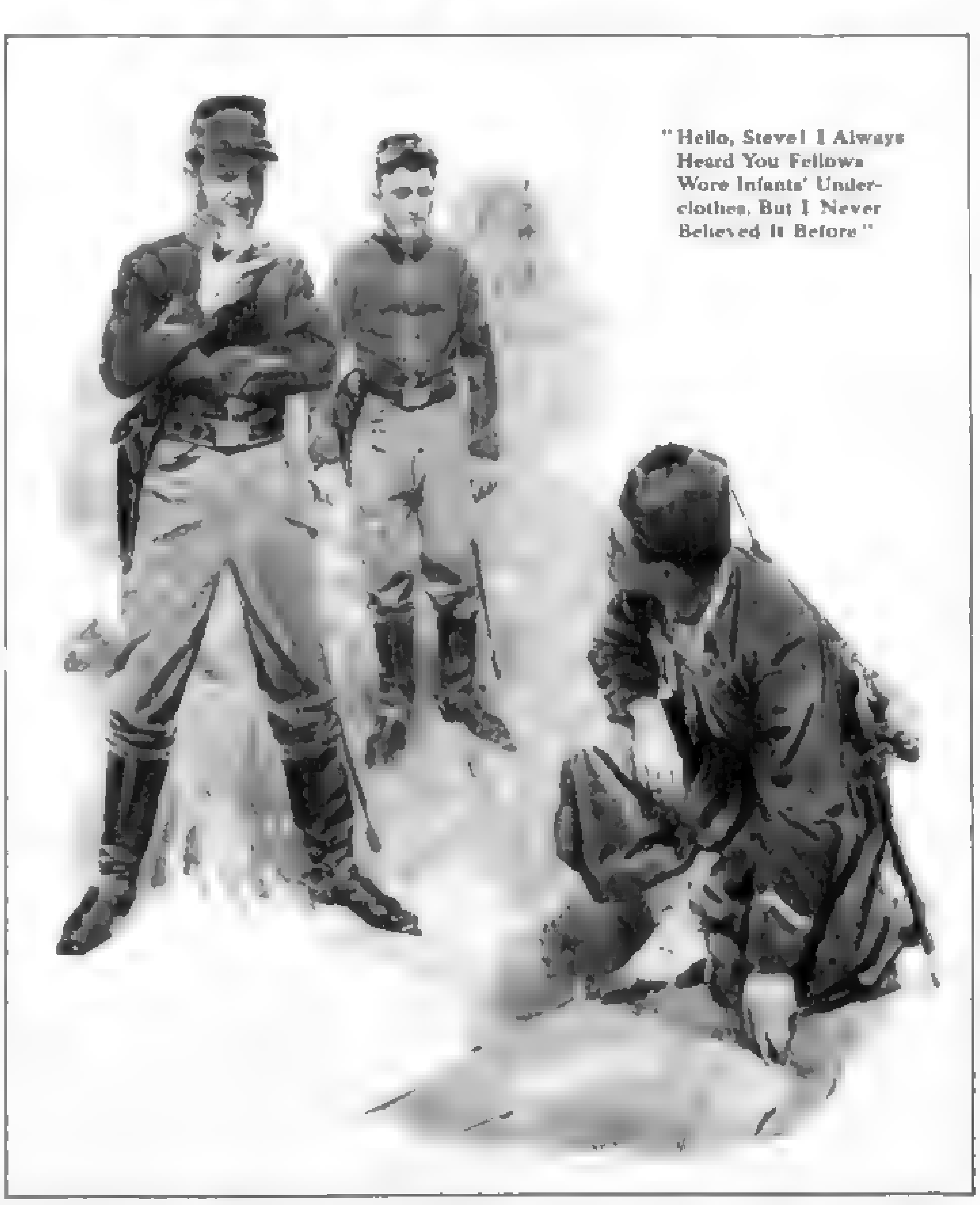
The Third Zouaves were scheduled to leave early; Celia had only a few hours now and then in camp with husband and son. Once or twice they came to the hospital in the bright spring weather, where new blossoms on azalea and jasmine perfumed the fields, and flowering peach orchards turned all the hills and valleys pink.

Celia Craig, walking with her husband and son that last lovely evening before the regiment left, a hand of each clasped in her own, strove very hard to keep up the gayety of appearances, tried with all her might to keep back the starting tears, to steady the lip that quivered, the hands that trembled locked in theirs.

They were walking together in a secluded lane that led from behind the Farm Hospital barns to a little patch of woodland through which a clear stream sparkled, a silent, intimate, leafy oasis amid an army-ridden desert, where there was only a cow to stare at them, knee-deep in young mint; only a shy cardinal bird to interrupt them with its exquisite litany.

Their talk had been of Paige and Marye, of Paigecourt and the advisability of selling all stock, dismissing the negroes and closing the place with the exception of the overseer's house. And Celia had made arrangements to attend to it.

"I certainly do despise traveling," she said, "but while I'm so near I reckon I'd better use my pass and papers and try to go through to Paigecourt. It's just as well to prepare for the impossible, I suppose."



"Hello, Steve! I Always Heard You Fellows Wore Infants' Underclothes. But I Never Believed It Before"

Colonel Craig polished his eyeglasses, adjusted them and examined the official papers that permitted his wife to go to her estate, pack up certain family papers, discharge the servants, close the house and return through the Union lines, carrying only personal baggage.

He said without enthusiasm: "It's inside their lines. To go there isn't so difficult, but how about coming back? I don't want you to go, Celia."

She explained in detail that there would be no difficulty—a little proudly, too, when she spoke of her personal safety among her own people.

"I understand all that," he said patiently, "but nobody except the commander-in-chief knows where this army is going. I don't want you to be caught in the zone of operations."

She flushed up with a defiant little laugh. "The war isn't going to Paigecourt anyway," she said.

He smiled with an effort. "I am not sure, dearest. All I am sure of is that we march in the morning and go aboard ship at Alexandria. I don't know where we are expected to land or where we are going to march after we do land." He was smiling again mischievously. "Even if you do believe that a Yankee army is not likely to get very far into Virginia, Paigecourt is too near Richmond for me to feel entirely sure that you may not have another visit from Stephen and me before you start North."

"Listen to the Yankee!" she cried, laughing gayly to hide the sudden dimness in her blue eyes. "My darling Yankee husband is ve'y absurd, and he doesn't suspect it! Why, don't you perfec'ly ridiculous Zouaves know that you'll both be back in New York befo' I am—and all tired out keeping up with the pace yo' general sets you?"

But when it was time to say goodby once more her limbs grew weak and she leaned heavily on husband and son, her nerveless feet dragging across the spring turf.

"Oh, Curt, Curt," she faltered, her soft cheeks bruised against the stiff bullion on his sleeve and collar, "if only I had the wretched consolation of sending you away to fight fo' the right—fo' God and country—— There, darling! Fo'give me—fo'give me. I am yo' wife first of all—first of all, Curt. And that even comes befo' country and—God! Yes, it does! It does, dear. You are all three to me—I know no holier trinity than husband, God and native land. . . . Must you go so soon? So soon? Where is my darling boy?—I'm crying so I can't see either of you—Stephen! Mother's own little boy—Mother's little, little boy—oh, it is ve'y ha'd—ve'y ha'd ——"

"Steve—I think you'd better kiss your mother now."

The father's voice choked and he turned his back and stood there, with the sun glittering on the gold and scarlet of his uniform.

Mother and son clung, parted, clung; then Colonel Craig's glittering sleeve was flung about them both.

"I'll try to bring him through all right, Celia. You must believe that we are coming back."

So they parted.

And at three in the morning Celia, lying in her bed, started to a sitting posture. Very far away in the night reveille was sounding for some regiment outward bound, and then the bugles blew for another regiment and another and another, until everywhere the darkened world grew gayly musical with the bugles' warning.

She crept to the window; it was too dusky to see. But in obscurity she felt that not far away husband and son were passing through darkness toward the mystery of the great unknown; and there, in her nightdress, she knelt by the sill, hour after hour, straining her eyes and listening until dawn whitened the east and the rivers began to marshal their ghostly hosts. Then the sun rose, annihilating the phantoms of the mist and shining on columns of marching men, endless lines of wagons, horses, batteries, foot artillery, cavalry, engineers with gabions and pontoons, and entire divisions of blue infantry, all pouring steadily toward Alexandria and the river, where lay the vast transport fleet at anchor, destined to carry them whither their Maker and commanding general willed that they should go.

To Celia's wet eyes there seemed to be little variation in the dull-blue columns with the glitter of steel flickering about them; yet, here and there a brilliant note appeared—pennons fluttering above lances, scarfs and facings of some nearer foot battery and, far away toward Alexandria, vivid squares of scarlet in a green field, dimmed very little by the distance. Those were Zouaves—her own, or perhaps the Fifth or the Ninth from Roanoke, or perhaps the Fourteenth Brooklyn—she could not know, but she never took her eyes from the distant blocks and oblongs of red against the green until the woods engulfed them.

Ailsa still lay heavily asleep. Celia opened the door and called her to the window.

"Honey-bud, darling," she whispered tearfully, "did you know the lancers are leaving?"

Ailsa's eyes flew wide open.

"Not his regiment!"

"Are there two?"

"Yes," said Ailsa, frightened. "That must be the Sixth Pennsylvania. . . . Because I think somebody would have told me—Colonel Arran ——"

She stared through eyes from which the mist of slumber had entirely cleared away. Then she sprang from her bed to the window.

"Oh—oh!" she said half to herself, "he wouldn't go away without saying something to me! He couldn't! . . . And—oh, dear—oh, dear—their pennons are swallow-tailed and scarlet! It looks like his regiment—it does—it does! . . . But he wouldn't go without speaking to me ——"

Celia turned and looked at her.

"Do you mean Colonel Arran?" And saw that she did not.

For a while they stood there silently together, the soft spring wind blowing over their bare necks and arms, stirring the frail, sheer fabric of their nightrobes.

Suddenly the stirring music of cavalry trumpets along the road below startled them; they turned swiftly to look out upon a torrent of scarlet pennons and glancing lance-points—troop after troop of dancing horses and blue-clad riders, their flat forage-caps set rakishly, bit and spur and saber hilt glistening, the morning sun flashing golden on the lifted trumpets.

On they came, on, on, horses' heads tossing, the ground shaking with the mellow sound of four thousand separate hoofs—and passed, troop on troop, a lengthening, tossing wave of scarlet across the verdure.

Then, far away in the column, a red lance pennon swung in a circle, a blue sleeve shot up in salute and adieu. And Ailsa knew that Berkley had seen her and that the brightness of the young world was leaving her, centered there in the spark of living fire that tipped his lance.

Now she saw her lover turn in his saddle and, sitting so, ride on and on, his tall lance slanting from stirrup boot to arm loop, the morning sun bright across his face and touching each metal button with fire from throat to belt.

So her lancer rode away into the unknown and she sat on the edge of her bed crying until it was time to go on duty and sit beside the dying in the sick wards.

They brought her his last letter that evening. It ran:

> You wicked little thing, if you hadn't taught me self-respect I'd have tried to run the guard tonight and would probably have been caught and drummed out or shot. We're in a bustle; orders, totally unexpected, attach us to Porter's corps, Sykes' division of regulars, Warren's brigade, which includes, I believe, the Fifth Zouaves, the Tenth Zouaves, Sixth Pennsylvania Lancers and First Connecticut Heavy Artillery.
>
> We've scarcely time to get off; our baggage will never be ready, and how we're going to get to Alexandria and aboard ship is more than I know.
>
> And I'm simply furious; I'd counted on a dramatic situation, Ailsa—the soldier's farewell, loud sobs, sweetheart faints, lancer dashes away unmanly tears—"Be strong, be br-r-rave, dah-ling! Hevving watches over your Alonzo!"
>
> Not so. A big, brawny brute in spurs comes in the dark to stir us with the toe of his boot. "Silence!" he hisses. "If you can't hear that damn reveille I'll punch you in the snoot, an' then mebbe you'll spread them lop-ears o' your'n!" Heaven! Your Alonzo is derided by a hireling!
>
> "Pack up, you swallow-tailed, leather-seated, pig-prodding sons of galoots!" Thus our first sergeant, recently of the regulars, roll-call having ended.
>
> Coffeeless, soupless, tackless, we leer furtively at the two days' rations in our haversacks which we dare not sample, lick our chops reflectively, are cruelly chidden by underlings in uniform, further insulted by other underlings, are stepped on, crowded, bitten and kicked at by our faithful Arab steeds, are coarsely huddled into line, where officers come to gloat over us and think out further ingenious indignities to heap upon us while we stand to horse. And we stand there two hours!
>
> I can't keep up this artificial flow of low comedy. The plain fact of the situation is that we're being hustled

toward an amphibious thing with paddle-wheels named the Skylark, and I haven't said goodby.

Ailsa, it isn't likely that anything is going to knock my head off or puncture vital sections of me. But in case the ludicrous should happen I want you to know that a cleaner man goes before the last Court Martial than would have stood trial there before he met you.

You are every inch my ideal of a woman—every fiber in you is utterly feminine. I love your self-imposed innocence. I adore your acquired courage. I worship your heavenly inconsistencies. The mental pleasure I experienced with you was measured and limited only by my own perversity and morbid self-absorption; the splendor of the passion I divine in you, unawakened, awes me, leaves me in wonder. The spiritual tonic, even against my own sickly will, has freshened me by mere contact with the world you live in; the touch of your lips and hands—ah! Ailsa—has taught me at last the language that I sneered at.

Well—we can never marry. How it will be with us, how end, He Who, after all is said and done, did construct us knows now. And we shall know some day when life is burned out in us.

Hours, days of bitter revolt come—the old madness for you, the savage impatience with life, assail me still. Because, Ailsa, I would—I could have made you a—well, an interesting husband, anyway. You were fashioned to be the divinest wife and—I'm not going on in this strain; I'll write you when I can. And, for God's sake, take care of your life. There's nothing left if you go—nothing.

I've made a will. Trooper Burgess, a comrade my former valet—carries a duplicate memorandum. Don't weep; I'll live to make another. But in this one I have written you that my mother's letters and pictures are to be yours—when I have a chance I'll draw it in legal form. And, dear, first be perfectly sure I'm dead, and then destroy my mother's letters without reading them and then look upon her face. And I think you will forgive me when I tell you that it is for her sake that I can never marry. But you will not understand why.

Over this letter Ailsa had little time to wonder or to make herself wretched, for that week orders came to evacuate the Farm Hospital and send all sick and wounded to the General Hospital at Alexandria.

A telegram arrived, too, from Miss Dix, who was authorized to detail nurses by the Secretary of War, ordering the two nurses of Sainte Ursula's Sisterhood to await letters of recommendation and written assignments to another hospital to be established farther south. But where that hospital was to be built nobody seemed to know.

A week later a dozen more women nurses arrived at Alexandria, where they were made sneeringly unwelcome. Medical directors, surgeons, ward masters objected, bluntly declaring that they wouldn't endure a lot of women interfering and fussing and writing hysterical nonsense to the home newspapers.

For a while confusion reigned, intensified by the stupendous mobilization going on all around.

A medical officer came to the Farm Hospital and angrily informed Ailsa that the staff had had enough of women in the wards, and from forty cots forty half-dead, ghastly creatures partly rose and cursed the medical gentleman till his ears burned crimson.

Ailsa, clad in her thin gray habit bearing the scarlet heart, stood in the middle of the ward and defied him with her credentials.

"The medical staff of the army has only to lay its case before the Secretary of War," she said, looking calmly at him, "and that is where the Sanitary Commission obtains its authority. Meanwhile, our orders detail us here for duty."

"We'll see about that!" he snapped, backing away.

"So will we," said Ailsa, smiling. But that afternoon she and Letty took an ambulance and went in great distress of mind to see Mother Angela, Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who had arrived from Indiana, ready to continue hospital duties on the Potomac if necessary.

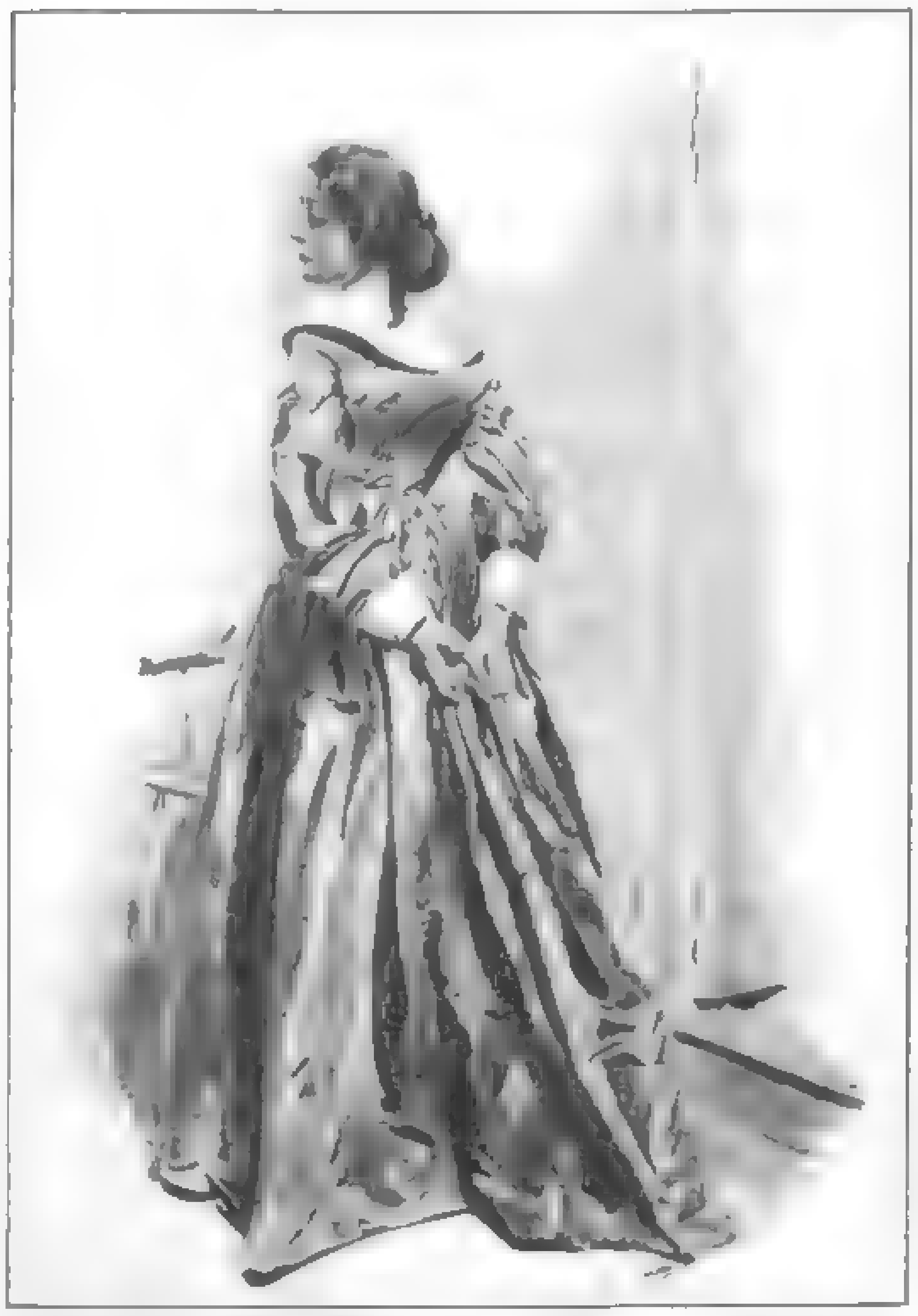
The lovely Superior, a lady of rare culture and ability, took Ailsa's hand in hers with a sad smile.

"Men's prejudices are hard to meet. The social structure of the world is built on them. But men's prejudices vanish when those same men fall sick. The War Department has regularized our position; it will authorize yours. You need not be afraid."

She smiled again reminiscently.

"When our Sisters of the Holy Cross first appeared in the wards the patients themselves looked at us sullenly and askance. I heard one say: 'Why can't they take off those white-winged sunbonnets in the wards?' And another sneered: 'Sunbonnets! Huh! They look like busted white parasols!' But, Mrs. Paige, our white 'sunbonnets' have already become to them the symbol they love most, after the flag. Be of good courage. Your silver-gray garb and white cuffs will mean much to our soldiers before this battle-year is ended."

That evening Ailsa and Letty drove back to the Farm Hospital in their ambulance, old black Cassius managing his mules with alternate bursts of abuse and of praise.


Always She Walked Now Companioned by Memories of Berkley

First, he would beat upon his mules with a flat stick which didn't hurt, but made a loud racket; then, satisfied, he would loll in his seat, singing in melodious and interminable recitative:

An' I hope to gain de promis' lan';
Yaas I do,
'Deed I do.
Lor', I hope to gain de promis' lan';
Dat I do.
An' dar I'll flap ma wings an' take ma stan';
Yaas I will,
'Deed I will
An' I'll tune ma harp an' jine de Shinin' Ban'.
Glory, glory,
I hope to gain de promis' lan'!

And over and over the same shouted melody, interrupted only by an outburst of reproach for his mules.

They drove back through a road that had become for miles only a great muddy lane running between military encampments, halted at every bridge and crossroads to exhibit their passes; they passed never-ending trains of army wagons either stalled or rumbling slowly toward Alexandria. Everywhere were soldiers, drilling, marching, cutting wood, washing clothes, cooking, cleaning arms, mending, working on camp ditches, drains or forts, writing letters at the edge of shelter tents, digging graves, skylarking—everywhere the earth was covered with them.

They passed the camp for new recruits, where the poor "fresh fish" awaited orders to join regiments in the field to which they had been assigned; they passed the camp for stragglers and captured deserters; the camp for paroled prisoners; the evil-smelling convalescent camp which, still under the Surgeon-General's department, had not yet been inspected by the Sanitary Commission.

An officer, riding their way, talked with them about conditions in this camp where, he said, the convalescents slept on the bare ground, rain or shine; where there were but three surgeons for the thousands suffering from intestinal and throat and lung troubles, destitute, squalid, unwarmed by fires, unwashed, wretched, forsaken by the Government that called them to its standard.

It was the first of that sort of thing that Ailsa and Letty had seen.

After the battles in the West—particularly after the fall of Fort Donelson—terrible rumors were current in the Army of the Potomac and in the hospitals concerning the plight of the wounded—of new regiments that had been sent into action with not a single medical officer or, for that matter, with not an ounce of medicine or of lint in its chests.

They were grisly rumors. In the neat wards of the Farm Hospital, with its freshly swept and sprinkled floors, its cots in rows, its detailed soldier nurses and the two nurses from Sainte Ursula's Sisterhood, its sick-diet department, its medical stores, its two excellent surgeons, these rumors found little credence.

And now, here in the vicinity, Ailsa's delicate nostrils shrank from the stench arising from the "Four Camps," and she saw the emaciated forms lining the hillside and she heard the horrible and continuous coughing.

"Do you know," she said to Letty the next morning, "I am going to write to Miss Dix and inform her of conditions in that camp."

And she did so, perfectly conscious that she was probably earning the dislike of the entire medical department. But hundreds of letters like hers had already been sent to Washington, and already the Sanitary Commission was preparing to take hold; so, when at length one morning an acknowledgment of her letter was received, no notice was taken of her offer to volunteer for service in that loathsome camp, but the same mail brought orders and credentials and transportation vouchers for herself and Letty.

Letty was still asleep, but Ailsa waked her when the hour for her tour of duty approached.

"What do you think?" she said excitedly. "We are to pack up our valises and go aboard the Mary Lane tomorrow. She sails with hospital stores. What do you think of that?"

"Where are we going?" asked Letty, bewildered.

"You poor, sleepy little thing," said Ailsa, sitting down on the bed's shaky edge; "I'm sure I don't know where we're going, dear. Two nurses are coming here to superintend the removal of our sick boys—and Doctor West says they are old and ugly, and that Miss Dix won't have any more nurses who are not over thirty and who are not most unattractive to look at."

"I wonder what Miss Dix would do if she saw us," said Letty naïvely, and sat up in bed, rubbing her velvety eyes with the backs of her hands. Then she yawned, looked inquiringly at Ailsa, smiled, and swung her slender body out of bed.

While she was doing up her hair Ailsa heard her singing to herself. She was very happy; another letter from Doctor Benton had arrived.

Celia, who had gone to Washington three days before to see Mr. Stanton, returned that evening with her passes and order for transportation and, to Ailsa's astonishment and delight, she found that the designated boat was the Mary Lane.

But Celia was almost too nervous and too tired to talk over the prospects.

"My dear," she said wearily, "that drive from the Chain Bridge to Alexandria has mos'ly killed me. I vow and declare there was never one moment when one wheel was not in a mudhole. All my bones ache, Honey-bud, and I'm cross with talking to so many Yankees, and—do you believe me!—that ve'y horrid Stanton creature gave orders that I was to take the oath!"

"The—oath?" asked Ailsa, amazed.

"Certainly. And I took it," she added fiercely, "becose of my husband! If it had not been fo' Curt I'd have told Mr. Stanton what I thought of his old oath!"

"What kind of an oath was it, Celia?"

Celia repeated it haughtily:

"'I do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to faithfully suppo't the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York. So he'p me God.'"

"It is the oath of fealty," said Ailsa in a hushed voice.

"It was not necessa'y," said Celia coldly. "My husband is sufficient to keep me—ha'mless. . . . But I know what I feel in my heart, Honey-bud, and so does eve'y Southern woman—God help us all! . . . Is that little Miss Lynden going with us?"

"Letty? Yes, of course."

Celia began to undress. "She's a ve'y sweet little minx. . . . She is—odd, somehow. . . . So young—such a he'pless, cute little thing. . . . Ailsa, in that child's eyes—or in her features somewhere—somehow—I see—I feel a—a sadness, somehow—like the gravity of experience, the something that wisdom brings to the ve'y young too early. It is odd, isn't it?"

"Letty is a strange little thing. I've wondered——"

"What, Honey-bee?"

"I—don't know," said Ailsa vaguely. "It is not natural that a happy woman should be so solemnly affectionate to another. I've often thought that she must, some time or other, have known deep unhappiness."

When Celia was ready to retire Ailsa bade her good night and wandered away down the stairs. Letty was still on duty; she glanced into the sick-diet kitchen as she passed and saw the girl bending over a stew-pan.

She did not disturb her. With evening a soft melancholy had begun to settle over Ailsa. It came in the evening now, often—a sensation not entirely sad, not unwelcome, soothing her, composing her mind for serious thought, for the sweet sadness of memory.

Always she walked now companioned by memories of Berkley. Wherever she moved—in the quiet of the sick-wards, in the silence of the moonlight, seated by smeared windows watching the beating rain, in the dead-house, on duty in the kitchen contriving broths, or stretched among her pillows, always the memories came in troops to bear her company.

They were with her now as, fingers linked behind her back, she paced the veranda to and fro, to and fro.

She heard Letty singing happily over her stew-pan in the kitchen; the stir and breathing of the vast army was audible all around her in the darkness. Presently she looked at her watch in the moonlight, returned it to her breast.

"I'm ready, dear," she said, going to the kitchen door.

And another night on duty was begun—the last she ever was to spend under the quiet roof of the Farm Hospital.

That night she sat beside the bed of a middle-aged man, a corporal in a Minnesota regiment, whose eyes had been shot out on picket. Otherwise he was convalescent from dysentery. But Ailsa had seen the convalescent camp and she would not let him go yet.

So she read to him in a low, soothing voice, glancing from time to time at his bandaged face. And when she saw he was asleep she sat silent, hands nervously clasped above the Bible on her knee.

Then her lids closed for an instant as she recited a prayer for the man she loved, wherever he might be that moonlit night.

A Zouave, terribly wounded on Roanoke Island, began to fret. She rose and walked swiftly to him, and the big, sunken eyes opened and he said humbly:

"I am sorry to inconvenience you, Mrs. Paige. I'll try to keep quiet."

"You foolish fellow, you don't inconvenience me. What can I do for you?"

His gaze was wistful, but he said nothing, and she bent down tenderly, repeating her question.

A slight flush gathered under his gaunt cheek-bones.

"I guess I'm just contrary," he muttered. "Don't bother about me, ma'am."

"You are thinking of your wife; talk to me about her, Neil."

It was what he wanted; he could endure the bandages. So, her cool, smooth hand resting lightly over his where it lay on the sheets, she listened to the homesick man until it was time to give another sufferer his swallow of lemonade.

Later she put on a gingham overgown, sprinkled it and her hands with camphor and went into the outer wards where the isolated patients lay—where hospital gangrene and erysipelas were the horrors. And, farther on, she entered the outlying wing devoted to typhus.

In spite of the open windows the atmosphere was heavy; everywhere the air seemed weighted with the odor of decay.

As always, in spite of herself, she hesitated at the door. But the steward on duty rose and she took his candle and entered the place of death.

. . . .

Toward morning a Rhode Island artilleryman, dying in great pain, relapsed into coma. Waiting beside him she wrote to his parents, inclosing the little keepsakes he had designated when conscious, while his life flickered with the flickering candle. Her letter and his life ended together. Dawn made the candlelight ghastly; a few moments later the rumble of the dead-wagon sounded in the court below. The driver came early because there was a good deal of freight for his wagon that day. A few moments afterward the detail arrived with the stretchers and Ailsa stood up, drew aside the screen and went down into the gray obscurity of the courtyard.

Grave-diggers were at work on a near hillside; she could hear the clink, clink of spade and pick; reveille was sounding from hill to hill; the muffled stirring became a dull, sustained clatter, never ceasing around her for one instant.

A laundress was boiling clothing over a fire near by; Ailsa slipped off her gingham overdress, unbound the white turban and tossed them on the grass near the fire. Then, rolling back her sleeves, she plunged her arms into a basin of hot water in which a little powdered camphor was floating.

While busy with her ablutions the two new nurses arrived, seated on a battery limber, and, hastily drying her hands, she went to them and welcomed them, gave them tea and breakfast in Doctor West's office and left them there while she went away to awake Celia and Letty, pack her valise for the voyage before her and write to Berkley.

But it was not until she saw the sun low in the west from the deck of the Mary Lane that she at last found a moment to write.

The place, the hour, her loneliness, moved depths in her that she had never sounded—moved her to a recklessness never dreamed of. It was an effort for her to restrain the passionate confessions trembling on her pen's tip: her lips whitened with the cry struggling for utterance.

"Dear, never before did I so completely know myself, never so absolutely trust myself to the imperious, almost ungovernable tide which has taken my destiny from the quiet harbor where it lay, and which is driving it headlong toward yours.

"You have left me alone to wonder and to wonder. And while isolated I stand trying to comprehend why it was that your words separated our destinies while your arms around me made them one. I am perfectly aware that the surge of life has caught me up, tossed me to its crest and is driving me blindly out across the waste spaces of the world toward you—wherever you may be—whatever be the cost. I will not live without you.

"I am not yet quite sure what has so utterly changed me—what has so completely changed within me. But I am changed. Perhaps daily familiarity with death and pain and wretchedness, hourly contact with the paramount mystery of all, has broadened me or benumbed me. I don't know. All I seem to see clearly—to understand clearly—is the dreadful brevity of life, the awful chances against living, the miracle of love in such a maelstrom, the insanity of one who dares not confess it, live for it, love to the uttermost with heart, soul and body while life endures.

"All my instincts, all principles inherent or inculcated; all knowledge, spiritual and intellectual, acquired; all precepts, maxims, proverbs, axioms incorporated and lately a part of me, seem trivial, empty, meaningless in sound and in form compared to the plain truths of the Mystery Paramount. For never until now did I understand that we walk always arm in arm with Death, that he squires us at every step, coolly joggles our elbow, touches our shoulder now and then, wakes us at dawn, puts out our night-light and smooths the sheets we sleep under.

"I had thought of Death as something hiding very, very far away. Yet I had already seen him enter my own house. But now I understand how close he always is, and, somehow, it has changed—hardened, maybe—much that was vague and unformed in my character. And, maybe, the knowledge is distorting it; I don't know. All I know is that, before life ends, if there is a chance of fulfillment, I will take it. And fulfillment means you—my love for you, the giving of it, of myself, of all I am, all I desire, all I care for, all I believe, into your keeping. That, for me, is fulfillment of life.

"Even in your arms you tell me that there is to be no fulfillment. I have acquiesced, wondering, bewildered, confused. But, dear, you can never tell me so again—if we live—if I live to look into your eyes again—never, never. For I shall not believe it, nor shall I let you believe it, if only we can win through this deathly battle nightmare which is rising between us—if ever we can find each other again, touch each other through this red, unreal glare of war.

"Oh, Philip—Philip—only to have your arms around me! Only to touch you! You shall not tell me then that our destinies do not mingle. They shall mingle like two wines; they shall become utterly confused in one another; I was meant for that; I will not die, isolated by you, unknown to you, not belonging to you! I will not die alone this way in the world, with no deeper memory to take into the unknown than that you said you loved me.

"God alone knows what change misery and sorrow and love and death have accomplished in me; never have I stood so alone upon this earth; never have I cared so for life, never have I so desired to be a deathless part of yours.

"Is it dreadful of me to think this? But the mighty domination of Death has dwarfed everything around me, dear, shriveled the little, man-made formulas and laws; the living mind and body seem more vital than the bylaws made to govern them. . . . God knows what I'm writing, but you have gone into battle leaving life unfulfilled for us both, and I assented—and my heart and soul are crying out to you unreconciled—crying out my need of you across the smoke.

. . . .

"There is a battery at Cockpit Point, firing, and the smoke of the guns drifts across the low-hanging sun. It must be only a salute, for our fleet of transports moves on, torrents of black smoke pouring out of every tall funnel, paddle-wheels churning steadily.

"When the fleet passed Mount Vernon the bells tolled aboard every boat, and we could see the green trees and a glimmer of white on shore and the flag flying.

"What sadness! A people divided who both honor the sacredness of this spot made holy by a just man's grave—gathering to meet in battle—brother against brother.

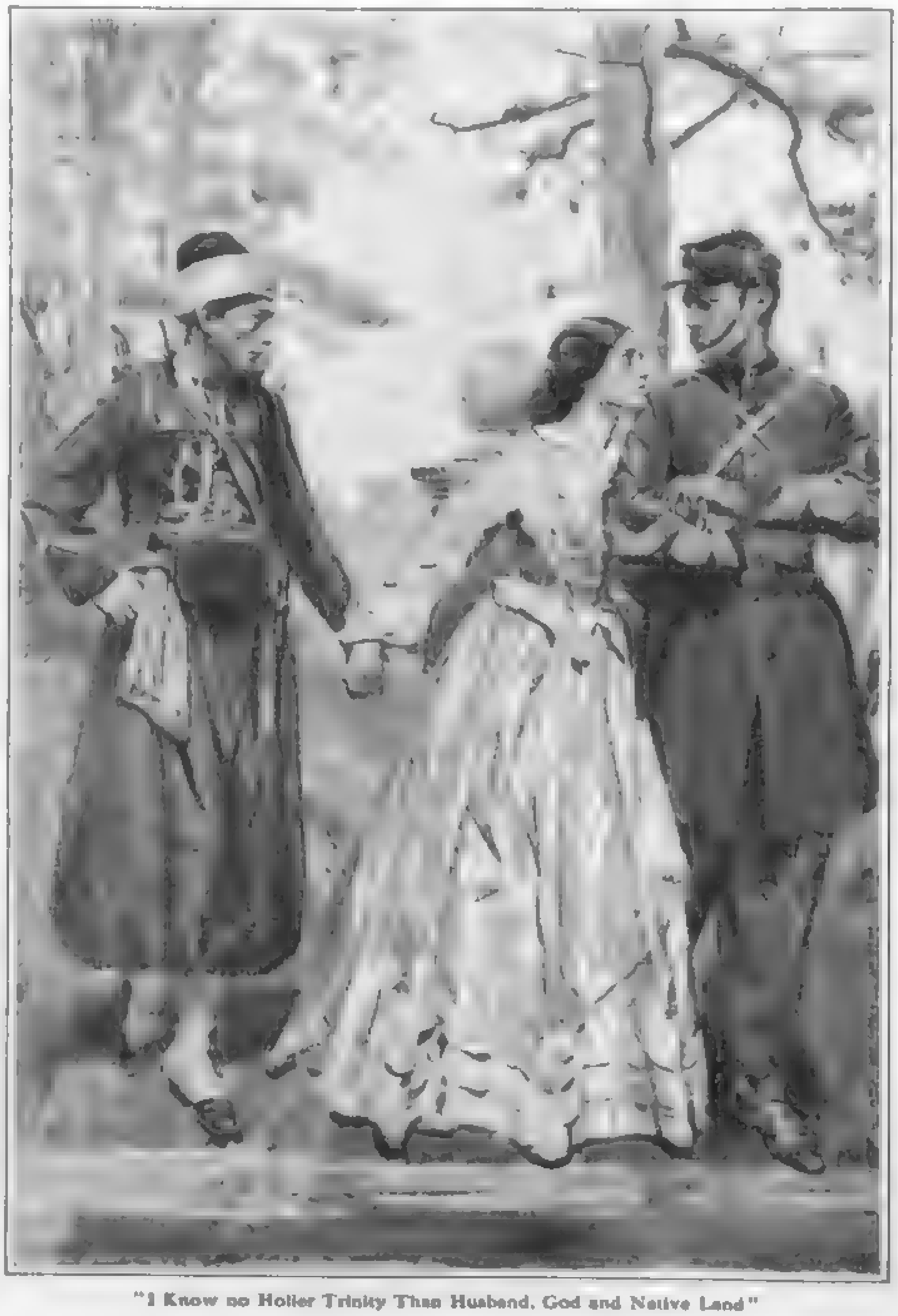
"But Fate shall not longer array you and me against each other! I will not have it so. Neither my heart nor my soul could endure the cruelty of it, nor my reason its wickedness and insanity. From the first instant I met your eyes, Philip, somehow, within me, I knew I belonged to you. I do more hopelessly today than ever—and with each day, each hour, more and more until I die. You will not let me go to my end unclaimed, will you?—a poor ghost all alone, lost in the darkness somewhere among the stars—lacking that tie between you and it which even Death does not know how to sever!

"I leave all to you, loving you, wishing what you wish, content with what you give—and take—so that you do give and take and keep and hold for life.

. . . .

"It is very dusky; the lights, red and white, glimmer on every transport. We feel the sea-swell a little. Celia left us, going ashore at Aquia Creek. She takes the cars to Richmond and then to Paigecourt. Letty sits beside me on deck. There were two cases of fever aboard and we went down into a dreadfully ill-smelling cabin to do what we could. Now we are here on deck again. Some officers are talking very gayly with Letty. I am ending my letter to you—wherever you are, my darling, under these big, staring stars that look down

(Continued on Page 26)



"I Know no Holier Trinity Than Husband, God and Native Land"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 30, 1910

Opinion in Wall Street

LAST spring, week by week, the country was expecting decisions by the Supreme Court in the Tobacco and Oil Trust cases. On the eleventh of April the court announced that the cases would be reargued, which meant that the expected decisions would be postponed for nearly or quite a year. The immediate result was a strong upturn in stocks. One of the most influential of financial reviews observed at the time: "The court's announcement has had the effect of reviving hope and confidence in the financial community to an unusual degree, and completely reversed the downward course of security markets."

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court died on the Fourth of July. An immediate result was a drop in stocks. Said an ably-edited review: "The severe decline occurring Tuesday was brought about partly by the death of Justice Fuller, which foreshadowed further delay in the Oil and Tobacco cases."

In fine, stocks declined in July for the same reason that had caused them to advance in April. Not that there is anything extraordinary about that; but it would be foolish to deny that the news of a business sort which attracts most attention is that which emanates from Wall Street. The intrinsic value of stock-market opinion about equals that of a man's explanation as to why the horse he bet on happened to come in fourth.

What Not to do With Immigrants

IN THE fiscal year that ended with June the number of immigrants admitted to the country again exceeded a million. In ten years we have received nine million immigrants—pretty nearly half of them from Austria-Hungary and Italy. Proper treatment of this alien horde presents a problem of some importance. About a fifth of them have given Pennsylvania as the state of their destination. There they are largely employed as unorganized laborers in mills and mines where fatal industrial accidents often occur. And in Pennsylvania the loss of an alien's life through industrial accident doesn't cost the employer a penny unless the alien has heirs living in this country.

About seventy per cent of the immigrants are males above fourteen years of age. They come over here alone to gain a footing. If their lives are snuffed out in a mine explosion no one in this country is in a position to sue for damages, and their dependents living in Europe cannot maintain an action. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has so decided and the United States Supreme Court has upheld the decision. Making his life worthless is not, we submit, a proper method of making the immigrant a desirable citizen.

Another White Man's Hope

MR. MULDOON is the highest authority who has yet pronounced judgment upon the memorable prize fight at Reno, for at this writing the Supreme Court, Mr. Roosevelt and Professor Münsterberg have not been heard from. According to this most eminent authority Mr. Jeffries' lamentable failure was of an intellectual nature—he was unable to maintain a proper coördination between his head and his arms. While Mr. Johnson was devoting his powerful mind to the business in hand, the White Man's Hope, as we understand it, was probably trying to calculate how old Anne is. His head, so to speak, was drifting aimlessly about the arena, except as Mr. Johnson thoughtfully directed it hither and thither with right hooks. Mr. Jeffries may even have labored under a misapprehension that he was playing Desdemona to Mr. Johnson's Othello. This inability to operate his mental machinery in a timely manner caused the white man's overthrow.

Such, we believe, is Mr. Muldoon's view, and to it we attach considerable importance. Though it may be true that the Reno event definitely establishes the inferiority of the white race to the black, it seems to us that the whites would be justified in shifting the contest to some other field, and intrusting their cause to Caucasian representatives who are in the habit of thinking oftener than once a week, thereby keeping their intellectual apparatus in limberer, more dependable condition.

Who is the Enemy?

WE ARE really sorry to hear Mr. Champ Clark credited with an opinion that the Democratic party now presents a "united and solid front to the enemy." Mr. Clark occupies a commanding position in that party, and this opinion indicates that his strategic comprehension of the situation is sadly confused—resembling that of the military commander who spends his time closely investing a camp which contains only straw men while the foe makes off with his baggage train.

Away from Washington and outside of central committee rooms, the real enemy, we think, is pretty well identified by this time. It comprises the powers that have rallied both Republican and Democratic votes in support of Cannon and duties on raw materials; that have run one party, in California, in the interests of the Southern Pacific Railway and its allies, and another party, in New York, in the interests of traction magnates and the like. If the Democratic party contains fewer of the enemy than the Republican party does, that is merely because it contains fewer of all sorts and has not of late been in so advantageous a position to do the enemy's business.

There are a good many districts in the North and West that the Democrats ought to carry this fall. A few merely preliminary and perfunctory flourishes of the party banner may be harmless enough; but we hope they are going to get down to business, with individual candidates who will be so many pledges of genuine public service, and drop the dreary old patter of the partisan trade.

Stock-Watering and Rates

THE railroads that carry suburban passengers from New York to New Jersey proposed to advance the price of commutation tickets on the first of July. The Attorney-General of New Jersey appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Chairman Knapp requested the roads to suspend the advance for thirty days, pending an investigation. With one exception the railroads complied. That exception was the Erie. "Poor Erie," we read in a railroad organ, "was not in a position to forego a little extra revenue."

The Erie ought to be a prosperous road. Its gross earnings per mile fall not far short of the New York Central's; are about two and a half times as great as the Northwestern's, St. Paul's or Great Northern's. But for many years Erie was the special plaything of Wall Street manipulators and stock-waterers. It is loaded with an enormous and partly bogus capitalization. From time to time it has tried to pay dividends on watered stocks. Naturally its credit is low, and in a pinch it just scrapes along on the hither side of insolvency. Of course it is not in a position to *forego* some extra nickels from Jersey commuters or any other nickels it can get hold of; which we mention only because so many interested persons insist that stock-watering has no relation to rates.

Regular Versus Insurgent

CONCERNING those true-blue Republicans who clamor loudest for party fealty, the Washington correspondent of a Republican paper says, "They would hail with glee the defeat of Senator Beveridge in Indiana though the state might be lost to the party for a couple of years. Senator La Follette's annihilation in Wisconsin would give them even greater pleasure, whatever the effect upon the party there."

This, of course, is where your dyed-in-the-wool stalwart organization man usually lands. So long as his faction controls the organization everybody who doesn't humbly accept its rule is a traitor to be "read out of the party." If an opposing faction gains control he is heartily in favor of scuttling the ship and going over to the enemy. With a Democrat of his own kidney he can deal very comfortably. With an insurgent to whom politics means principles and public service he cannot get along at all. That the insurgents are a majority in Indiana and Iowa has been demonstrated. No doubt the same showing will be made in Wisconsin when the Republican primaries are held—notwithstanding that ingenuous and volunteer standpat gathering, styling itself a Republican convention, which recently met in Milwaukee. But the hardier representatives of the minority insist that the representatives of the majority do not belong to the party at all. According to this view representing one's constituents is prima facie evidence of party treason—a view which would be eminently sound if the chief purpose of party were to promote political porch-climbing.

Irrigation and Coöperation

"HAVE you ever considered," writes a correspondent in New Mexico, "that irrigation leads directly to coöperation among farmers in marketing their produce? Their common interest in a ditch system helps them to realize their common interest in a marketing system."

Certainly this theory is supported by the facts. Probably there is quite as much, or even more, coöperation among farmers upon irrigated lands as among those who depend upon rainfall, notwithstanding the vastly greater number of the latter. To a common undertaking—the irrigating plant—which no one of them could carry through by his individual effort, the former owe their very existence.

Nearly every student of American history has pointed out how deeply national life was influenced by the settlement of the Middle West. That settlement bred individual independence. Every fellow, with his own axe and plow, cleared his own quarter section and seemed to stand on his own two legs, competing with the next fellow. Probably the settlements of the future will have an opposite effect, breeding coöperation instead of competition. At any rate that is a pleasing dogdays notion.

Wanted: Some Colleges

NEW YORK, Chicago and a number of other cities have more or less flourishing schools of "philanthropy," or "civics," or "social economy." The titles are various, but the aims are much the same—training men and women to deal with the more obvious social problems. From the Survey we learn that many of this year's graduates from the New York school promptly took responsible positions—such as state factory inspector, secretary of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, probation officer, investigator for the National Child Labor Association, inspector for the National Housing Association.

As we have said before, finding out how the other half lives and trying to do something about it has become a regular profession, with its colleges and diplomas—a standard occupation. If a city wants a competent tenement inspector who has been scientifically trained to know his business, tried by experience, and has satisfactory recommendations concerning his fitness for the job, it can find such a man. But when the same city wants a mayor it must—with rare and happy exceptions—take its chances with a novice, untrained, inexperienced, his fitness an unknown quantity.

We think well of schools of civics, but ill of the system which makes their trained graduates the subordinates of inexperienced men. Who will set up colleges to train men for the important business of running a government? We are still hoping for the day when a city will no more select a mayor because he is a good speaker than a railroad will choose a general superintendent because he performs pleasingly on the violin.

Wheat and the Tariff

SIX years ago the wheat crop amounted to five hundred and fifty million bushels and we exported hardly eight per cent of it. Domestic consumption is larger now. Last year we raised seven hundred and thirty-seven million bushels and exported barely a hundred million. Cheerfully counting upon the effects of drought in the Northwest, wheat bulls are saying that this year's crop will scarcely meet home requirements, and on net balance the country, for the first time, will be an importer of wheat instead of an exporter. This suggests a startling possibility, namely, that grain farmers may, once in their lives, derive a benefit from the protective tariff. Canada, undoubtedly, will have a large surplus for export, but none of it can come to this country for consumption without paying a duty of twenty-five cents a bushel.

If we produced somewhat less wheat than we consumed the price might be enhanced by nearly the whole amount of the duty. That is the condition in France, which produces somewhat less than it consumes and where the ruling price is nearly equivalent to the London price plus the French import duty.

We think that crop-damage reports are exaggerated—partly because wheat at Chicago is cheaper than a year ago; partly because we don't believe the Providence to which Uncle Joe eloquently appeals would possibly permit grain farmers to benefit by the tariff. Meanwhile, farmers might ponder this conundrum: If the tariff would enhance the price of their wheat about twenty cents a bushel, what effect is it probably having on the price of certain manufactures which farmers consume and which are so conditioned as to get the tariff benefit?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Bill Nye's Brother

THE word-mines of Congress are inexhaustible, but the output is usually of low grade. When it gets to the mills of public perusal the product is so ordinary the wonder is it was ever thought worth while to mine it at all. Occasionally, however, during the dreary round of picking and shoveling this mass of weary, flat, stale and unprofitable language from the word-mines, they strike a nugget. Then everybody gathers round and marvels that such a deposit could have been concealed in the lodes, and all are eager to admire.

Now, during the session of the Sixty-first Congress that closed—glory be!—late in June, the word-mines were worked assiduously. The total output was more than fifteen million words, mostly innocuous, and showing only a small percentage of real metal to the ton. Fifteen million words may or may not seem a large quantity of words to you, gentle reader, but when you consider that a good big book contains not more than two hundred thousand you will observe that fifteen million words are a good many words to be spilled into the Record, mostly for no purpose whatever other than the mere pleasure of spilling them on the part of the spillers.

I defy the people whose business it is to watch Congress, and to listen to it, to remember and quote any fifty consecutive words of that fifteen millions; and I defy any person whose business it isn't to watch Congress to remember or quote any five in sequence. Of course I bar the word-spillers, for they may, by a stretch of imagination, be held to remember a few of the phrases they made themselves. The challenge goes for the rest of the U. S. A. So much for the value of them and their quotability. Still, most of us into whose deadened ears the reverberations of this home-consumption oratory have been dinned can pick out, here and there, in a general way, a nugget—can tell when some laborer with pick and shovel lifted out a chunk of language that assayed worthily to the ton. Nor is this any particular tax on the memory. There were not so many nuggets uncovered during the seven months of word-mining in the second session of the Sixty-first that there can be any confusion about their identification or classification. The high-grade ones are well known and well remembered. There was the Sam McCall one, for example, during the fight over the rules in March; and there was the Frank Nye one, found at the same time.

Those were dramatic hours when they put the boots to the ancient Speaker. The House was excited. It was a time for real oratory, for real oratory only arises through the medium of real feelings. Inasmuch as about the only time the ordinary Representative has any real feelings is when a night-liner hackman tries to charge him fifty cents for a twenty-five-cent haul, there was a good deal of talk, without anything in particular being said. Man after man got up and deplored the necessity of separating Uncle Joe from the Rules Committee, or celebrated it; but most of the imitations of Daniel Webster were much to the *fromage*.

When He Speaks, the House Listens

One of Uncle Joe's Defenders

OCCASIONALLY, a man struck twelve, and once or twice a man struck thirteen. One of these was Frank Nye, of Minneapolis, a brother of Bill. Nye first percolated into the halls of Congress in the Sixtieth Congress, having been sent to Washington by a constituency that didn't know what else to do with him. Nye is a philosopher. His philosophy is embraced in the comfortable doctrine of always putting off until tomorrow what should be done today; for, perhaps, tomorrow some lobster will do it for you. Bill Nye was a philosopher too, it will be remembered. Philosophy seems to have been distributed with lavish hand when they were making up the Nye boys.

However, Frank's philosophy takes a different slant from that of Bill. Bill was comic, while Frank's is optimistic, although a good many optimists are comic, after a manner of speaking. Frank lally-gagged through his first term and came back for the second. He voted against the tariff bill, like all other good little Minnesota people in Congress except the impetuous Tawney, and was perfectly calm and contented during the first months of the session that closed in June. Then came the Cannon fight, and Nye got up and talked for about three minutes. Nobody paid much attention for the first minute. Then Nye said: "If this is a vote against a system, as we are told it is, I am willing to say that we, as Republicans, are responsible for the system and should share the consequences of it."

The regular Republicans heard this and jumped to their feet and yelled like maniacs. Here was a man who had voted against the tariff bill standing for Uncle Joe. "Parties are necessary," continued Nye, "and the great power and effectiveness of the Republican party has been in its cohesiveness. Its followers have stood shoulder to shoulder and fought the battle against a political foe. And, as for me, I am willing to take the consequences. It looks too much like mutiny against captain and crew in the face of storm and night." By this time Uncle-Joe men were giving cheers like a section of college boys at a football game. Nye went on: "I have not been close to our Speaker, and have no intimate acquaintance with him, but for forty years not only his party but the Nation has honored him, and today you seek to butcher him to make a Roman holiday. I will not stand for it!" And he threw in a little of Old Ironsides and sat down.

Now that may not sound like an inspired oration, but it was, just the same, when its manner of delivery, its occasion and the circumstances are considered; and when Nye, three months later, rose during the debate on the General Deficiency Bill, having successfully eluded work in the meantime, the word was passed that Nye was up and the hall was soon crowded. "I shall attempt this morning," said Nye, in beginning, "to offer a few suggestions on the general theme of patriotism and progress"—probably on the theory that there is a general deficiency in both, as well as in some of the appropriations. He felt that if the latter were the case his remarks would be germane.

"The evolutionist," said Nye, "attempts to tell us where we came from, and the theologian where we are going to. Most of us have misgivings as to the conclusions of either of these distinguished leaders of thought; but one thing it is possible we may agree upon, and that is that we are here. We are here, and I believe it is the best century since the dawn of creation." And then he strayed along, defining the difference between optimism and pessimism, telling of the beauties of being here, the opportunity for the individual, the necessity of not stopping to quarrel by the way, the power of the man with faith in the people; touched on the life and works of Lincoln, said a good word for Uncle Joe, and pleaded for unity and friendliness and helpfulness. "Vainly and madly ambitious," he cautioned, "we strive to write our names today on the sands of public distinction, and tomorrow the rising and shifting tide of public sentiment and, perhaps, passion and prejudice will sweep away both writer and inscription, and they are gone forever."

Trite doctrine, you say. Certainly. A multiplicity of maxims and not a new thought in the lot; but the manner of its delivery, the apparent kindliness of the man, the freedom from asperity and the simple construction and thought made a hit in the House, just as the speech has been making a hit outside ever since. A far more conspicuous statesman than Frank Nye discovered some years ago that the way to impress oneself on the people is to tell them what they know. So with Nye. He did not attempt to be learned or oratorical or academic. He got up, smiled around the place and said: "Come on, boys. We are all Republicans. What's the use of all this quarreling and fighting for a temporary advantage? Let's get together and whip the common enemy. Cheer up, and forget what is past." And he said it so simply, so earnestly, so honestly, so effectively, that hereafter, whenever Nye gets up there will be a big crowd on hand to hear him.

It was artless philosophy, and cheerful. It was like a man coming into a sickroom with a bunch of roses. Being human, the homely discourse struck and stuck. A lot of people say this speech of Nye's was the best of the session, and I think it was—for its sheer simplicity and good nature if nothing else.

Nye was born in Maine and lived in Wisconsin before he went to Minnesota. He has held various public offices, and is a calm, dispassionate, level-headed man, as befits one who is a brother of the illustrious Bill. Bill, in his heyday, wasn't any too industrious, but they do say Frank can keep from exerting himself more ways than Bill ever could have dreamed of in the days before he died.

Points of Resemblance

A MINISTER from a Central American country and an American diplomatist who is prone to public discourse recently met at a dinner in Washington. The minister spoke little English and the diplomatist's Spanish was indifferent, so each used his own language in the conversation. They misunderstood one another for an hour on various topics, and finally the minister began telling of the tremendous usefulness of the humble burro in his own country, lamenting the abuse to which the little pack animal was subject. He lamented in Spanish, and very eloquently.

The American diplomatist listened intently, giving the impression that he understood everything that was being said.

"Quite right, quite right!" the American exclaimed when the other had finished. "Diplomats, sir, are born, not made by schooling. We are the true essence of the human race."

"Yes," complacently replied the minister, with a pleased smile at what he understood the other to have said, "that is the true character of the burro. He is born, not made. He is both a worker and a philosophical diplomat, although, I must say, his bray is sometimes harsh on musical ears."

Kimonotomy

AN EXCITED man rushed into the General Hospital in Buffalo and demanded to see his wife, who had come there for an operation that afternoon. He said his name was James Hawkins.

The hospital authorities could remember no operation on a Mrs. Hawkins, and there was no record of such an operation on the books.

"Your wife is not here," they said to Hawkins.

"I know she is," persisted Hawkins.

"But she isn't. We have no Mrs. Hawkins here."

"Where is she, then? She said she was going to the hospital for an operation. I found a note from her when I got home."

"Let me see the note!" demanded the doctor, and when Hawkins handed it to him he read: "Dear Jim: I have gone to have my kimono cut out. Lizzie."

To Swear or Not to Swear

A WOMAN was called before one of the New York police courts as a witness in a petty case.

"Swear the witness," said the judge.

"I don't want to," she protested.

"But you must."

"Must I swear?"

"Certainly; do not delay this trial."

"Well," she said, "if I must I suppose I must—Darn!"

The Overland

How the Overla
To Reduce Your Cost

We are dealing today with new conditions in motordom. The demand comes mainly from men who can't be extravagant. Note what was required—in men, money and machines—to cut Overland costs to the minimum.

We have cut the cost of Overlands 20 per cent within the past year alone. And Overland sales, for this calendar year, will exceed $24,000,000.

That means that this output, had we not made the saving, would have cost $30,000,000. It means that 20,000 buyers would have paid, on the average, $300 more each for the same grade of car.

It means that our model equipment which cost $3,000,000 saves our buyers this year about $6,000,000.

In late years nothing has been done even half so important to the average motor car buyer.

Making Our Parts

Many motor car makers buy all of their parts, and merely assemble the cars. Many others buy all the most difficult parts, and make but a minor portion. We once did that ourselves.

But, as our output grew, the profits paid parts makers became an enormous item. And we saw clearly that, to outsell all others, we must cut down those costs.

So we invested our earnings—every dollar of profit—in building and equipping parts-plants. Now there is hardly a part which we do not make cheaper than anywhere else in the world.

For instance, we have a large, separate plant devoted solely to the making of screws and nuts.

We have a separate crank-shaft plant, costing $150,000, which saves us a large sum per car.

We have an aluminum plant which is saving $300 per day under the lowest cost elsewhere.

So with each of a hundred parts from the engine down. Each has its department, its special machines, its expert mechanics. The result is to save you a hundred profits which formerly went to parts makers.

Saving Hand Work

But we went further. We equipped these parts plants with the latest automatic machinery. We employed inventors to devise machines better than any in use.

One can see here now a row of machines, each of which does a dozen men's work in the old way. He can see other machines, each of which takes the place of six men and six machines.

He can see machines which have saved three-fourths on the cost of our crank case. He can see electric welders, each of which does the work which twenty men did without it.

He can see a quarter million dollars invested in jigs alone—enough to build and equip an assembling plant with an annual capacity of thousands of cars.

The metal back of our tonneau is now pressed out in one operation, by machinery costing $20,000. It used to be hammered by hand. Our gears are all cut by automatic machinery. Our boring is done 10 to 30 holes at a time.

There are literally hundreds of these model machines—dozens of acres of them. Each is reducing the cost of some part below any previous record. And the whole of that saving goes to Overland buyers.

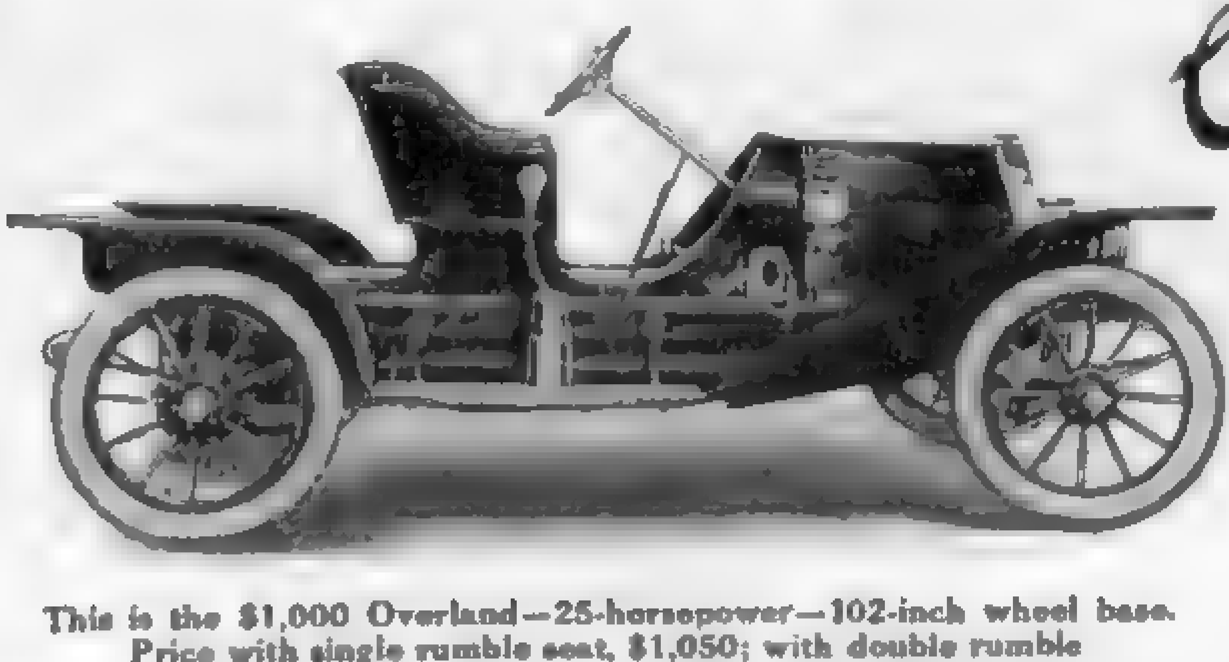
Utter Exactness

These machines do more than save money. They have done away with crude methods. They give us exactness to the thousandth part of an inch. They make every part like every other similar part, so that all parts are interchangeable.

In automobiles—as on watches—hand work is out of date. It is crude and slow and costly—imperfect, inaccurate. Its use is a confession that one lacks right equipment.

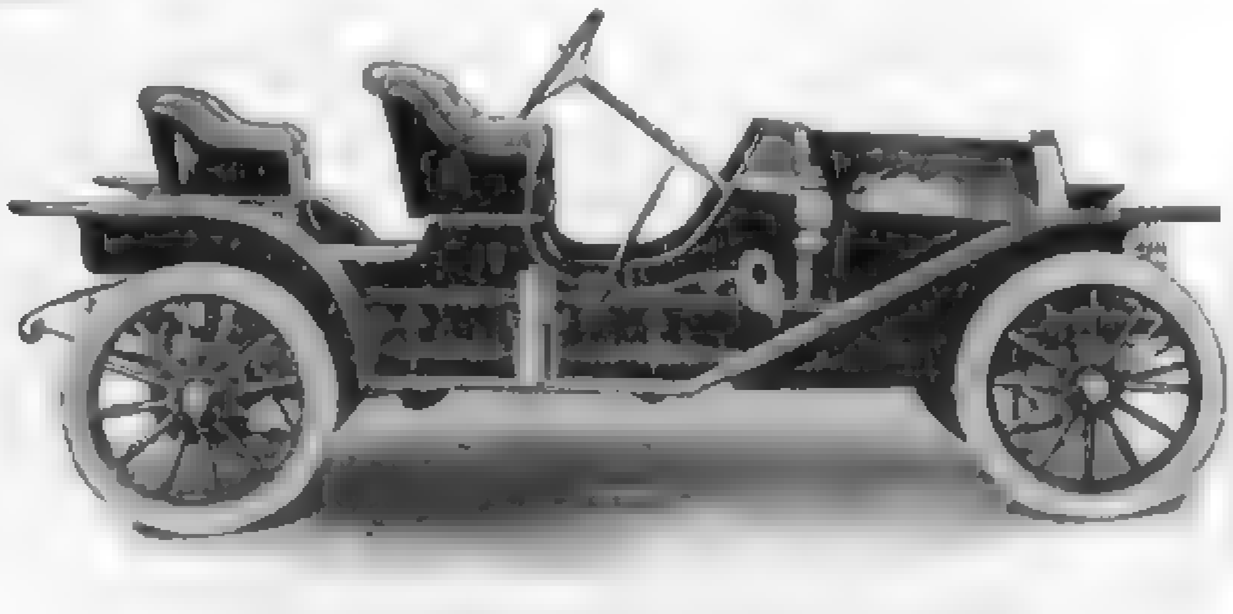
There is many a machine which costs more than the Overland because it isn't made so well. For no crude methods—no human hands—can make parts so exactly as we are doing, sometimes for a tenth of the time and cost. Don't judge a car by the price that the maker asks.

The Overland



This is the $1,000 Overland—25-horsepower—102-inch wheel base. Price with single rumble seat, $1,050; with double rumble seat, $1,075; with complete toy tonneau, $1,100.

All prices include magneto and lamp equipment



This is the 40-horsepower Overland for $1,250. Wheel base 112 inches.

The Overland

nd Spent Millions
About $300 Per Car

Such are the reasons why Overlands give what they give for the money. It is not by skimping, not by omitting, not by inferior modes of construction. It is solely through enormous output, built in modern ways.

The four cylinders of the Overland are not cast together. We don't use a two-bearing crank shaft.

We use heavy drop frames—not light, straight frames. They are of cold-rolled steel of exactly the gauge used in high-priced cars.

Our cylinders are automatically ground—not bored, though boring would cost half as much. Our transmission is made of chrome vanadium steel, not of carbon steel.

We use detachable tires of unusual size. We include the magneto and gas lamps without extra charge.

Every material used in the chassis is the best that money can buy. Every form of construction is the best that men know. We employ no petty economies.

Costly Inspection

The Overland is inspected, we are told, better than any other car in the world. There are over one thousand inspections from the raw materials to the finished car.

Each engine is tested for 48 hours before it goes into the chassis. Each crank shaft is revolved six thousand times in its bearings before it is attached to the engine. Each finished car is given at least two road tests. That is why the Overland runs so smoothly and quietly from the moment you take the wheel.

Overland Prices

A 25-horsepower Overland, with a 102-inch wheel base, sells for $1,000. Its possible speed is 50 miles an hour.

A 40-horsepower Overland, with a 112-inch wheel base, sells for $1,250—with single rumble seat.

The prices run up to $1,850—the price of the Marion-Overland. Every model gives equally remarkable value.

It will never be possible, so far as we see, to sell equal cars any lower. In fact it is probable that advancing materials will soon compel higher prices.

We have on hand at this writing a million dollars' worth of tires, bought before the advances. That purchase is saving you from $40 to $60 per car.

We have on hand a wealth of other materials bought below the present market. When these are gone—unless the market changes—Overlands must cost more.

Probably one can never again get so much for the money as the Overland offers today.

Our Amazing Success

It should be remembered that the Overland's enormous sale has been won under present conditions.

The buyers of today know automobiles. They make careful comparisons and consult other owners. Most of them can't be deceived by any unfounded claims.

There must be real reasons for this amazing success, won against fierce competition. And you can easily prove that those reasons lie in the facts presented here.

No other car begins to give what the Overland gives for the money. No other maker can approach our prices without skimping in vital particulars.

The first step in proving this is to send for our catalog picturing all the styles and giving all specifications. The next step is to compare the cars with others, point by point.

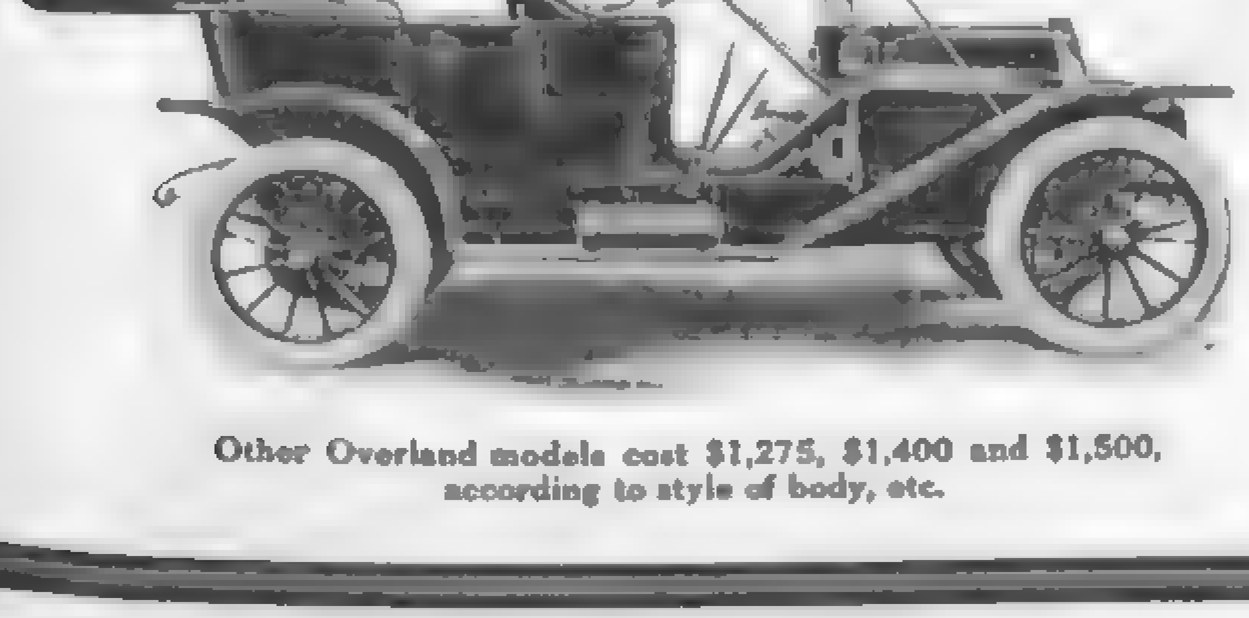
Overland cars are now shown by dealers in 800 towns. But cut out this coupon and mail it to us for our catalog.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

Please send me information about

Passenger Cars ☐ *Delivery Cars* ☐
The Marion-Overlands ☐

The Overland



Other Overland models cost $1,275, $1,400 and $1,500, according to style of body, etc.

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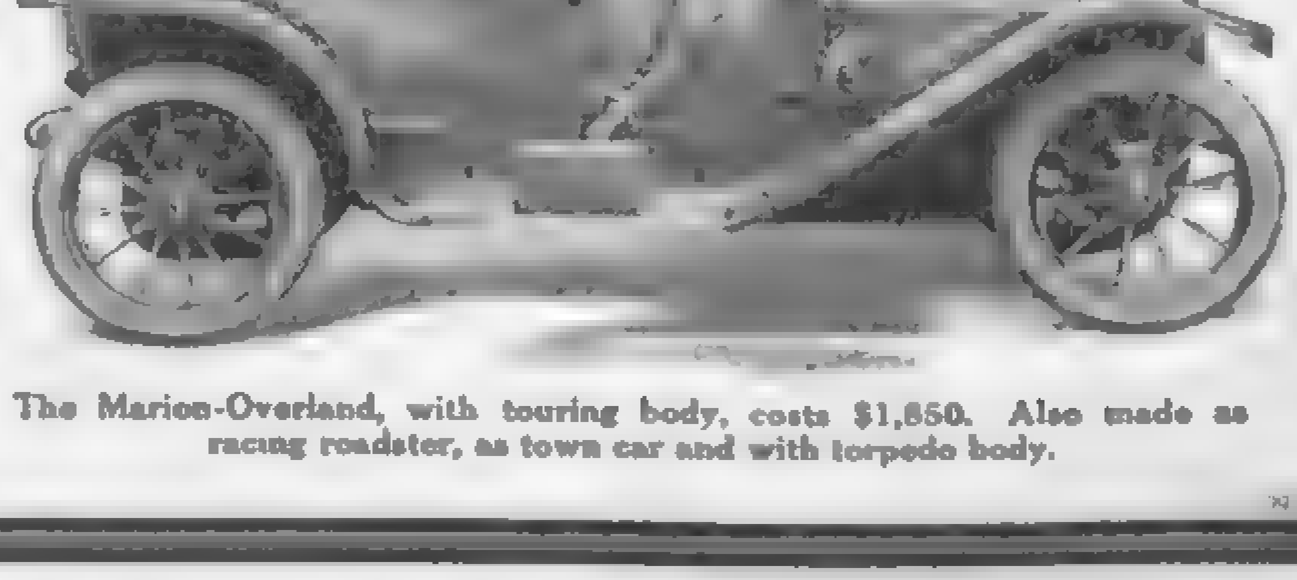


The Marion-Overland, with touring body, costs $1,850. Also made as racing roadster, as town car and with torpedo body.

YOUR SAVINGS

The Centenary of the Savings Bank

EXACTLY one hundred years ago this summer, in a little whitewashed cottage in the Scotch parish of Ruthwell, the Reverend Henry Duncan founded the first savings bank. He was peculiarly fitted to take this step because he had received a commercial training and had literally gone from the counting-room into the pulpit. He saw how the Poor Laws were helping to keep the people impoverished. With his fellow-Scot, Doctor Chalmers, he realized this fact: "If you confine yourself to the relief of poverty you do little but encourage it. Dry up, if possible, the springs of it." There came to him the simple idea that to make the wage-earner really independent you must first teach him how to save, and likewise provide a safe place for his savings.

Like all other great constructive movements, the savings-bank idea was rejected and despised at the outset. Even Doctor Duncan's parishioners, accustomed to hoarding away their savings in stockings, chinks in the wall and dark corners, viewed it with distrust. To overcome their prejudice and to give their money the first and foremost quality that should surround all savings, which is absolute safety, he kept the deposits in a huge iron box that had three different locks. He distributed the keys among three different men, and the iron box could not be opened save in the presence of all three. It is interesting to add, in this connection, that the same kind of plan is in effect now in many of our greatest savings banks, where the combinations of the huge steel safes are so regulated that it takes three men to get at the money and securities.

That iron box with the three locks, in the little Scotch cottage, was the cornerstone of a movement on which the sun today never sets; for our little brown brothers in the Far East have their savings banks too. The centenary of such a vast agency for human uplift and advancement seems an opportune occasion to point out some of the institutions for saving that are accessible to everybody, and to emphasize the moral that they convey. Every institution for saving that you establish is just one more new enemy to the profitless hoarding of cash, because it is a step toward putting money out to work, and this is the keynote of all investment.

Since the savings bank is the most familiar savings institution that we have, let us first see how it has grown. Good old Doctor Duncan, as he watched those canny Scots bring in their shillings, never dreamed to what extent his pet idea should grow in what was then a comparatively raw and unmoneyed land across the sea.

A Wonderful Growth

The growth has been remarkable. When this department was started, in 1907, we had 1416 savings banks, with 8,588,811 depositors, who had $3,690,078,945 on deposit. Despite panic, the high cost of living, and all the other serious menaces to the accumulation of money, especially by the masses, there has been a steady increase, until according to the latest statistics we now have 1703 savings banks, with 9,478,497 depositors, whose nickels and dimes and quarters contribute to the impressive deposits that aggregate $3,918,314,214, or nearly one-half of the total value of all our farm products last year. This means that the amount of money due each savings-bank depositor averages $420.45, while the average for each citizen of the United States is $41.75.

The geography of the savings bank is interesting. Most of the mutual banks—that is, those conducted solely for the benefit of depositors—are located in the New England and Eastern states, which is the home of American thrift. In these states are eighty per cent of all the depositors. Massachusetts alone has nearly two million depositors, while New York has two and three-quarter millions of people with savings-bank accounts. In the New England and Eastern states are the most rigorous laws for the safeguarding of savings-bank investments. As a general rule, the farther west you go the less stringent become the regulations and restrictions around the savings institutions.

The interest paid by savings banks is a very important feature, for it bears on a fact that all prospective investors and savers should constantly keep in mind—namely, that high returns on money are often deceptive and destructive. Many people put their money into enterprises that promise extravagant rates of interest and stay out of savings banks because they pay only about four per cent. But it is better to get four per cent regularly than seven per cent for one year and no return and probably no principal for the rest of the time. The average rate of interest paid in the Eastern states by savings banks is 3.76 per cent. The average for last year was 3.62 per cent. One reason for what seems to be a very small return is the fact that these banks are limited in their investments to the very highest class of investments, mainly real-estate mortgages and first-mortgage railroad bonds, and in such cases income must be sacrificed to security.

Many people think that savings banks are the only institutions that accept savings. There are many other banking agencies; in fact, few towns are without at least one of them. The trust companies have become strong competitors of the savings banks. There is over half a billion dollars in savings accounts deposited in them. A trust company is not required to have so large a reserve as a national bank and is without the usual legal safeguards that surround a regular savings institution. Various state banks have savings accounts, as the total deposits of about four hundred and fifty million dollars show. The national banks have about three hundred and seventy million dollars in savings accounts on which interest is paid. These deposits really swell the total of our savings deposits in all kinds of banks up to nearly five billion dollars.

American Savings

The question arises, How much do we save each year in the United States? Mr. George Paish, the editor of the London Statist, estimates that it is five billion dollars. Of course this is not in actual nickels and dimes of the thrifty masses, but includes the amounts expended for new buildings, for railroad and other corporate improvements and betterments, and similar outlays. His figures simply show just how much money is available after the living and kindred expenses are taken out.

Small and steady saving has other values besides providing competence and independence for the worker. In the sum of its small savings lies the real investing power of any nation. The great receptacles for savings form huge and stable reservoirs of public wealth that panic cannot shake.

France affords the best example of this and provides a wholesome and constructive lesson well worth heeding. The French are the thriftiest people in the world. By instinct and by training the French child clutches its first centime. The result is that the French are the greatest savers, and the investment power of France is greater than that of the United States despite the fact that its resources and income are smaller.

The French savings banks are organized with one idea—to encourage thrift. They accept deposits of one franc, or twenty cents. Of the ten million electors in France, nine million either have savings-bank accounts, own a *rente*—which is the Government bond corresponding with the British consol—have a Crédit-Foncier bond—which has been described here and which is secured by a pool of real-estate mortgages—or some other safe and tangible evidence of money salted down. Over five billion francs, or one billion dollars, is deposited in the savings institutions.

Now the significance that these savings have for the American savers is that they are widely scattered, being represented by 12,828,847 passbooks. The average is 387 francs, or about $76 a book. Of the total number of passbooks, more than four million, or one-third, are for twenty francs—four dollars—or less. This means that the Frenchman, being an expert at saving, does not hesitate to start with a very insignificant sum. Almost two million five

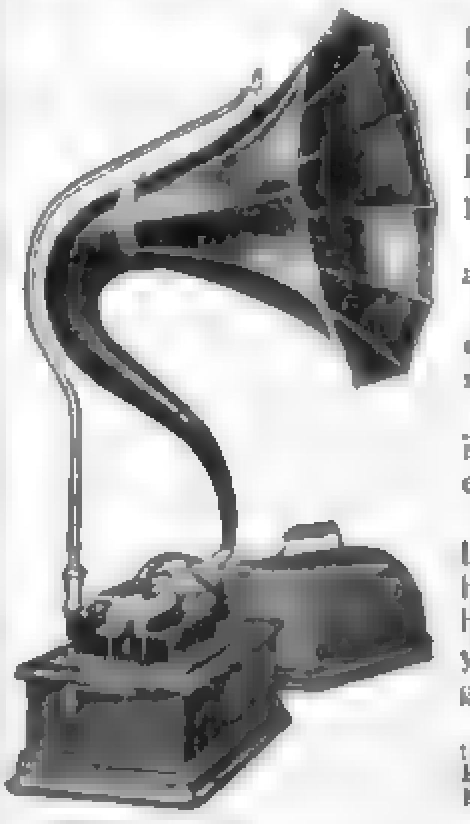
The Edison Phonograph

gives just the right volume of sound for the home

Too much sound is worse than too little. A grand piano is out of place in a room twelve feet square. The music of the finest band may be spoiled if heard in too small a hall.

The volume of sound produced by the Edison Phonograph, while perfect in its reproduction of the music or voice, is not loud, strident, noisy or ear-piercing.

If you have ever lived with a sound-reproducing machine that was too loud, you will know what it means to have an Edison which is just loud enough.



Many sound-reproducing machines are sold altogether on the argument that they are loud. It is very easy to make a loud Phonograph. We have made them for use with moving picture machines. It is an art to make a Phonograph which gives proper value to each kind of music and all within the compass of an ordinary parlor or sitting room.

Most of the sizes of the Edison Phonograph are adapted for home use.

If you have ever become tired of a sound-reproducing machine, it was because it was too loud—too insistent.

When you buy an Edison, you will appreciate what it is to have a Phonograph that reproduces sound properly of the right volume for your house.

Go to any dealer and hear an Edison, but remember you are hearing it in a store, not in your home. If he tries to sell you any other make insist upon having both kinds sent to your home, with some Records of your own selection. Remember, too, that the Phonograph is the only Edison machine.

There is an Edison Phonograph at whatever price you wish to pay, from the Gem at $12.50 to the Amberola at $200.00. Edison Standard Records, 35c.; Edison Amberol Records, 50c.; Edison Grand Opera Records, 75c. to $2.00.

National Phonograph Company, 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

The Locomobile

Announcement

1911

The "30" Shaft Drive-Four Cylinders

The "48" Shaft Drive-Six Cylinders

High Tension Dual Ignition System on both models. Four speed selective transmission. A wide range of the latest body styles – either with or without front doors – can be supplied. Touring, Baby Tonneau, Runabout, Torpédo, Limousine and Landaulet. Finished in any color scheme desired by the purchaser

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Philadelphia San Francisco Chicago

Clicquot Club
EXTRA DRY
GINGER ALE

Treat Your Family
to a case (48 generous drinks) of this delicious ginger ale. It will be delivered anywhere east of Mississippi River for
$2.50 Per Case
(24 full pint bottles / 48 generous glassfuls)
West of Mississippi to Rocky Mts., $3.00 per case. West of Rockies, price on application to Los Angeles office.
We Pay Carriage Charges.

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Kleek O Club
Ginger Ale

Clicquot Club has won fame and preference, even to imported ginger ales, because of the spicy goodness of its flavor and because of its entire freedom from the disagreeable burning that follows the use of ordinary ginger ales. Made under the supervision of an expert chemist from the water of the celebrated Clicquot Club spring plus—the finest fresh ginger, the best confectioner's sugar and citric flavors, Clicquot Club is fine, pure and good all the way through, without chemicals or adulterants of any kind. Non-astringent.

Write for booklet describing the springs and process of manufacture.
Address orders to
The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
West of Rockies,
The Clicquot Club Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

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John Muir & Co.
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Odd Lots

No necessity of giving orders for stocks in person. Wire or mail your orders. "Odd Lot Investment" Circular A explains trading on a monthly payment basis, without margin calls.

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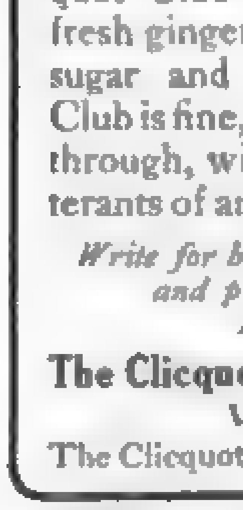

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FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price [illegible] Art Catalog [illegible]
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We Sell [illegible]
TIRES Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, [illegible] *prices.* Do not wait; write *today* [illegible]
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G 55, CHICAGO

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TRANS CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
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614 29 Broadway, New York

hundred thousand of the books are for twenty to one hundred francs—that is, from four dollars to twenty dollars—while one million one hundred thousand books are from one hundred to two hundred francs, or from twenty to forty dollars. The limit to the deposits in the French savings banks is fifteen hundred francs, or three hundred dollars, and there are more than a million people who keep their accounts at this maximum all the time.

Many Americans say, "We cannot save because it takes money to get started." No mistaken idea is wider or more costly. As frequently pointed out in this department, you can start a savings account in many of the great New York banks with one dollar. If you happen to live in Oregon or New Mexico it is just as easy, for banking by mail is a part of modern financial machinery. Many soldiers and sailors in the United States service not only open accounts by mail but send in deposits from the ends of the world. Postal savings banks will be a great aid to regular saving in the United States.

Despite all the education about banks and banking, there are a great many people with a born distrust of banks. "You can't trust any of them," they say. "What is the good of saving?" But banks only comprise one kind of saving institution. There are many others in the United States, and thus the man or woman who does not save has no loophole for excuse.

Take building and loan associations, for example. When properly safeguarded they are really a very practical and helpful form of the savings bank. Such states as Pennsylvania and Ohio have what may be called model laws and restrictions. Today there are 5629 of these associations, with a total membership of 1,959,579 people. The assets of the associations are $796,000,000.

Various localities have their distinct institutions for savings. The Penny Provident Fund of New York City furnishes a concrete example. The fund provides books and sells stamps in denominations from one cent to one dollar. The stamps are pasted into the books. When twenty-five dollars has been saved in this way the saver is advised to start a savings-bank account, where his money will begin to earn money. The fund pays no interest. Once more a twofold good is accomplished, for an incentive is offered to save enough to have it make more money.

The value of saving has been summed up well in the following sentence: "Save surely, steadily and wisely, so as to be able to spend judiciously in a time of need which will probably be greater than that of the present."

LORD STRANLEIGH, PHILANTHROPIST

(Continued from Page 5)

"No swell!" cried the other. "Why, I heard a person who spoke English say, as he pointed you out, that you were Lord Stranleigh, and he added you were the richest man in Europe."

"Oh, I don't know about the richest, but my name happens to be Stranleigh."

"I didn't believe about the richest myself. If a man has a little money people always call him a millionaire, and generally he isn't; but their calling you a lord interested me. I'd never seen a real live lord. I thought they didn't talk to ordinary folks."

"My fault," confessed Stranleigh, "lies rather in the opposite direction. I'm so anxious to talk to people that I sometimes find difficulty in getting them to talk to me."

"Well, I resolved to make a move toward you, and then when I got back home I'd tell them that I'd talked with a genuwine lord."

"Where is 'back home'?" asked Stranleigh.

"I guess I'd better introduce myself, as one good turn deserves another. My name's J. W. Garner. I'm clerk in a railway freight house in Beloit, Wisconsin."

"Is that a remunerative occupation?"

"I can't say that it is, although I live fairly comfortably, and make enough money to come over here without asking anybody's help and take the treatment without going on the pauper list. Still, it isn't in a freight house that big money is made in the railway business. Some chap on Wall Street, that never saw the railroad,

FISH FLAKES
BURNHAM & MORRILL

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FISH FLAKES
10c and 15c Sizes
Is Really Fresh Codfish
caught, cooked, slightly salted and packed the same day. It is entirely different from the dried, over salted, [illegible] sold in unsanitary packages. The perfect sanitary package, parchment lined, hermetically sealed without solder or acid, retains all the rich, delicate flavor of the fresh caught fish.

Codfish Balls—Creamed Fish—Fish Hash—Fish Chowder and many other dainty fish dishes
to be really delicious must be made from **fresh Codfish**. Wherever you may live and whatever the climate, you can have in Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes the most delicious **fresh Codfish** all the year round.

How To Get Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Nearly every Grocer is now selling Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes. [illegible] postage alone being [illegible]. A certain evidence of our faith in our product.

GOOD EATING is a little book containing many new and original recipes and table hints, and is mailed **FREE** upon request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL COMPANY, Portland, Maine, U. S. A.
Packers of the Justly Celebrated Paris Sugar Corn

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 18
Low Price Not Always a Bargain.

A low price and a bargain are two radically different propositions. Kellogg's—the genuine—Toasted Corn Flakes costs the dealer more than any of its 23 imitations.

Yet Kellogg's is the best bargain in Corn Flakes from the dealer's standpoint, because he can sell it readily at a fair profit.

And from the consumer's standpoint, there's no comparison.

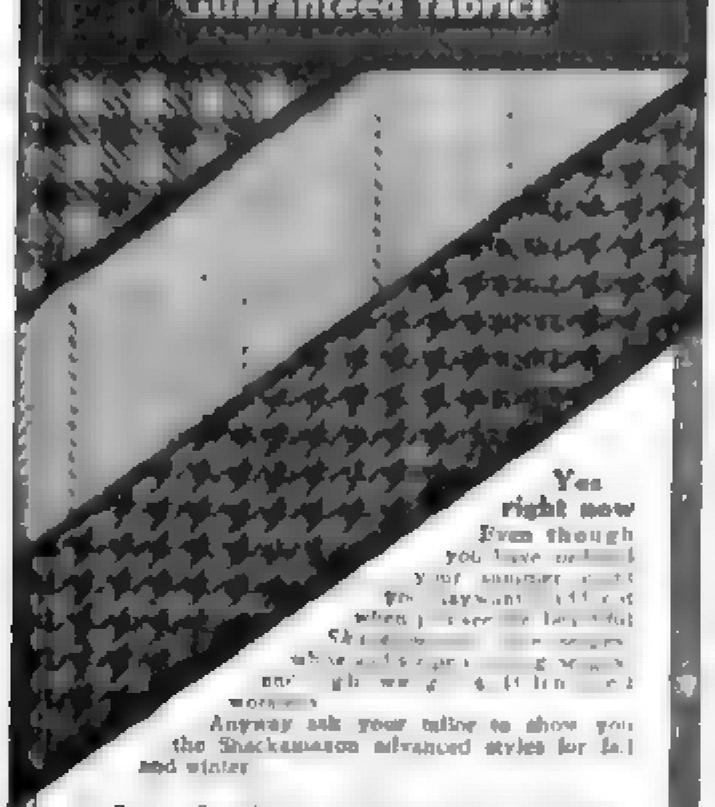
The imitators realize the inferiority of their product and make their prices accordingly.

The Genuine has this Signature
W. K. Kellogg

TOASTED CORN FLAKES
W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn

"Shackamaxon"
Trade mark reg U S Pat Office
Guaranteed fabrics



Yes right now Even though you have ordered your summer suit [illegible]
Anyway ask your tailor to show you the Shackamaxon advanced styles for fall and winter

In clothes properly fashioned from these high-grade reliable fabrics you are as well dressed as a man can be.

They are every thread pure live-fleece wool—the long silky fibre; perfectly woven and finished; thoroughly shrunken; permanently dyed. And they hold their shape and style to the end. This means *lasting* satisfaction.

We make these fabrics in our own mills for merchant-tailors *only*—thousands of tasteful and exclusive designs. Any good tailor will get them for you.

Look for the "Shackamaxon" trade-mark on every suit pattern; and remember:—

If any fault develops in any Shackamaxon fabric any time, we will make it good.

Write us or ask your tailor for the interesting Shackamaxon booklet "A Well Dressed Man."

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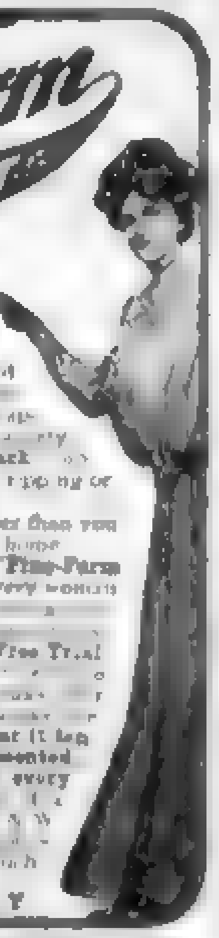
Fine-Form Maternity Skirt



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Every Prospective Mother

[illegible] Always drapes evenly in front and back [illegible] Can be worn the year round. [illegible] prices lower than you [illegible] them made at home [illegible]

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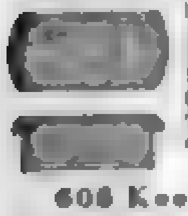
Safety Razor Blades 2½c EA.
RESHARPENED
"Good as New—Many Say Better"



by the exclusive Keenedge electric [illegible] Send blades to [illegible] No need to send money. [illegible] blades are returned and [illegible]

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Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, paper, &c. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

will make more money on it in ten minutes than we clerks can in forty years."

"Yes; or lose it," said Stranleigh.

"Certainly; he runs that risk, but those chaps on the inside don't lose anything. E. L. Bannerdale, for instance."

"Curiously enough," replied Stranleigh, "I was just thinking of him. A great deal depends on the point of view in this world, and it occurred to me how much more lucky you were than Bannerdale."

"Pshaw!" cried Garner impatiently. "Bannerdale must be worth sixty million if he's worth a cent."

"I dare say; but look at the unhappy man's position at the present moment. He has taken a house in Vienna that occupies a city square, and to keep the reporters away has garrisoned it as if it were a fortress. Every one knows he is stricken with a dangerous disease and has come to Vienna for treatment, and we all are aware that a man in his condition needs quiet and rest; yet quiet is the one thing he can't buy. Stocks fluctuate up and down according to the rumors coming from that house of death, as it probably is, for he has been reported dead several times, and reported convalescent, and reported incurable—nobody except his physician really knows what his condition is. To torture a very sick man in this way seems to me abominable."

J. W. Garner shrugged his shoulders.

"They've got to have the news," he said, "and, anyhow, I guess there ain't much sympathy for old Bannerdale in the States. He looted too many people when he was well, and I expect there's a feeling of relief now that he's deadly ill. After all, I don't believe his death will make very much difference. He's sure to have things fixed up so that if he pegs out affairs will go on pretty much as usual. He's an important man, I admit, but he's only one of a group, and the group won't let things go to smash."

"Why," said Stranleigh, "the very paper I handed to you just now says that his most intimate friends have turned traitors, and believing he cannot recover are buying, or selling, or doing something they shouldn't do."

Garner laughed harshly. "God pity them," he said, "if old Bannerdale gets well."

"Doesn't the career of a man like Bannerdale create dissatisfaction and arouse envy among the less fortunate?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess not much. I never felt envious of anybody, because I knew if I got a chance I'd do the same."

"You never had the chance, then?"

"Oh, I have had thousands of chances. In one way or other I secured information that would have made my fortune had I possessed the money to buy at the proper time; yes, that would have made dozens of fortunes with one rich man to back me."

"Did you ever try persuading the rich man?"

"Lord bless you, yes! but the difficulty is to get the start. Nobody will listen unless you've put through a deal that's been successful. You see, everybody's singing the same song. You can't meet a man who won't agree to make you rich if you'll just grubstake him with a few thousand dollars."

"Have you given up hope of finding your rich man?"

"No; I'm at it just now. That's why I scraped acquaintance with you."

"All right, Mr. Garner. You've got me persuaded; so here's your chance at last, with a man who doesn't care a rap whether he wins or loses."

"Well, sir, that's the kind of man I'd like to do business with. I should hate to lose money for anybody, just as I'd hate to lose it myself if I had some. Now, what I wanted that paper of yours for was to see whether the stock of the Great Southwestern Short Line had gone up or not. Instead of going up, it's dropped down. If I had money I'd put every cent of it there."

"Do you mind telling me why?"

"Oh, you want to back out."

"I never back out. I'll give you the money now if you're in doubt. How much? A hundred pounds or a thousand?"

"Well, I guess I don't want any money at all, but I'd like you to take as much stock as you care to handle and just hold it for a week or two. If my tip isn't any good then you don't owe me anything. If it is good I'm content to take whatever you think it's worth."

"Well, if you would trust me that far it's funny you won't tell me why you expect this stock to rise."

"I don't mind telling you, but if I were you I wouldn't talk about it. This is the

10 shots quick

Is yours an egg shell home?

Suppose your wife, your mother or sister, left alone in the house, should wake up tonight and find a burglar in her room. What would she do?

Suppose she were left alone, and a tramp, or a drunk or vicious person should come to the house and attack her. What *could* she do by way of resistance?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing! She would be helpless—helpless as a little child.

Get her the new "human arsenal"—the new Savage Automatic. We call it a pistol, but, in reality, it should be called a "human protector"—a human protector in the condensed form of pocket arm. It converts your home from a helpless, defenseless, egg shell of a place, into an arsenal. It converts your wife, mother or sister into an arsenal. It actually makes her able to put up a crack shot's defense, for any novice can aim it as expertly as any crack shot, and it is the quickest pocket arm ever built—gets in the first (vital) shot.

Please send us the name of the retailer from whom you buy fire arms, and we'll have him show you the new Savage Automatic quick. Do it today, and take your wife, mother and sister out of their defenseless egg shell and put them into an impregnable arsenal.

The new Savage Automatic loads ten shots at a time. Shoots one at a time, as *fast* as you pull the trigger. You can't realize what this rapid fire gun is until you read "Bat" Masterson's book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Sent free for your dealer's name on a post card.

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Ask your dealer to show you the new Savage .22 calibre repeating rifle, 1909 model. Price $10.00. Send today for free rifle book. Savage Arms Company, 77 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

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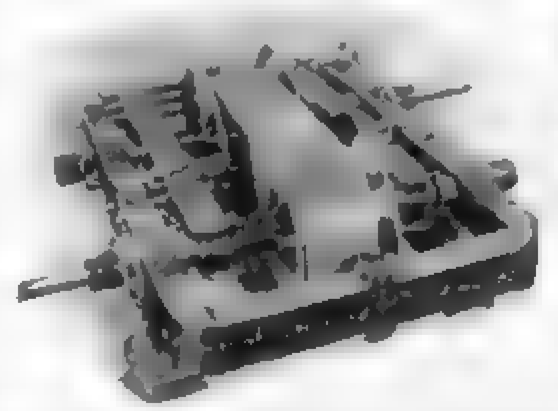

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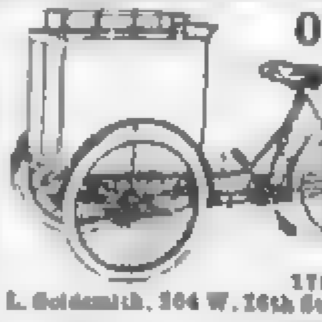

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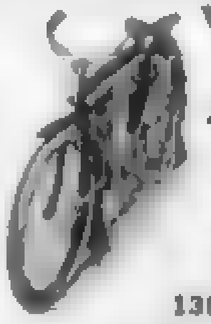

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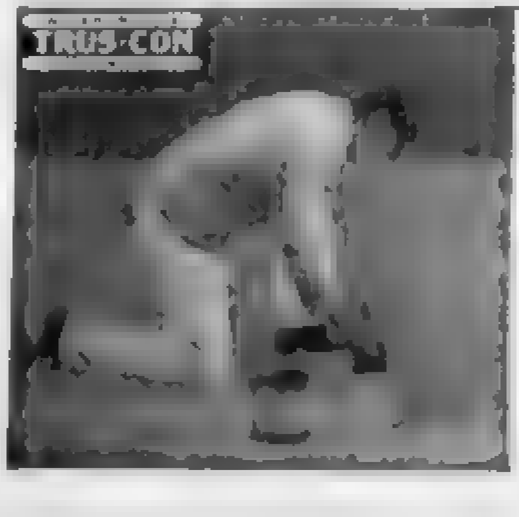

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Trus-Con Wall Finishes stop stains and dampness in concrete walls, and replace their uneven color with uniform, artistic, flat tints. Supplied in various colors.

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Always assured if you use

CARBORUNDUM Sharpening Stones

For the sportsman—The round combination stone—just fits the hand—in pigskin case with strap for attaching to the belt—No. 13 A—Price $1.00.
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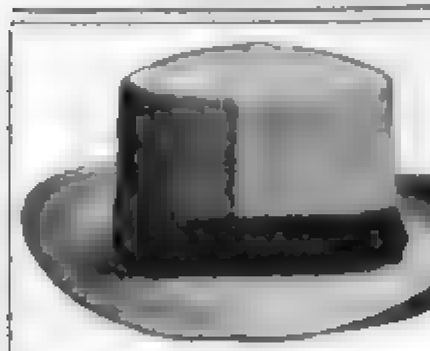

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Fine quality genuine Panama straw, very closely woven, beautifully finished with neat silk band and leather sweat band, featherweight, cool, dressy. Retail dealers ask for this quality $15.00 to $18.00, our price only **$6.00**. We import thousands yearly direct from South America and Save you Two Profits. Order at once. State size. Your Money Refunded if not exactly as represented. Address,

Houston Hat Co., "Panama Hat Kings," Dept. A, Houston, Texas

MONEY— We [illegible] watches, jewelry, gold [illegible] Send by [illegible] express. [illegible] held subject to your approval [illegible] Established 1896
Liberty Refining Company, Pittsburgh Life Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

road that Bannerdale nearly had possession of at the time he broke down and his doctors told him to go to Europe and quit business entirely. He must have absolute rest, they said. All right. He goes and barricades himself up; then his partners, thinking he isn't going to get well, begin to sell and the stock goes down. Now Bannerdale held an option on a majority of that stock, an option that doesn't expire for another month. He depended on certain banks and trust companies and financial friends to get him the money, but the moment exaggerating newspapers said that Bannerdale was a dying man they all deserted him, and he couldn't get a cent When he actually left for Europe all Bannerdale stocks dropped six points, and they've been going down ever since, especially when it became known his partners were selling. Now I believe Bannerdale will get hold of that road, sick or well."

"You're betting, then, on Bannerdale's life or death?"

"Exactly."

"You think he is going to live?"

"I do. He's a tough nut, is old Bannerdale."

Stranleigh rose to his feet.

"Very good, Mr. Garner. Tell me exactly what to do."

"You see that place opposite?" said Garner, pointing to a broker's office on the business side of Parkstrasse. "You go over there, and tell them to put you on to the chief office in Frankfort by telephone; buy as much stock of the Great Southwestern Short Line as you care to carry."

"Shall I do this in my own name or in yours?"

"In your own name, of course."

"Right," said Stranleigh. "Here is my address, and whenever you wish me to sell drop in on me and give the order. Good afternoon"

. . . .

Nearly a week passed, but Stranleigh saw nothing of his dilapidated client. He began to wonder whether the man was a swindler of some sort, but for the life of him he could not see how Garner was to make any money out of the deal Stranleigh had put through in his own name. Enlightenment came to him one morning at breakfast when he opened the Paris New York Herald. The headlines were sufficient:

GREATEST COUP OF MODERN TIMES

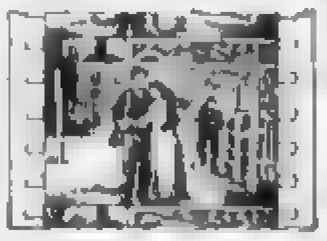
Bannerdale has never been in Vienna at all and the reporters have besieged an empty house.

Lord Stranleigh, England's multimillionaire, comes to Bad Nauheim in his special car to meet Bannerdale, who is in disguise.

Stranleigh willing to back Bannerdale with a hundred million pounds in hard cash if necessary.

Panic and ruin among the anti-Bannerdales. . . . Great Southwestern Short Line stock jumps thirty-three points. . . . Cable kept red-hot offering Bannerdale unlimited capital, but he isn't taking any.
Believed in Wall Street his illness was a bluff. . . . Wall Street says cardiac trouble impossible, because Bannerdale has no heart.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories of the good intentions of young Lord Stranleigh. The second will appear in an early number.



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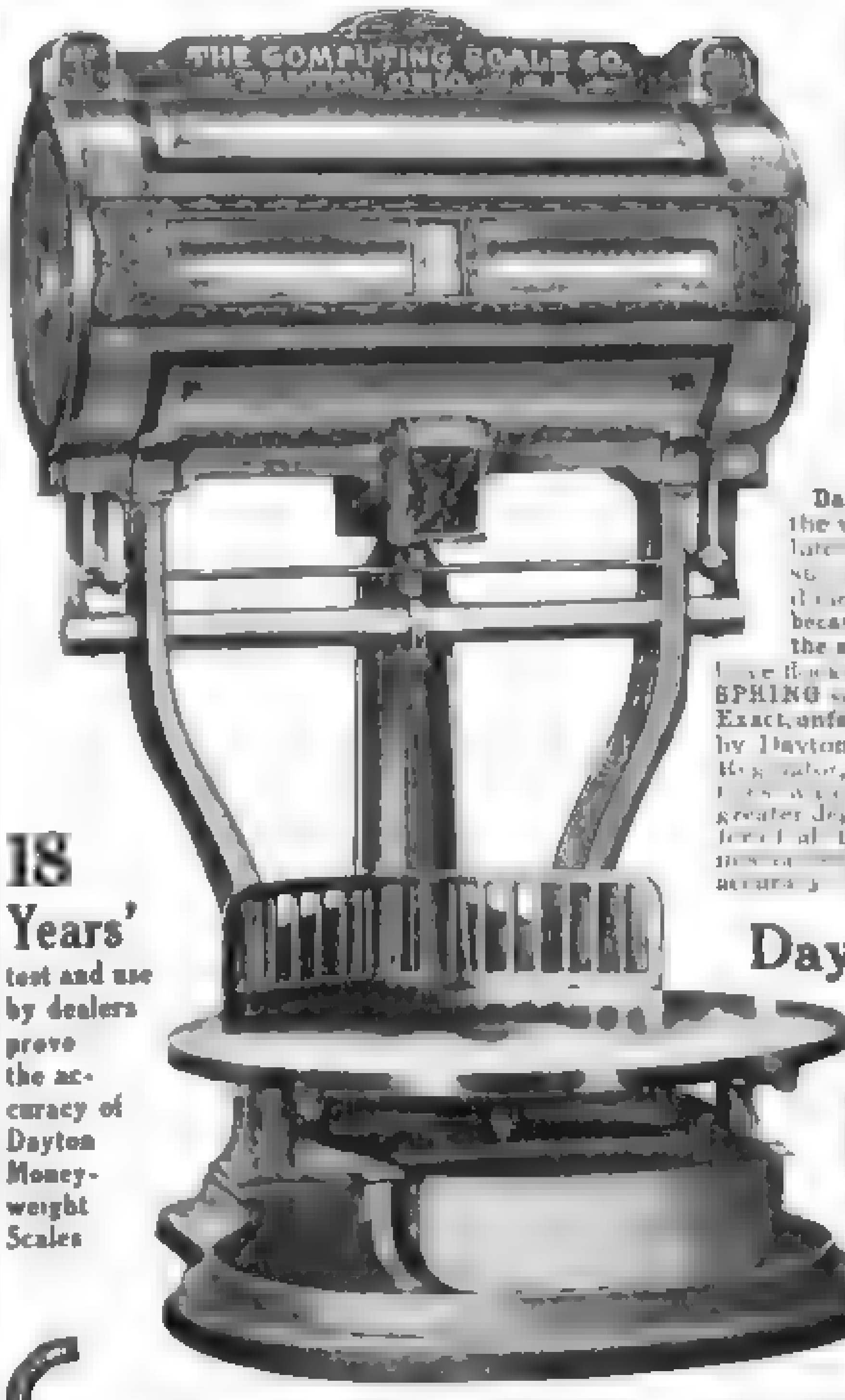

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The World's Only Scale Built Like a Watch

Dayton Moneyweight SPRING Scales and the world's finest watches are made [illegible] the pendulum cut down pivot scale because the pivots wore down and made the scale useless for accurate weighing [illegible] SPRING [illegible] the Dayton Moneyweight Scale. Exact, unfailing accuracy in all seasons is compelled by Dayton Moneyweight Scale's Thermostatic Regulator [illegible]

18 Years' test and use by dealers prove the accuracy of Dayton Moneyweight Scales

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There can be—and *is*—a vast difference in talcum powder quality. The lightness, the delightful "fluffiness" and unusual softness of Lehn & Fink's Talcum stand out in marked contrast with the soapiness and somewhat coarse consistency of many kinds.

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It possesses an impalpable fineness which makes it ideal for use with a puff. Especially adaptable as a face powder, since it comes in both flesh tint and white; blends thoroughly with the skin, leaving a soft, velvety, refined surface.

LEHN & FINK'S Riveris Talcum

Use it generously after the bath, after exercise, or when preparing for the evening function It is cooling, refreshing and healing; destroys odors of perspiration. Its refined and most unusual fragrance add a charm to the toilet not obtainable in any other way.

Large glass jars—25c., all druggists.

Write for Free Sample

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LEHN & FINK
106 William Street
New York

AILSA PAIGE

(Continued from Page 17)

at me out of space. I don't want my ghost to be blown about up there – unless it belongs to you. That is the only fear of death I ever have or ever had."

XV

TOWARD the end of June, as Claymore's new provisional brigade of Sykes' division, Fitz John Porter's superb *corps d'armée*, neared the designated rendezvous, some particularly dirty veteran regiments, bivouacked along the fields, crowded to the roadside, fairly writhing in their scorn and derision

"Fresh fish! Oh-h! Fresh fi-sh!" they shouted. "Oh, boys, just see them pretty red pants! Mother! Come and look. Oh, Papa, what are they? Sa-ay, would you gentlemen kindly tell us poor old sodgers what kind ov a hell ov a dressmaker cut out them pantalettes? I wish I could go out to play with these nice, perlite little boys! Oh, children, why didn't you bring your nursemaids with you?"

The Third Zouaves marched past the jeering veterans, grinding their teeth, but making no effort at retort. They knew well enough by this time that any attempt to retort would be worse than useless

As the head of the column of the Eighth Lancers appeared from the west at the forks of the other road the dingy veteran fairly danced in malicious delight.

"Excuse us," they simpered, kissing their dirty fingertips to the horsemen, "ex-cuse us, please, but do tell us how you left dear old Fift' Avenoo. Them rocking-hosses need a leetle new paint where they sit down, me lords. Hey, you ain't got any old red silk stockings we can use for guidons, have you? Oh, Alonzo, darling, curl my hair an' wet me with expensive cologne."

Colonel Egerton's Twentieth Dragoons, being in blue and orange, got off easier, though the freshness of their uniforms was tremendously resented; but McDunn's Tenth Flying Battery, in brand-new uniforms, ran the full, fierce fire of chaff.

Warren's matchless brigade followed; but the Sixth Lancers had seen service and they were not jeered, nor were the Fifth and Tenth Zouaves, the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery and the Rhode Island Battery

Berkley, riding with his troop, bridle loose in both gauntleted hands, lance swinging wide from stirrup and elbow loop, looked to the left and noticed Warren's regiments swinging out across the breezy uplands. Half an hour later he saw the Third Zouaves enter a wheatfield to the left of the road, form on their color front, unsling knapsacks and stack arms McDunn's battery found a gap in the fence and followed, the guns bumping and bouncing out over a potato field; and presently Egerton's Dragoons turned sharply to the right and entered a cool road that ran along a bushy hollow.

The Eighth Lancers kept straight on for five or six hundred yards until they encountered their regimental quartermaster and camping party. Then they wheeled to the right, passed through a thin belt of shade trees, across a splendid marl drive and a vast unkempt lawn. Beyond this they skirted a typical planter's house of the better class, with its white galleries, green blinds, quarters, smoke-houses, barns and outhouses innumerable, and halted, each troop moving to a point a little in the rear of where its horses were to be secured, and forming one rank. The bugles sounded "Dismount!" Eight hundred sunburned riders set foot to sod, details were made to hold the horses, lances were stacked, picket ropes fixed, shelter tents erected, saber and bridle hung on the twelve weapons of the troop carbineers, and the standard carried to Colonel Arran's tent.

Directly to the right was a gentle declivity with a clear, rapid stream splashing the bottom grasses. Beyond the stream a low green hill rose, concealing the landscape and the river beyond.

And here, on the breezy meadow slope, Egerton's Dragoons went into camp and sent out their fatigue parties and grand guards.

Company and squadron streets were laid out, sinks dug, shelter tents pitched, firewood brought, horses picketed. Twenty paces in front of each pile of tents the kitchens were established; all the regimental cavalry wagons came up promptly and were parked in the rear of the picket line for sick horses; the belated and hated sutler of the Eighth Lancers drove hastily in, deaf to the blandishments of veterans along the roadside, who eyed him malevolently and with every desire to work him substantial harm

Late in the afternoon there was much visiting along the lines and between distant camps; the day was cloudless and perfect; magnolia and china-berry scented the winds which furrowed every grassy hillside; flags fluttered, breezy gusts of bugle music incited the birds to rivalry. Peace and sunshine lay over all, and there was nothing sinister to offend save, far along the horizon, the low, unbroken monotone of cannon, never louder, never lower, steady, dull, interminable; and on the southern horizon a single tall cloud slanting a trifle to the east, like a silver pillar out of plumb.

Berkley's attention was directed to it by a suspicious comrade; they both gazed at it curiously, listening to the low mutter of the cannonade; then Berkley frowned, folded both gauntlets, placed them in his belt, passed his hand over his freshly-shaven chin and, pocketing his cob pipe, sauntered forth to visit and gossip with those he knew in other camps.

"Hello, Burgess!" he said humorously; "how are you making out?"

His late valet's arm twitched instinctively toward the salute he dared not offer; he glanced stealthily right and left before answering:

"I am doing very well, sir, thank you."

"I told you to cut out that 'sir,' didn't I?"

"Yes, sir – beg pardon ——"

Berkley eyed him. "You've got your chance," he said. "Your rank and mine are equal. Do you take pleasure in continually reminding yourself of your recent position of servitude?"

"Sir? beg pardon ——"

"Can't you help it? Is it born in you?"

Burgess stood silent, considering, then he lifted his ugly face and looked hard at Berkley. "I am not ashamed of having served you. I am more comfortable under orders. . . . I liked to dress you up. . . . I wish to God it was that way now"

"Don't you want your independence?"

"My independence?" repeated Burgess. "I had it – more of it when I was looking out for you, sir, than I have now in this damn regiment ——"

"Well, what did you enlist for?"

"You've asked me that many times, sir, and I don't know. . . . I'd rather be around, handy-like ——"

"You'll get killed some day, don't you know it?"

"No, sir. I guess you'll look out for me. You always did."

"How the devil can I prevent one of those big shells from knocking you off your horse?"

Burgess, patient, undisturbed, let the question go with a slight smile.

"What a jackass you are!" said Berkley irritably; "here's a dollar to get some pie. And if you can cheat that cursed sutler do it."

He himself purchased two big pies from the sutler after an angry haggle in which he was easily worsted, and he munched away contentedly as he walked toward the lines of the Third Zouaves, his spurs and saber jingling, Burgess following respectfully at heel. "Hello, Steve!" he called out to a sunburned young Zouave who was drying his freshly-washed turban in the hill breeze. "I always heard you fellows wore infants' underclothes, but I never believed it before."

"That's my turban, you idiot!" retorted Stephen, turning red as several of McDunn's artillerymen began to laugh. But he came over and shook hands and accepted a big piece of pie without further resentment. "Hello, Burgess!" he added.

"How do you do, sir?"

"That damned Dutch sutler of ours," commented Berkley, "puts clay in his piecrust. We'll certainly have to fix him before long. How are you, Steve, anyway?"

"Both socks full of tallow, otherwise I'm feeling fine," said the boy. "Did you hear those dirty Bucktail veterans back there poking fun at us? Well, we never answer 'em nowadays, but the Zouaves are getting fearfully sick of it; and if we don't go into battle pretty soon there'll be a private war on" – he winked – "with those

WINCHESTER
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SELF-LOADING RIFLE

The Trigger Controlled Repeater

This new Winchester is all that the big game hunter's heart could desire. It is reloaded by recoil, and has a detachable magazine which enables it to be fired a series of shots with great ease and rapidity without the sacrifice of accuracy. Although the cartridge it handles hits a harder blow than the .30 U. S. Army, it is compact and light to carry. In the sureness, strength and simplicity of its action, and in its hitting power, no other recoil operated rifle approaches it.

Send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., for circular describing this new rifle which has strength and power plus.

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To anyone in the market for a violin, we will send our [illegible] illustrated [illegible], "Fine Old Violins." This is the standard work of the kind and contains a vast amount of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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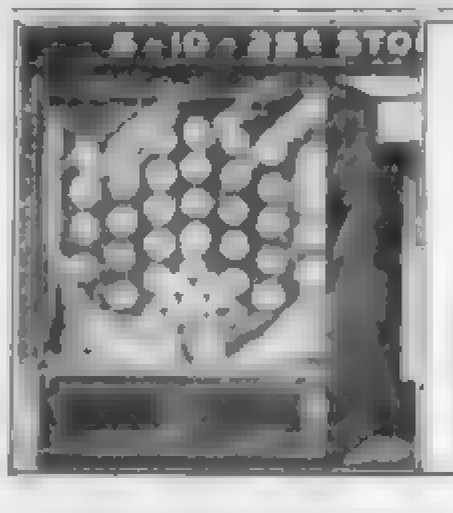
We accept a small cash payment and allow ample time on the balance, when desired. Enjoy your violin while you are paying for it.

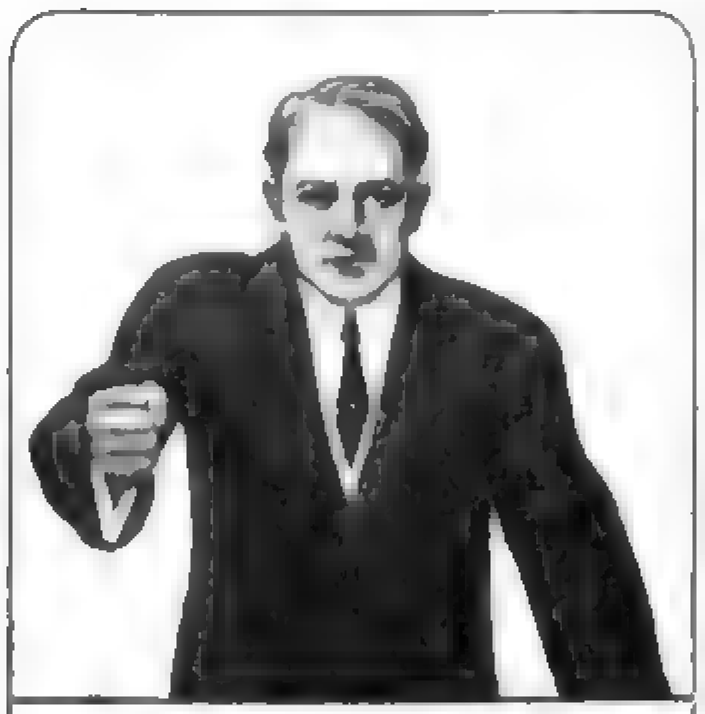
A Special Offer We will send several violins on approval and allow seven days' examination. Also we furnish photographs and data, including accurate measurements. We leave no stone unturned to satisfy the most exacting buyer.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a [illegible] My [illegible] locat[illegible] retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.



One Can Have Summer Comfort

by avoiding meats and greasy foods—heat producers—in hot weather.

Summer eating may be confined to such appetizing and nutritious articles as will best sustain bodily activity—yet keep internal body-heat at the minimum.

The real secret of Summer comfort is in right food, and many ills may be avoided by its wise selection.

Grape-Nuts

is a partially pre-digested food, scientifically made—quickly and easily assimilated—does not tax the digestive organs unduly, thus relieving the system of unnecessary, heat-producing work.

Grape-Nuts contains the nutritive principles of wheat and barley in concentrated form, including the "vital phosphates" (grown in the grains) for the natural and constant repair of the tissues. It is almost wholly nutriment; there being only about 2 parts waste in 100 parts of the food—an ideal hot weather food for body and brain.

Try this common-sense breakfast:

Some Fruit
Grape-Nuts with cream
Soft boiled egg
Slice of crisp toast
Cup of well-made **Postum**

That's enough!

It's surprising how well-fed, cool and comfortable one can be on such a simple, wholesome meal.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Pennsylvanians, you bet. And I guess the lancers will be in it, too."

"After all," Berkley said, "these veterans have a right to jeer at us. They've seen war, and now they know whether they'll fight or run away. It's more than we know, so far."

"Well, I tell you," said Stephen candidly, "there's no chance of my running away. A fellow can't skedaddle when his father's looking at him. Besides, Phil, I don't know how it is, but I'm not very much afraid, not as much as I thought I'd be."

Berkley looked at him curiously. "Have you been much under fire?"

"Only that affair at the Blue Bridge—you know yourself how it was. After the first shell had made me rather sick at my stomach I was all right—except that I hated to see Father sitting up there on his horse while we were all lying snug in the wheat. . . . How did you feel when the big shells came over?"

"Bad," said Berkley briefly.

"Sick?"

"Worse."

"I don't see why you should feel queer, Phil—after that bully thing you did with the escort ——"

"Oh!" cut in Berkley savagely. "I'm sick of hearing about it. If you all knew that I was too scared to realize what I was doing you'd let up on that episode."

Stephen laughed. "I hope our boys get scared in the same way. . . . Hello, here's a friend of yours, I believe ——"

They turned to encounter Casson, the big dragoon, arm in arm with the artilleryman, Arthur Wye.

"Give us some pie, you son of a gun!" they suggested unceremoniously and, when supplied and munching, they all locked arms and strolled out across the grass toward the hill where already, dark against the blinding blue, hundreds of idle soldiers had gathered to sit on the turf and stare at the tall cloud on the horizon or watch the signal officer on the higher hill beyond, seated at his telescope while, beside him, a soldier swung dirty square flags in the wind.

As they arrived on the crest a quick exclamation escaped them; for there, before them, mile on mile, lay the armed host of which their regiments were tiny portions.

"Lord!" said Stephen in a low, surprised voice, "did you fellows know that the whole army was near here?"

"Not I," said Berkley, gazing spellbound out across the rolling panorama of river, swamp, woods and fields. "I don't believe it occurs very often, either—the chance to see an entire army all at once, encamped right at your feet. What a lot of people and animals!"

They sat down, cross-legged, enjoying their pie, eyes wandering wonderingly over the magic landscape. Here and there a marquee marked some general's headquarters, but except for these there were no tents save shelter tents in sight, and not so many of these because many divisions had bivouacked and others were in cantonments where the white cupola of some house glimmered or the thin spire of a church pierced green trees.

Here and there they noted and pointed out to each other roads over which cavalry moved or long wagon trains crept. Down along the swamps that edged the river they could see soldiers building a corduroy road, repairing bridges, digging ditches and, in one spot, erecting a fort.

"Well," said Casson, whose regiment, dismounted, had served muddy apprenticeship along the York River, "if they're going to begin that kind of thing again I'd rather be at home laying gas-pipes on Broadway."

"What kind of thing?" demanded Stephen.

"That road-making, swamp-digging—all that fixing up forts for big guns that nobody has a chance to fire because the Johnnies get out just when everything's ready to blow 'em into the Union again. A-h!" he added in disgust, "didn't we have a dose of that at Yorktown and Williamsburg? Why doesn't Little Mac start us hell-bent for Richmond and let us catch 'em on the jump?"

For a while, their mouths full of pie, the soldiers, with the exception of Berkley, criticised their commander-in-chief freely—their corps commanders and every officer down to their particular corporals.

"What's your Colonel like, anyway?" inquired Casson, turning to Berkley.

"He's a good officer," said the latter indifferently.

"Do you like him?"

"He has—merit."

"Jerusalem!" laughed Wye, "if that isn't a kick in the seat of his pants!"

Berkley reddened. "You're mistaken, Arthur."

"Didn't you tell me at Alexandria that you hated him?"

"I said that—yes. I was disappointed because the Westchester Horse was not attached to John Casson's regiment. . . . I don't—dislike Colonel Arran."

Berkley was still red; he lay in the grass on his stomach, watching the big cloud pile on the horizon.

"You know," said Casson, "that part of our army stretches as far as that smoke. We're the rear guard."

"Listen to the guns," said Wye, pretending technical familiarity even at that distance. "They're big fellows—those Dahlgrens and Columbiads ——"

"Oh, bosh!" snapped Casson, "you can't tell a howitzer from a rocket!"

The bickering discussion became general for a moment, then, still disputing, Casson and Wye walked off toward camp and Stephen and Berkley followed.

"Have you heard from your mother?" asked the latter as they sauntered along over the grass.

"Yes, twice. Father was worried half to death because she hadn't yet left Paigecourt. Isn't it strange, Phil, that, after all, we're so near Mother's old home? And Father was all against her going. I tell you, I'm worried."

"She has probably gone by this time," observed Berkley.

The boy nodded doubtfully, then: "I had a fine letter from Ailsa. She sent me twenty dollars," he added naively, "but our sutler has got it all."

"What did Ailsa say?" asked Berkley.

"Oh, she inquired about Father and me, and you, too, I believe. Oh, yes; she wanted me to say to you that she was well—and so is that other girl—what's her name?"

"Letty Lynden?"

"Oh, yes. Letty Lynden. They're in a horrible kind of a temporary hospital down on the York River along with the Sisters of Charity, and she said she had just received orders to pack up and start west with the ambulances."

"West?"

"I believe so."

After a silence Berkley said:

"I heard from her yesterday."

"You did!"

"Yes. Unless your father already knows it might be well to say to him that Ailsa's ambulance train is ordered to rendezvous in the rear of the Fifth Provisional Corps headquarters."

"Our corps!"

"That looks like it, doesn't it? The Fifth Provisional Corps is Porter's." He turned and looked back, out across the country.

"She may be somewhere out yonder at this very moment, Steve." He made a vague gesture toward the west, stood looking for a while, then turned and walked slowly on with head lowered.

"I wish my mother and Ailsa were back in New York," said the boy fretfully. "I don't see why the whole family should get into hot water at the same time."

"It wouldn't surprise me very much if Ailsa's ambulance landed beside your mother's door at Paigecourt," said Berkley. "The headquarters of the Fifth Corps cannot be very far from Paigecourt." At the cavalry lines he offered his hand to Stephen in farewell.

"Good-by," said the boy. "I wish you the luck of the Sixth Lancers. Since Hanover Courthouse nobody calls 'em 'fresh fish'—just because they charged a few Johnnies with the lance and took a few prisoners and lost thirty horses."

Berkley laughed. "Thanks, and I wish you the luck of the Fifth Zouaves. They're into everything, I hear, particularly hencoops and pigpens. Casson says they live high in the Fifth Zouaves. . . . Good-by, old fellow. . . . Will you remember me to your father?"

"I will when he lets me talk to him," grinned Stephen. "We're a disciplined regiment—I found that out right away—and there's nothing soft for me to expect just because my father is colonel and Josiah Lent happens to be major."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

(Continued from Page 11)

affording opportunities of contradicting a great part, if not all, those circumstances.

Greenleaf says in a note:

"Perhaps strong circumstantial evidence, in cases of crimes committed for the most part in secret, is the most satisfactory of any from which to draw the conclusion of guilt; for men may be seduced to perjury by many base motives, to which the secret nature of the offense may sometimes afford a temptation; but it can scarcely happen that many circumstances, especially if they be such over which the accuser could have no control, forming all together the links of a transaction, should all unfortunately concur to fix the presumption of guilt on an individual; and yet such a conclusion be erroneous."

This question must always remain an open one. It is true that if courts and juries were permitted to come to a conclusion as to the guilt of one charged with a crime, merely from a great mass of circumstantial evidence, without submitting it to proper tests, innocent persons might be imperiled. It is the tests which the law employs that insure safety. The formula into which the law fits its circumstantial evidence is concisely stated by Judge Christian in Dean's case. (32 Grat. Va. 912.) The criminal agent having been indicated by one of these invariable clews always to be found, the law's investigation follows after that in an established and orderly formula—namely, it takes up a careful examination of all the circumstances of time, place, motive, means, opportunity and conduct.

"When all the circumstances of time, place, motive, means, opportunity and conduct concur in pointing out the accused as the perpetrator of the crime, it must produce a moral if not absolute certainty of his guilt."

Now, having been sorted by the rules of evidence and fitted into this formula, the circumstances in every case will have attained to a certain completeness and entirety. They will be in proper sequence and will form a theory of guilt that may be subject to a final test. This test is the crucial one upon which the law ultimately depends in every criminal case. If the theory of guilt, established by the circumstantial evidence, in proper sequence, withstands this test at all points, its correctness is morally certain. If it breaks down at any point under this test the law discards the theory of guilt, gives the accused the benefit of the doubt and releases him.

This test is, briefly, that the theory of the prisoner's guilt, as established by the circumstantial evidence, must be inconsistent with any reasonable hypothesis of innocence.

"In order to justify the inference of legal guilt from circumstantial evidence, the existence of the inculpatory facts must be absolutely incompatible with the innocence of the accused, and incapable of explanation upon any other reasonable hypothesis than that of his guilt."

The circumstantial evidence in a criminal case must form an order of events in a complete, connected sequence. When it does this it presents a theory of guilt. When this theory of guilt is thus constructed, if the accused, or his counsel, or any member of the jury, or the presiding judge can imagine a reasonable theory of innocence in accord with these circumstances, the accused must be acquitted.

Every man charged with a crime is presumed to be innocent. The state must construct its theory of guilt, and if the accused, assailing this theory at every point, can show it to be inconsistent at any point with a reasonable hypothesis of his innocence, he cannot be punished. It is apparent that if any theory of guilt, supported by circumstantial evidence, can resist this drastic test, it must be very close to a mathematical demonstration. It is not likely that one will be innocent when, by a series of established events following in perfect sequence, his guilt is so certainly demonstrated that no man can imagine a reasonable theory of his innocence that will be consistent with these facts.

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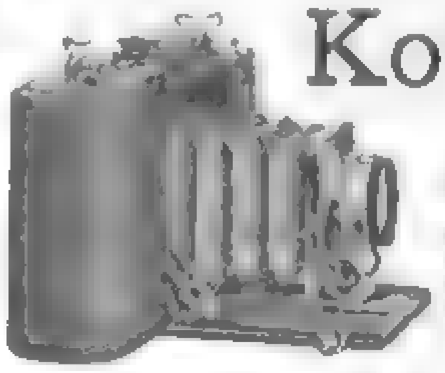

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This test will not always preclude errors; it may sometimes permit the punishment of innocent men. All human devices are necessarily imperfect. It is impossible for the human mind to guard against every error. But, for that reason, men do not despair. They bring to the conduct of their institutions the best wisdom that they possess. And by the application of this test to innumerable cases they have come to rely on it, as the chemist has come to rely on his litmus-paper test for acid.

The law has no particular difficulty in arriving at the accused's guilt or innocence after it has before it the circumstantial evidence said to connect him with the crime. It follows its own methods in the investigation. It proceeds in a certain order, after certain rules.

But there are no rules by which the first clew is obtained. It arises, as has been pointed out in these example cases, in a thousand ways.

It is hardly a caprice of fortune. The authorities have said:

"The criminal stands in the position of a country which has a coast line of indefinite extent, compelled to meet an adversary whose powerful and vigilant fleet command the seas. There is this distinction, however, between the cases. The coast line may be broken without ruin, but not so the line of a criminal's defense. A single false position in his plans—such, for instance, as the omission to wash off a blood stain; the leaving a letter or a paper, disclosing identity, in the room; the forgetting that snow was on the ground, by which footprints could be tracked; over-industry in setting up a sham defense; sudden forgetfulness in answering to a real, and not feigned, name—is destruction. And yet this is the necessity of all who seek to cover up guilt. They are acting a part which, to be perfectly acted, requires perfect skill, perfect composure, perfect foresight, perfect powers of self-transposition. Now we all know how impossible it is for even the most consummate actor to be true to an assumed character for an hour, and this under the tension of the stage. Yet this is required of a criminal constantly, in the lassitude of home as well as in the excitement of public observation, in his chamber as well as in the courthouse."

Sometimes, however, the agencies that disclose the criminal are so remote from anything that he could naturally foresee as to render all ordinary precaution on his part wholly futile. He could plan a crime with skill, carry it out without accident, and maintain the secret with equanimity, and at the same time some extraordinary agencies might destroy him.

. . . .

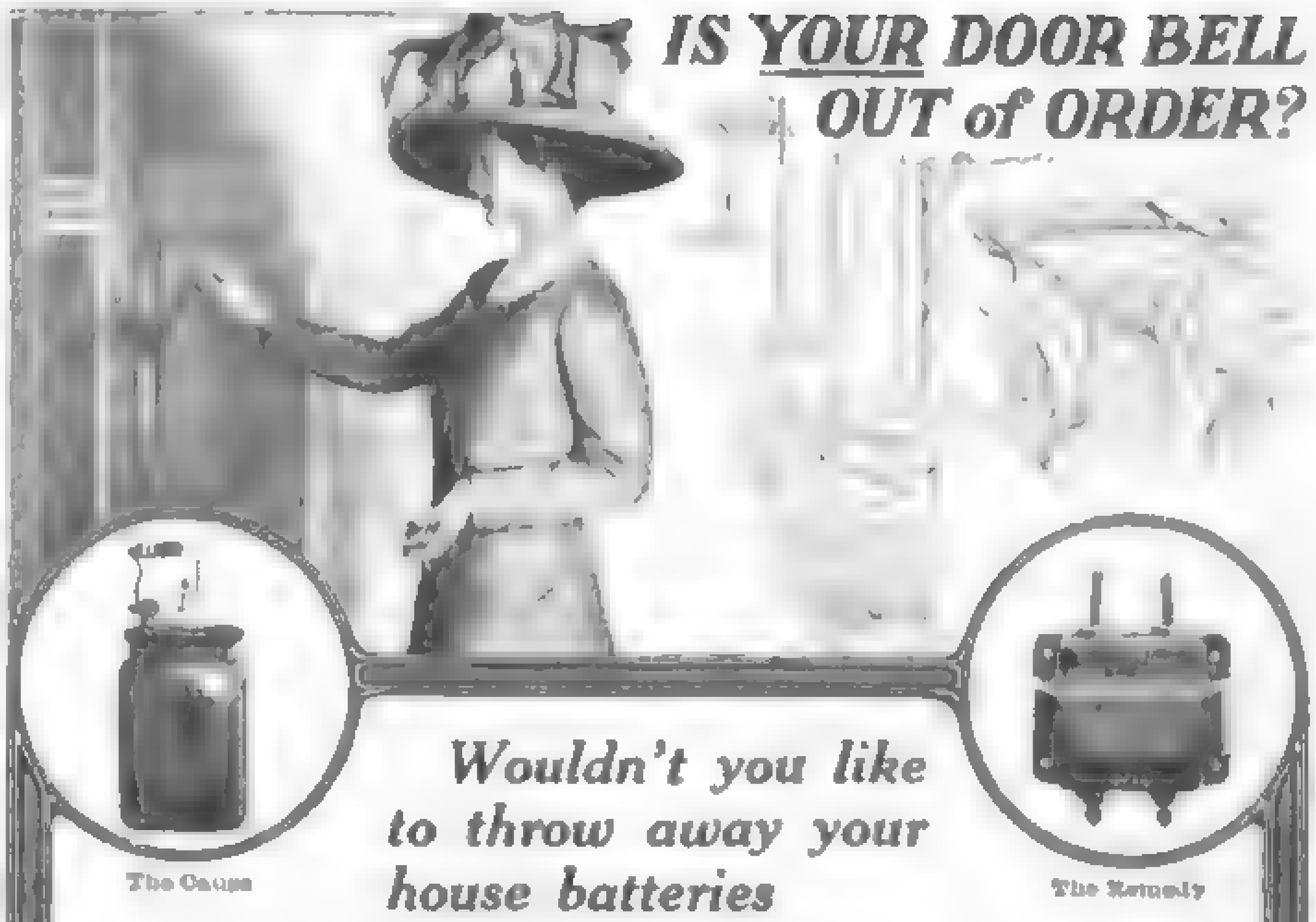
A case in point is that of State vs. Ward. (61 Ver. 154.)

On the night of January 27, 1886, some buildings belonging to one Foster were burned. It was thought that Foster himself had set fire to the buildings in order to obtain the insurance money. This impression might never have been removed had it not been for a fact so extraordinary as to be almost beyond belief.

A very short time after the burning some one set out to journey from St. Johnsbury to Mr. Foster's residence. The horse driven was from a public stable in this place; it had never been over the route, so far as the owners knew. To the astonishment of the person who was driving, this horse after setting out from St. Johnsbury began of itself to make the proper turns in the road leading to Mr. Foster's residence. The driver permitted the horse to choose its own course without any guidance. It made all the turns leading to Foster's until it came to a certain road, when, instead of keeping on the straight road, it turned up a hill in the direction of the burned buildings!

The driver of the horse was astonished. He returned and inquired of the owner. It was shown that the horse had never been over the ground. No one could account for the horse's conduct, until some one remembered that on the night of the fire a man by the name of Ward had come to this stable and hired this horse.

This was the first clew connecting Ward with the burning of the buildings. It was afterward shown that he had reason to be angry with Foster, and had burned the buildings in the hope that Foster would be charged with it. He had gone to the stable at this remote place, hired the horse and driven it on this night near to the place where the buildings were burned. The



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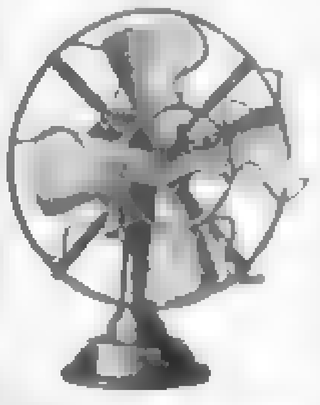

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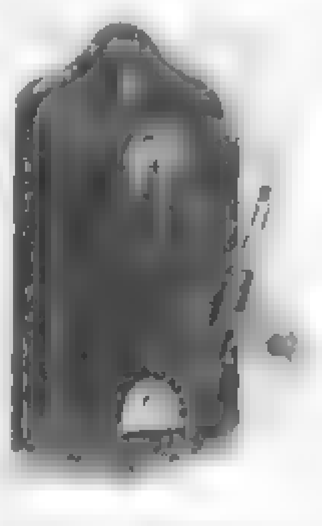

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horse had remembered the route, and when it had set out on that road again it had known the proper turns to make.

The court, in its opinion, said:

"The testimony tended to show that the horse had the habit of turning into premises and roads where he had before been driven, and every one familiar with horses is aware of their constant habit and custom in that respect, so much so that they can often be trusted to go without drivers in such places. We think the testimony had a tendency to create in the mind a persuasion that the horse had been there before, to render that fact evident."

Here the criminal was ruined by a horse's memory! The incident does not stand alone.

The court, in the case of the State vs. Hunter, *supra*, made a similar comment:

"Among many instances, Lord Campbell, in his Life of Sir Thomas More (Lives of the Lord Chancellors, 87), quotes that of the beggarwoman's little dog which, having been bought by his wife of a thief, the Lord Chancellor allowed the beggarwoman to prove her property by the dog's recognition of her. Then there is the classical incident of Ulysses, on his return from his memorable wanderings, being recognized by his dog Argos, who died from joy, when his family and his followers knew him not."

These cases show the infinite variety of incidents that serve to indicate the criminal when a crime has been perpetrated in secret. They indicate the innumerable thread ends that remain when one endeavors to cut an event out of its relation to every other event. They serve to sustain that profound statement of Greenleaf:

"It is also true that, in the actual occurrences of human life, nothing is inconsistent. Every event which actually transpires has its appropriate relation and place in the vast complication of circumstances of which the affairs of men consist; it owes its origin to those which have preceded it; it is intimately connected with all others which occur at the same time and place, and often those of remote regions; and, in its turn, it gives birth to a thousand others which succeed. In all this there is perfect harmony."

Darwin and Haeckel were of the opinion that one might formulate a natural law by the examination of a great number of cases. If they were correct in this opinion, then the conclusion that no man can entirely conceal a crime perpetrated in secret ought to be justified.

But when one pronounces this conclusion the question arises, Why is it that some secret crimes are never discovered and some criminal mysteries never solved? It is a pertinent query and presses for an answer. The reply is that such cases have not been thoroughly and intelligently investigated. It is not merely rhetoric, that as the painter signs his canvas with his own peculiar mark, so does the criminal sign his crime. The mark of the craftsman is invariably there; and to find it one has only to go carefully over the canvas with a glass.

It may as well be admitted that our machinery for the purpose of investigating crimes is not of the highest order. Such matters, under the present conduct of our institutions, are not attractive. The compensations to be had in such a field are meager, and no one of the lures that entice men in other departments of research lie that way.

We have not found the hidden secrets of Nature to be wholly beyond us; some of these we have discovered. We have not found the mysteries of the heavens above nor the earth beneath to be completely hidden; some facts with respect to them we have come dimly to understand by patient, tireless, intelligent research. If we have got at these obscure secrets, of which we had scarcely a clew, how much more certain is it that with a like investigation we would easily solve any one of these human mysteries.

If we brought to the solution of these human problems anything like the same learning, the same intelligent methods, the same patient, searching inquiry that we bring to the solution of the problems of Nature, not one of these so-called mysteries would remain. The wonder is—with the methods we do employ—not that some of these problems remain unsolved, but that we solve so many of them.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr. Post's series of papers on the Mysteries of the Law. The fifth will be published in an early number.

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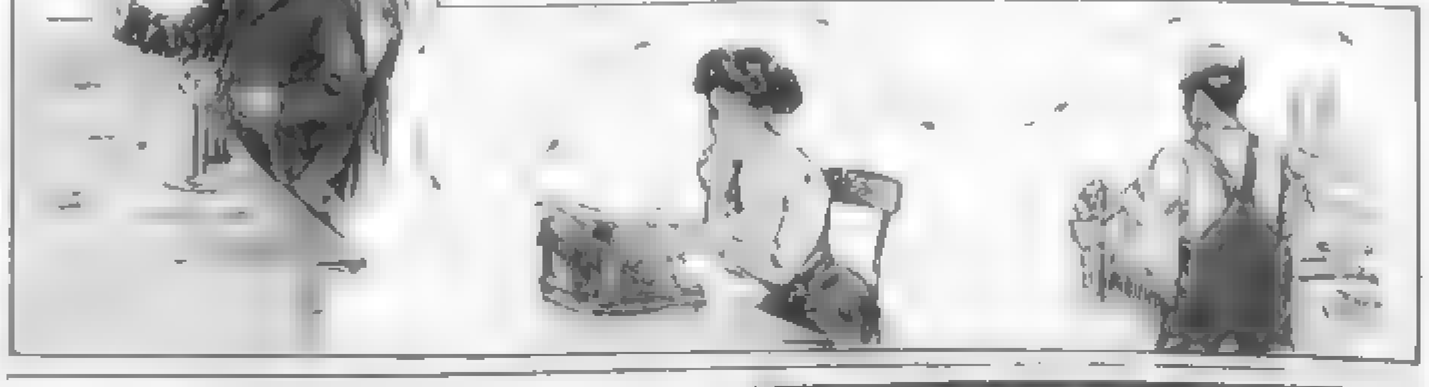

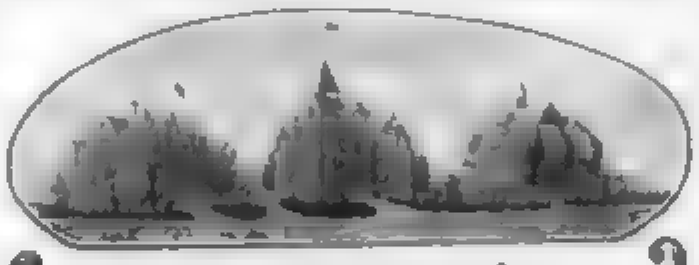

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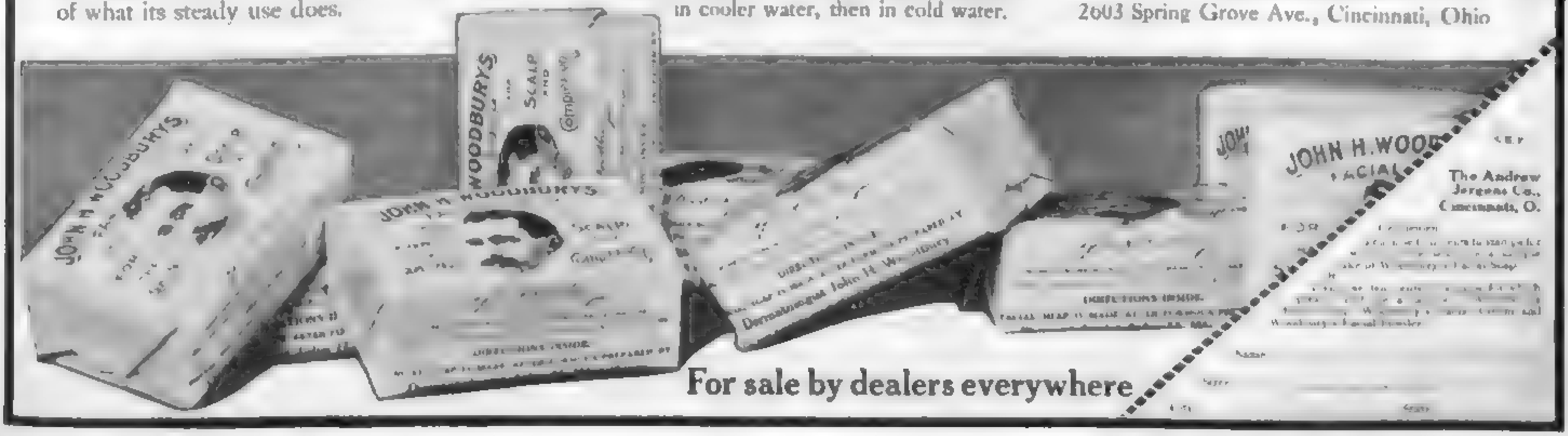

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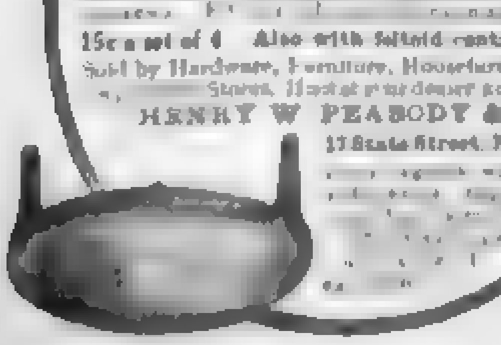

BOGUS TWENTIES

(Continued from Page 14)

"Glad to git 'quainted." Kate welcomed Ole Reliable without enthusiasm or protest.

Zack sat down. He said nothing; Kate said nothing; Harvey said nothing.

After a while Harvey's spirits seemed to rise. "Kate, Zack was tellin' me dat times was a heap better in de bottom." With a nod he indicated that vague delta country to the north. Kate did not lift her eyes; however good the times might be, "up yonder" was utterly beyond their hopes.

"De gent'man what Zack lives wid wants a lot o' families; maybe us could go?"

Kate glanced quickly at the door, and lowered her voice. "Is Uncle Zack a 'ticer?"

"No, not reg'lar; he jes come down here to git some hands."

Harvey spoke guardedly and watched his wife's face. "'Tain't nothin' to me." She spoke without interest. "Stay or go; we can't do no wuss."

"Git us a little sumpin' to eat an'—let's ——" Harvey hesitated, but Kate came out bluntly.

"Sumpin' to eat? Whar from?"

Then Harvey remembered. Zack felt the embarrassment. "I ain't hongry," he insisted.

"I is," said Kate, with her hands folded, looking straight into the fire. "Ain't you hungry, Harvey?"

"I'm hongry 'cordin' to my supper—don't want nuthin' tonight."

Zack straightened up. "Kin we buy some provisions out here?"

"Dere's a store down at de bridge, but it's shut," answered Harvey.

"Harvey, you go 'long an' show him"—a suggestion that Harvey was too ashamed to urge, and too hungry to decline.

Ole Reliable began to swell up and puff with importance. "What does you-all want?"

"Meat an' meal an' molasses an' coal-oil an' salt ——" Kate was afraid to scare him off and yet more afraid she might not ask enough.

"Let's walk, Harvey," said Zack. "We's burnin' daylight."

Kate got the jug and the basket, then stood in the doorway straightening up her wig until the two men disappeared down the hill. Harvey led the way and kept in advance; he had no tongue to talk. Just beyond the bridge was a shanty store which Zack hadn't noticed when he came out. Harvey stepped up on the shaky gallery and hesitated. "You knock," said Zack; "you knows him." Harvey rapped on the door, once, twice, then louder.

"Who's there?" a sleepy voice demanded.

"It's me, Harvey Skidmore."

"What do you want this time o' night?"

"Some provisions, please, suh."

"Can't give you anything more until you pay your account."

"Tell him we got cash money," whispered Zack; "I lay he'll wake up when he hear dat."

"We got cash money," Harvey repeated like a parrot.

"Wait a minute." They heard the tread of bare feet and a chink of light shot out from under the door. The bar dropped and a half-clad white man beckoned them in.

"What will you have, Uncle Skidmore?"

"Meat, meal, molasses, coal-oil and salt." It was the regular formula, easy to remember and not difficult to say.

Simpson produced the packages in one, two, three order, ready weighed and tied, poured the oil and molasses; then held out his hand. "Dollar-eighty."

Zack strode airily up and down. "What's dat candy wuth?" pointing to a bucket full of striped marbles.

"Twenty cents a pound."

"Chuck in a pound an' make it two dollars, even money. Is you got any coffee?"

Harvey opened his eyes wider while Zack bought sardines, salmon, cove oysters, crackers, gingersnaps—samples of everything that Simpson had. The bill came to four dollars and thirty-five cents. Zack nonchalantly tendered his twenty, being careful to exhibit the other twenty. "Dat's de least change I got."

Simpson fixed his diluted blue eyes upon this negro with the tan overcoat and money to burn.

"I—I ain't got that much change." He went to the rear room, searched through some empty cans and came back. "Here's eleven dollars; that's all I got."

Harvey looked beseechingly at Zack. Zack tilted his hat rakishly. "Dat's all right, mister; we'll come back tomorrer an' git de balance."

"I won't be here tomorrow; I'm going to town. How'll we fix it?" Simpson dreaded to lose so good a sale.

Ole Reliable couldn't afford to be short: "Harvey, you kin take it out in trade; you's a good frien' o' mine."

Zack picked up the basket, leaving the jug and oil for Harvey. They came in gloom, but they returned in joy; they had left Kate in silence, they hailed her again with song. And when Kate looked into that basket she felt that she had the world by the tail, with a downhill pull. A single jerk set her wig on straight, she showed her teeth and opened her chatterbox. With each surprise that came from the basket she laughed. "Jes like Santa Claus. Harvey, fill dat lamp so I kin see real good."

Zack placed the lamp grandly in the middle of the table. What matter if it did smoke and did smell? Nobody cared.

Kate rose up and announced, "Now den, I'm gwine to walk about some, lak a roarin' lion seekin' dat I may devour."

They ate supper out of cups and cans, bags and bundles, and they had joy with it. Having eaten recently Zack got through first. That left his mouth free to brag about the Colonel. "Cunnel sho do take keer o' his tenants—don't begrudge 'em nuthin'. Dey has mo' in deir cabins dan you-all got in dese stores, which ain't sayin' much. Dat's how come he got so many niggers. Dis year dey is clearin' up new groun', an' he wants forty families—maybe fifty or a hundred. What he wants he gits—you hear me!"

Zack's voice mounted to a dangerous pitch. He rose and made gestures.

Harvey pushed back his chair and gazed; the fire glinted on his grizzled beard. "I reckin every nigger in twenty miles wants to go whar he kin make a livin'. Some o' de white folks says, 'Let de niggers go, 'cause we can't feed 'em.' Some of 'em says, 'We got to feed 'em—we got to hold niggers an' learn how to fight de boll-weevils.' While de white folks is disputin' de niggers ain't doin' nuthin'."

Zack sniffed the argument from afar; he sparred for an opening and plunged in. "Up in de bottom you'll git so busy pickin' cotton an' buyin' things from de sto' you won't hab no chance to do nuthin'. One ole triflin' nigger cleared 'leben hundred dollars las' year."

Harvey edged away from the table and maneuvered into a strategic position; then he and Zack went at it.

Kate busied herself laying Zack's pallet on the floor in the back room. "Anything'll do me," he remarked; "I'm that tired I kin sleep on a clo'esline an' kiver wid a step-ladder."

At the first peep of day Harvey turned out, chunked up the fire and filled the kettle. Zack rolled over for another nap and made no effort to move. Kate came softly and closed the middle door. Presently he heard voices at the front step—three white men on horses. He tiptoed to the window. One of the men was saying to Harvey, "Mr. Barker saw him on the bridge last night; tall black fellow with a tan overcoat and felt hat."

Harvey shook his head and his mind acted like a flash. Without answering the question he put one. "Did you-all ask Mr. Simpson?"

"His store's shut up; he's gone." The man pulled aside his coat and exhibited a badge. "We are United States detectives; the Government wants him."

"De Guv'ment!" Harvey gasped. A constable could be bought off, folks might wriggle out of a cotehouse scrape; but when the Government got after a nigger he might just as well hold up his hands.

"Yes, the United States Government; there's a big reward for him. I would give you fifty dollars for information leading to his capture."

"If I see 'im I'll sho tell you; sho will. Dese stray niggers gits us into a heap o' trouble."

The officers rode on. Reid laughed. "I say, Mac, if you want to scare a country nigger just mention 'Government.'"

"Skeerin' an' tellin' is different," observed the local officer.

Harvey watched the officers until they were gone. Zack's confidence grew as their

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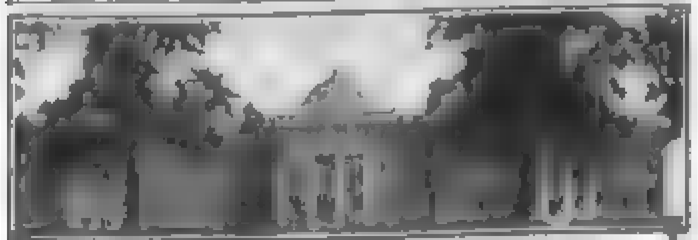

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backs vanished. Harvey went into the house with a serious face. "Zack, dese white folks is sicked de Guv'ment on labor agents."

Zack calmly relighted the stump of last night's cigar. "Huh! Guv'ment ain't shucks to de Cunnel."

For three nights Ole Reliable and Harvey dodged around from cabin to cabin, talking hog and hominy to the negroes—"bale to the acre in the bottom." There was scarcely a family in the neighborhood that was not anxious to move, but complained that they were too poor.

Zack made a ten-strike as Moses pointing to the promised land. If he had been careful he might have got away with his bunch in spite of a hostile Government; but he went to a meeting of the lodge wearing his tan coat and felt hat. Harvey protested. "Dat overcoat an' hat is what dey seeks you by."

"Can't hep it. Cunnel would be ashamed fer me to go among dese people wid a ole raggedy overcoat. He don't 'low his tenants to wear nuthin' but good clo'es."

With splendid generosity Zack paid Sam Kane twenty dollars for a yearling to feed the special meeting. "Got to hab plenty to eat, an' miracles is gone out o' style."

Word-o'-mouth men spread the joyful news, and Sam proved it by exhibiting a banknote. Every member came, singly and on foot, because so many mules would attract attention. Harvey got nervous. "'Mong all dese niggers dere's sho to be a blabber."

Zack laughed. "De bigger de covey de mo' birds we'll git."

He made the speech of his life with that seductive overcoat lying on the table in full view. Even the conservative Harvey felt jubilant when they got home and nobody had bothered them. "Mo' niggers is goin' dan de steam cars kin tote."

The bother came that night, and it came without warning. Six men, possibly eight—it was hard to tell in the dark—rode noiselessly through a skirt of woods in the rear of Harvey's house. Two other horsemen stood guard in the public road near the bridge.

Reid was talking to young Henry Lawrence, who rode at the head of the posse. "Yes, Mr. Lawrence, we got a straight tip that Harvey Skidmore is hiding the counterfeiter. He passed a twenty-dollar bill on Simpson and another one on a negro named Sam Kane. Both of them turned up at the bank. Skidmore was seen with him both times. The fellow pretends to be a labor agent and Skidmore has been piloting him around at night. That's why you don't know anything about it."

"I don't believe Uncle Harvey would hide a criminal. He has been with my father for nearly fifty years."

The detective shrugged his shoulders and Lawrence led them into a bridle-path that turned up the hill. "There's the house," he said. Reid and Lawrence rode straight to the front; the others separated and surrounded it.

Kate had just put out her light; Zack on his pallet and Harvey in the bed were still talking over the lodge meeting.

A horse neighed. "What's dat?" Kate sat up.

"Nothin' but a stray hoss."

"No, 'tain't. I hears a lot of 'em."

Harvey jumped up and ran to the window. "Sh! Sh! Dere's a lot o' men on hosses—'bout fifty. Git dressed, Zack."

Zack scrambled to his feet and stood in the middle of the floor. "Got my bizness in a jam," he remarked.

A call came from outside. "Uncle Harvey!—Skidmore!"

"Dat's Mr. Henry Lawrence." Harvey's voice showed his intense relief; no harm would be done him.

"Yas, suh; yas, suh, Mr. Henry, wait a minute."

"We are looking for a man named 'Dressy Jack.' Is he in your house?"

Reid spoke more peremptorily. "Open the door—we want to see for ourselves."

"All right, suh."

Zack stood paralyzed and Harvey had already started to open the door. Kate grabbed him. "Tell 'em we got a sick woman in here—my sister—an' please don't make so much fuss. Ask 'em to wait a minute till I strike a match an' put on some clo'es."

Harvey fumbled at the door and parleyed with the men. Kate flew about the room. "Here, Uncle Zack, put on dis wig; git in dat bed." She snatched up his tan coat and hat, and stuffed them under the

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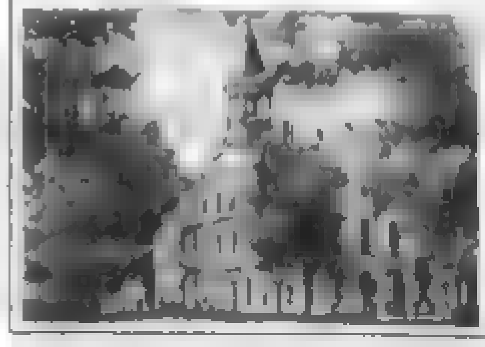

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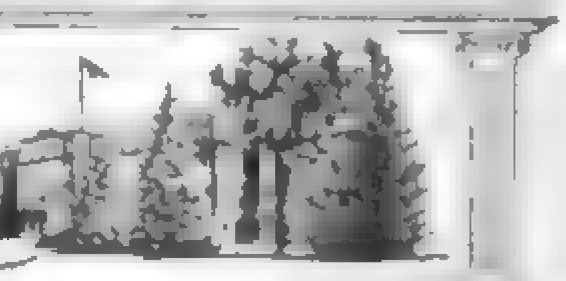

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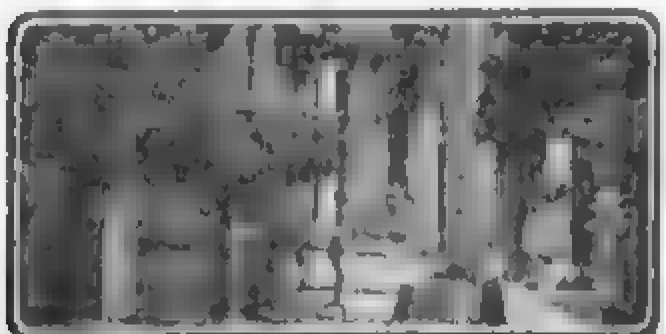

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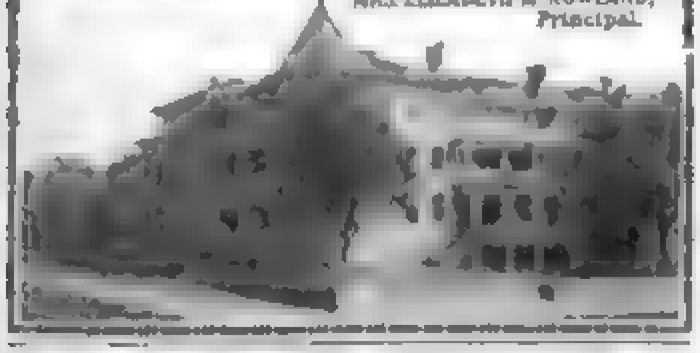

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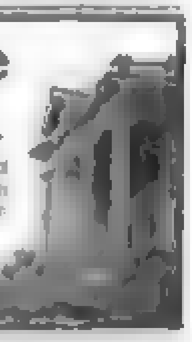

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mattress. Then she lifted the baby, hid Zack's shoes and valise in the cradle and put the baby on top of them. Kate smoothed her wig around Zack's face and tucked the bedclothes under his chin. "Lie jes still as you kin."

When Harvey opened the door, and two men came in, they found Kate lighting a lamp and turning up the wick. "Good evenin', Mr. Henry; is yo' pa well?" Her voice betrayed no excitement.

Henry Lawrence was kind and apologetic. "Uncle Harvey, these gentlemen are Government detectives, and they want to look in your house for a counterfeiter."

"County what? Lord, Mr. Henry, you know I ain't got nuthin' like dat in here."

"Who is that in the bed?" Reid pointed with his whip to Ole Reliable.

"Dat's Kate's sister what's got de newmony—please, suh, don't hole dat do' so wide open." Kate lifted the light so that Reid could see the sick woman.

Reid turned and strode into the back room. "Bring that lamp. What's that?"

"Harvey's been sleepin' on dat quilt while my sister is sick."

Henry Lawrence closed the door so the cold wind would not blow upon the woman. "Is she very sick?"

"Tol'able bad off."

"Have you had the doctor?"

"No, suh; we ain't got no money."

"Father will come over tomorrow morning." He slipped the old man a dollar. "You may need that," he whispered.

"Thankee, Mister Henry."

Reid searched the house rapidly, then stepped out on the gallery and called to Mr. Lawrence. "He's made his getaway, or we had the wrong tip. Let's put the blocks to that old man and make him tell."

"Couldn't get anything out of him tonight. You have got him too badly scared. Father is coming over here tomorrow; he will tell father anything he knows."

"No; we better sweat him right now; he's the last man that was seen with Singleterry."

"All right. Harvey, come here."

"Yas, suh, Mr. Henry." The old man came out on the gallery and stood at one side until the two white men should get through talking.

Then everybody stopped; the sound of hoofs came from the direction of town and clattered across the bridge. The horse halted suddenly. A moment later the guard at the bridge shouted, "Oh, John! Oh, Mr. Saunders! they've caught him."

The sheriff had been sitting on his horse behind the house. "Come along, Mr. Reid," he called.

Harvey could not understand. He glanced into the dimly lighted room. Kate was near the bed pouring something out of a bottle to give the sick woman. Ole Reliable had never moved.

Lawrence and Reid mounted their horses and rode down the hill as rapidly as they dared. Some of their men had gone before; the others followed.

The cavalcade had gathered on the bridge. Saunders pushed among them. "Where's the nigger?" he asked.

"They nabbed him in town." A young deputy brought his horse alongside. "Jim Warren pulled him off the train."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure; he's in jail."

"Let's ride," said the sheriff. "Good night, Mr. Lawrence; sorry to trouble you." And the posse struck a lope.

"Come here, Albert," the sheriff called. "How did you pick him up?"

"He slipped down to the coal-chute and tried to get aboard the train."

"Reckon he must have dodged us on the road."

"No, I think not. He is supposed to have been hiding in that negro boarding-house waiting his chance to git."

"That overcoat and hat was a dead give-away."

"No, sir; he shucked them. Had on overalls. We got a satchel full of counterfeit twenties."

"Anything to identify him?"

"Yes, sir; he had letters to Mr. Benjamin Green and Doctor Lawrence; got twenty-five dollars from the bank on another letter to Mr. Webster. Slick artist, carries letters of introduction from Colonel Spottiswoode, of Vicksburg."

"We will notify the Colonel."

"Mr. Webster telegraphed him right away. He's coming down tomorrow.

. . . .

The joke was on Colonel Spottiswoode, and he showed it when he stepped off the

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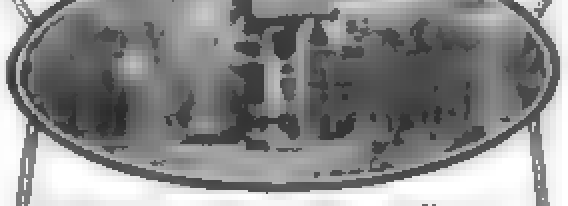

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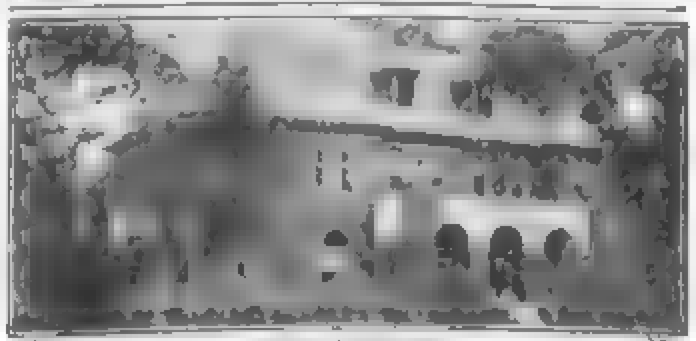

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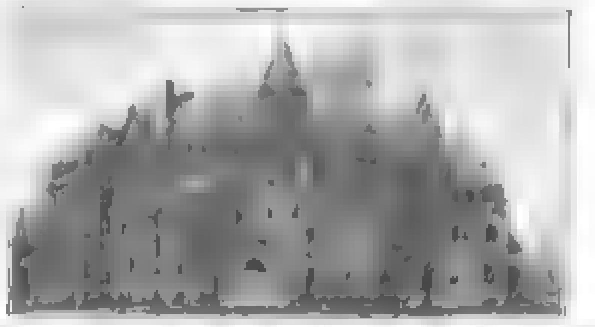

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morning train. The sheriff met him with a broad grin.

"Well, Colonel, I knew you were easy, but this beats all. Negro counterfeiter going around with your introduction to banking institutions."

"Shut up, John! Have a cigar and tell me what that old fool has been doing."

"He got twenty-five dollars from Jimmy Webster on a letter from you."

"That's all right, perfectly right. I told him to get money."

"Did you tell him to pass a twenty-dollar counterfeit on Ezra Simpson?"

"I'll make that good; must be a mistake."

"Did you tell him to pass another queer twenty on Sam Kane for a yearling to give a barbecue?"

"Passed two counterfeits?"

"And tried to pass another at the drug store. We can get all three of the bills."

Colonel Spottiswoode made some adverse comments on Zack's intelligence until the sheriff rubbed him the wrong way. Then he turned. "Look here, John; there isn't a bit of harm in Ole Reliable. I'll bet a hat that he can explain himself out of jail—to your own satisfaction."

"That's a bet. It would be worth a hat to hear it."

The two detectives waited at the jail and fell in behind. Colonel Spottiswoode entered with the sheriff. The jailer led them down a corridor, undid some complicated bolts and opened the cell door. A negro sat with his face toward the window.

Saunders pointed to him. "Go ahead, Colonel; turn on his explanation."

"Zack!" The prisoner shifted his face. Colonel Spottiswoode gave one puzzled glance, then burst into a laugh. "John, hadn't you better put Zack in jail before you make him explain his way out? That's not my nigger."

"The hell it ain't! Here, you! Whose nigger are you?"

Singleterry, having taken many third degrees, turned to the window and shut up like a clam. Reid and McCullough crowded into the cell. Colonel Spottiswoode leaned up against the door and his face got redder as he laughed.

"All right, John; I'll take a panama; but where is my nigger?"

"Damned if I know anything, and I ain't sure of that!"

Returning to the jail office Colonel Spottiswoode identified his letters that had been captured with Singleterry. "And that is Zack's overcoat, I think."

McCullough, the silent man, had been doing a lot of thinking. "Saunders, we've got the wrong sow by the ear. This is our man; but the other one has been passing counterfeits too. We'll have to go back to the country and get him."

"If you can," grinned the sheriff; "you've made three waterhauls."

"Gentlemen," suggested the Colonel, "you leave Zack to me. I'm going after that old fool myself."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but the United States has got an interest in him now."

"I can get him quicker than the Government can."

"How?"

"Go out there in the woods and whistle."

Both detectives looked at the sheriff. "That's right; let Colonel Spottiswoode produce his man. Then we'll get this thing cleared up."

"And get his man cleared out."

The Colonel wheeled. "Sir, my negro will report here tomorrow if he's in this county."

. . . .

That is why Colonel Spottiswoode rode out alone to Homewood Plantation. He stopped every negro he saw and inquired for Zack. They hadn't seen him; some, perhaps, were telling the truth. To all he gave the same message, "Tell Zack that Colonel Spottiswoode will spend the night at Mr. Lawrence's house, and for him to be there."

Spottiswoode traveled deliberately; in fact, he fed along the way like a flock of geese and stopped frequently to talk. The grapevine telegraph carried the news. It works by mouth-power, without wires.

When he reached Six-mile Bridge Zack stepped out, grinning, with his hat in hand. "Howdy, Cunnel; you sho is lookin' fine."

Spottiswoode meant to glare, freeze and cuss, but he didn't. He reined up his horse and laughed. "Where the devil did you get those nigger-minstrel clothes?"

"Swapped wid a feller; niggers is crazy 'bout 'em. Dey believe all de Sherwood

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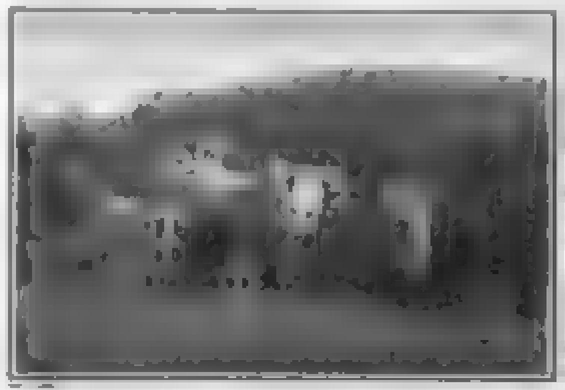

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tenants wears dese kind o' clo'es." Ole Reliable revolved slowly and let the Colonel view him.

"How about this trouble you've got into?"

"Who? Me? I ain't had no trouble; got mo' niggers dan I know what to do wid, ready to move when you say de word. Dey kin be in Gatesville tomorrer mornin'. I 'lowed to send you a deespatch dis very night."

"Mr. Green and Doctor Lawrence said it was all right?"

"I lost dem letters o' yourn by some hook or crook, an' got dis bunch o' niggers widout botherin' nobody. Dey comes from everywhere."

Zack cowered like a rooster in a hailstorm while the Colonel eased his mind. "Zack, look at me; what's all this talk about your passing counterfeit money?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, you. They say you passed a twenty-dollar bill on Mr. Simpson."

"Who? Me?"

"And one on Sam Kane, for a yearling."

"Who? Me?"

"And tried to pass another at a drug store in town."

"Cunnel, what kind o' foolishness you come out here talkin' to me?"

"Three counterfeit twenty-dollar bills—that's no foolishness."

Zack threw up both hands and clapped them against his hips. "Dar now, bless Gawd! I sho did 'spicion dat Singleterry nigger; he war too oncommon liberal wid dat spense 'count."

"Yes, they put him in jail."

"Fried 'im in his own grease. Huh! He ought to be in jail. Runned off widout payin' his board-bill an' lef' me 'sputin' wid de chambermaid. Countyfit, huh! I ain't got no time to be projeckin'; I got a bunch o' niggers on my hands. Now, Cunnel, 'tain't no sense settin' dar on dat hoss alaughin' an' laughin' fit to bust."

Colonel Spottiswoode rode over half of Gates County paying debts for the tenants and apologizing for Zack. Zack himself was radiant until Sam Kane, with a bogus twenty in his hand and war in his eye, waylaid him behind the blacksmith shop. "Look here, nigger; dis money ain't no 'count ——"

Colonel Spottiswoode stopped the altercation. "Hi, there! What's the matter?"

Sam held out the bad money. The Colonel examined it. "What do you want? Change for this? All right, here's four fives and an extra dollar. By the nine gods, I'll never spend this pretty bill; can you get me some more like it?"

Sam shook his head and stared at the crisp new slip of money that Colonel Spottiswoode put away so carefully in an envelope after having marked something on the back. The more Sam thought over it the more he had to think about. "Huh! dat sho was purty money; I oughter got twenty-five at de very least."

A like transaction with Simpson closed the second chapter of lamentations.

The Colonel followed Ole Reliable's winding trail and straightened out the tangle. Then the big road began to fill with negroes on their way to Sherwood. "Tole you so, Cunnel; I knows dese niggers like a book."

Late the next evening, after they had provided a special coach for their negroes, a weary Colonel and triumphant Zack reported at the sheriff's office. Reid was consulting with McCullough when Ole Reliable rushed in, beaming, and grabbed the sheriff by both hands. "Bless Gawd, of here ain't Mister Johnny Saunders; how you is growed! You used to be one skinny little ole white boy."

The case of the United States vs. Zack Foster exploded in an uproar of hilarity.

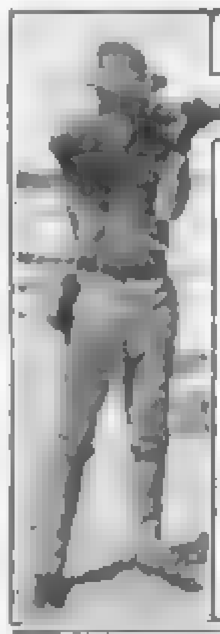
Colonel Spottiswoode called Reid aside and delivered the counterfeit bills, sealing the envelopes and writing his name across the flaps.

"I can identify these at any time, and will bring that old man whenever you may need him as a witness. Zack, bid the gentleman goodby; it's nearly train time."

. . . .

The train pulled out with all the Sherwood-bound families in their special coach. Zack rambled off to the sleeper. "Cunnel, Mister Johnny Saunders done me wrong, he made me swap back wid Singleterry—dat overcoat an hat. I reckin 'twarn't fair fer me to take 'vantage of a nigger what ain't got all de sense dat's comin' to him. Excusin' dat, I sho had a good time, Cunnel."

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



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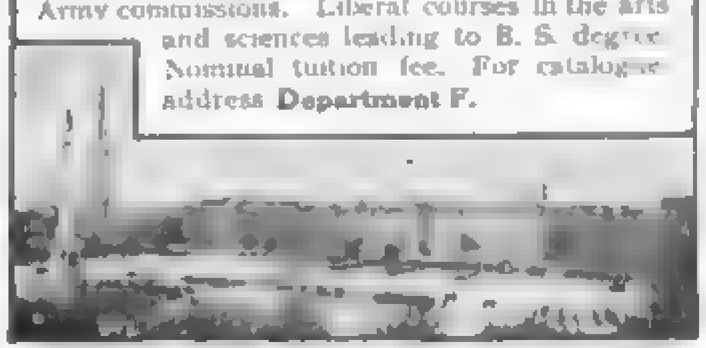

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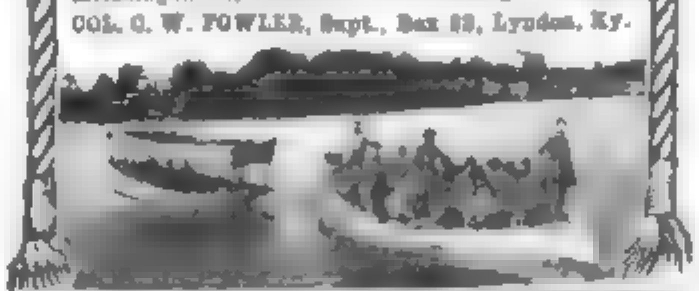

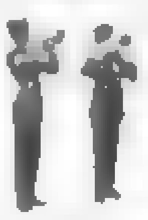

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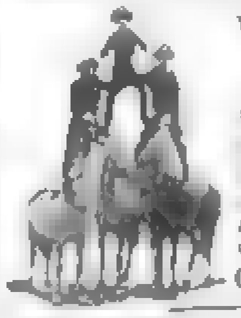

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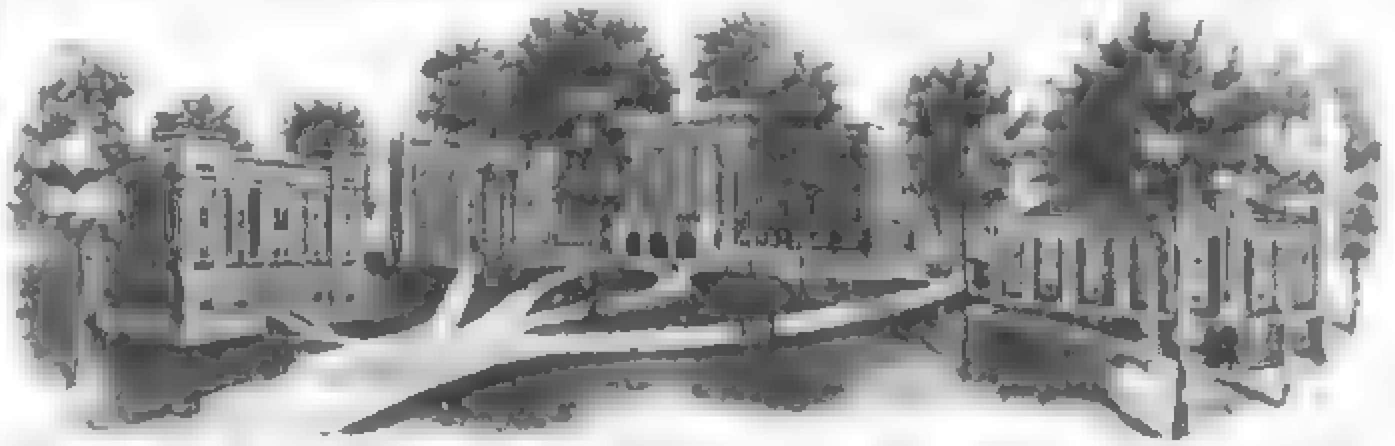

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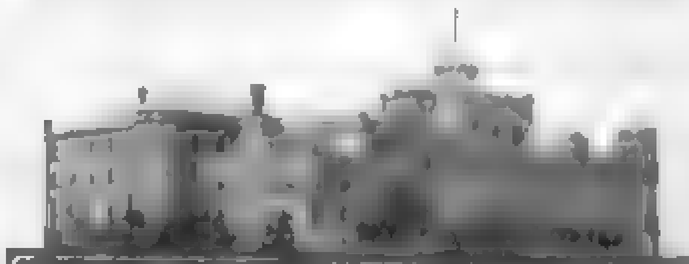

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THE NEW WOMAN AND HER WAYS

(Continued from Page 9)

articles written about trucking than about any other branch of farming. The average woman is more interested in it, partly because gardening is a domestic sort of thing, and partly because, for a dozen years, so many families have tried to reduce their expenses by having a little kitchen garden. We read now and then accounts of the minister's half-grown daughters who supplied the family with cucumbers, cabbage and sweet corn, and, besides, cleared enough to pay their big brother's college fees.

"I'm just a good middle-class gardener," said one well-to-do woman. "My typical crops are tomatoes, peppers, asparagus, sweet corn, carrots and red raspberries. I don't try the unusual things like ginseng and mushrooms. I have heard that a woman can make a living on three acres, but I should put it at not less than ten, while eighty acres would be an ideal size, because then half of the area could be in rest, and could be furnishing food for the necessary cow and horses. When one considers the number of worn-out farms, particularly in the East, it seems to spell ruin to this country if they are not rested and nursed. This plan would also allow plenty of scope for raising the best kind of each vegetable. Tomatoes should be bred for efficiency just as much as cows.

"From my outdoor crop, for example, I get four or five hundred bushels of tomatoes an acre, and sell them for forty or fifty cents a bushel. I know my market well. In certain parts of the East some crops are staple, such as asparagus and cauliflower, and yield large incomes. Strawberries will bring still more money, but one must know just when and where one can dispose of them. My theory is that the markets are glutted with inferior fruits and vegetables, the results of poor methods of culture, but there is always a sale for the best. I want a quick market, for fine vegetables cannot be shipped far and maintain their high qualities. I farm lettuce under glass, getting three crops between September and March. I believe in polishing, careful packing, bright and pretty labels, attractive and conspicuous advertising. Like most women, I don't want a middleman asking a big commission. I want to get all my profits myself, and sometimes those profits come as high as twenty per cent."

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Risks in Orchard Ventures

Women, as a rule, do well in glass farming, for it necessitates the careful advance calculation in which they excel. But it involves some heavy work. For instance, the heat must be carefully tested, as lettuce so easily burns, and it not only takes judgment to regulate the temperature but muscle to stoke the furnace. In this branch, too, much specialization is suicidal. As in general farming, something is sure to fail, and the only salvation is a variety of crops; if the lettuce burns, the asparagus will pull the farmer through. Miss Agnes Cunningham, of Pennsylvania, sometimes makes as much as thirty per cent gross on her specialties of tomatoes and asparagus. Some women make eight hundred dollars clear from thirty acres; some lose on eight acres.

First cousin to this branch of farming is work in orchards and small fruits. Here there are great tales of profit: one apple orchard yields a thousand dollars; seventeen acres of grapes, seventeen hundred dollars; one peach orchard of one hundred and sixty acres, fifteen thousand dollars. But out of all this comes the cost of the farmer's own work and what she pays for her orchard heaters and pickers and packers. Besides, there is a decided chance for loss. One Western storm, one sharp, prolonged frost, may destroy in a day the prospective profits of a whole orchard.

Some nurserywomen, such as Miss Mary Haines, of Pennsylvania, have made the nursery business pay by starting in moderately and increasing the stock as business increases. It is sometimes five years before interest on the investment begins to show, and the amount the business pays depends largely on the locality. In the neighborhood of wealthy landowners will be found high-priced nurseries

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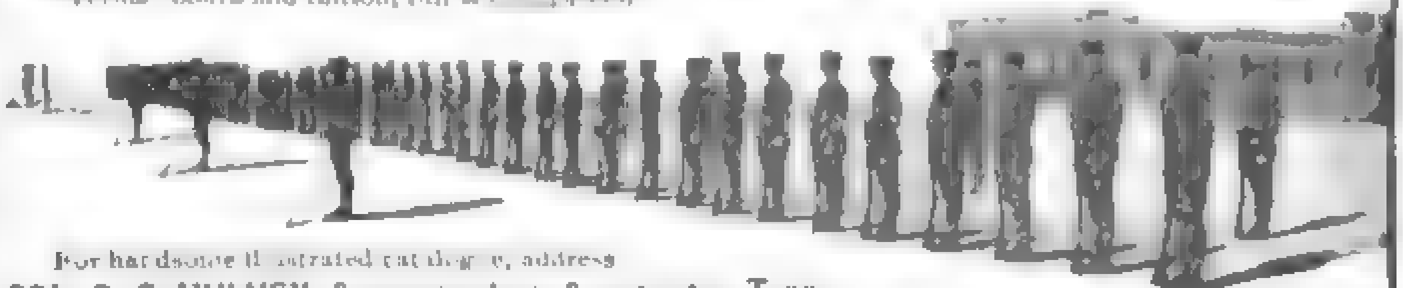

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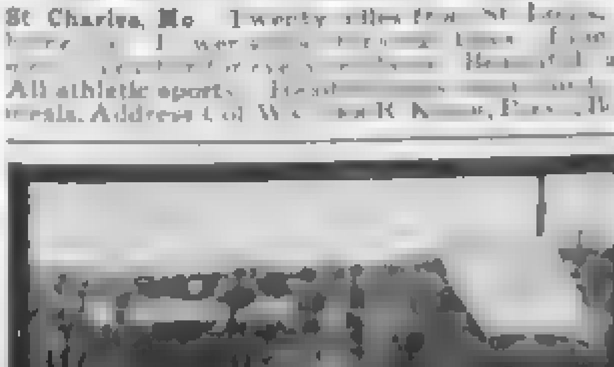

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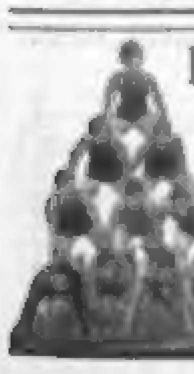

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with good and wide stock. Another one, equally good but smaller, will be in a neighborhood that is growing, but unable to pay high prices. Profits depend, too, on where the wholesale goods are purchased, and how long before they are ready to sell. No woman gets rich at nursery work, but she makes a fair living, and her plants and buds are more inspiring companions than would be laces and ribbons.

Women florists are rarer here than in Europe, where, indeed, almost the whole business of flower selling is in their hands. In America it is more trouble to raise flowers than it is to raise babies. Some of the women are growers and some retail florists; a small grower has little chance of making headway compared to a large grower, for retail florists want to be sure all their orders will be filled. Miss S. M. Tucker, the first woman florist to begin in New York, makes a point of buying from women growers, for they take pride in sending fresh flowers in good condition. Miss Carrol Macy, grower and retail dealer, of Scarborough, New York, and Miss Clara Wilbur, grower, of New Haven, both with good businesses, began without any previous training, while Miss Dorrance, of Pennsylvania, took up the work as her father's assistant. Some, like Mrs. Annie Frost, of Marblehead, begin by accident. She had an old-fashioned garden, and one day some people motoring past asked to buy some of the flowers. A little casual custom came that way, and then she took up sweet peas as a specialty, rented land, and now makes five hundred dollars a year profit above all expenses. A Virginia woman with a worn-out farm, who could command cheap labor and manure, began to raise violets. From first cultivating on open ground, and then, at the approach of winter, covering with cheap sashes, she has progressed till she has twenty thousand plants, all for Northern markets, and she sometimes makes eight hundred dollars from a single greenhouse.

All told, there are fully three thousand women acting as nurserymen, market gardeners and florists, most of them in business for themselves and not merely laborers; and there are many thousands more who have market gardening for a supplementary occupation. Nevertheless, there are almost a hundred times as many general farmers because of the higher financial returns that general farming brings.

Rabbits and Persian Cats

Of the big farm branches, a few women have succeeded well in dairying, but here there must be a nice adjustment of demand and supply, and a pretty good slice of capital. Dairying under the conditions of this country does not pay well, although there is no country where it is better conducted except Holland. Nowadays, the consumer, even when he is clamoring to have milk put back to eight cents a quart, demands thoroughbred cows, hygienic dairies and spotless-town dairymen, all of which cannot be had without serious expense, just as skilled labor in general farming calls for high wages. No sensible dairywoman with ordinary luck will expect even to pay expenses for five or six years; after that she may realize a small percentage on her investment if she sells milk and does not make butter.

With just a few exceptions, such as Miss McIsaacs, of Wisconsin, women who have made money from cows have combined the work with some other branch, such as chicken raising or beekeeping, or—that helpful resource when money grows scarce—keeping boarders. In general, the people who really make money from dairying are foreigners. The whole family works hard—father, mother and children; and their apparent success comes from the large amount of unpaid labor and their low standard of living.

There are a few women who raise Persian cats and rabbits as a supplement to some light branches of farmwork, but not many go in for stock raising. As one scientific farmer pessimistically remarked, they couldn't do worse than the men, for there are not a dozen names in this country that stand out as really successful breeders.

One of the most successful women breeders chose an Eastern farm because land is cheaper there than in the West, and the stock could be easily bbought to good markets; practically her only disadvantage is that bran has to be bought in the West. She has the coöperation of her husband; and most breeders rely on some

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man—husband, father, neighbor or high-priced farm manager. Moreover, they are nearly all engaged in other specialties of farmwork, or else they have independent incomes. A typical breeder, like Mrs. E. P. Davis of Pennsylvania, raises Ayrshire cattle, Shropshire sheep, draft horses, pigs, sheep-dogs and poultry. And she finds that one cannot close the lids on the animals at night as one used to do with a Noah's Ark, but must spend hours of personal work with them, at night as well as during the day.

Paper Fortunes in Poultry

The project of raising poultry goes to the feminine head more dizzily than any other get-rich-quick scheme. With a pencil and paper, it is easy to make a fortune in chickens, considering how many millions of them are consumed every year, and how much the consumer pays for them at the butcher's. More disaster has attended this occupation than any other connected with farming, for many an unsophisticated woman has tried it only to find that just after long loss, when she thinks that full knowledge has come and that success is dawning, some treacherous fact obtrudes which makes her decide that she must have been demented before she ever started the business. Moreover, if she has too many eggs and hens the price will fall, and the general farmer, who can feed his hens more cheaply than she can, will sell low enough to take away her market. On the other hand, his hens lay only when conditions are most favorable, and in the winter, when eggs are fifty cents a dozen, she has none to sell.

A few women have gone in for raising ducks and turkeys. The popular fallacy that ducks require a stream or pond is passing away, for those raised without it put on flesh instead of feathers. They are easier to bring up than any other fowl, freer from disease, and are ready for market when eight weeks old. Turkey farming is more difficult, and must be done where there is water. A certain Texas woman rides into Austin twice a year on a mustang of her own breaking, driving flocks of turkeys before her. But most of the big ranches given up to the raising of ducks and turkeys are managed by men. Pigeon raising seems somehow to belong to the small boy, but there are some women, sure of their market, who take it up as supplementary work, since each pair of breeders nets about two dollars' profit.

A field growing in popularity is beekeeping. Over a hundred million pounds of honey are sold yearly in America. But here, as in other specialties, it is better to take it up in combination with other work. One woman has found beekeeping most profitable when combined with a fruit and poultry farm where clover, sunflower and millet are grown for the hens. Her yield of honey when the apiary was restricted to forty or fifty hives was three dollars a hive, net.

A number of women have assured themselves of a market by going in for unusual specialties, where they have to meet little or no competition. One woman in New Jersey adds to her income by having a water-garden and raising Egyptian lotus. On her farm of fifty acres there ran, a hundred and fifty yards from the house, a stream of fresh tidewater, and between the house and the stream was a low piece of ground that at high water was overflowed and at low water was most unsightly. So she dug a pond, made a bank between it and the stream, and set a pipe so that only the water at its highest point would enter the pond, the lilies requiring still water. The simple method of planting was to tie a tuber to a brick and throw it into the water. Her only difficulties were how to get rid of her superfluous flowers and of muskrats, and both of these she surmounted. She sells the lilies to a local market: the plants for thirty cents each to private customers; and the tubers, which are in great demand, to a city market, where they bring from fifty cents to eight dollars. A few other women have made water-gardens, but as a luxury rather than as a commercial proposition.

Another occupation is raising ornamental pheasants, like the Lady Amherst and the Golden, for the aviaries of rich men. There is some demand for the common English or Ringneck pheasant, which may be sold to these same rich men, who shoot over their estates in the autumn. It is uncertain work, for Ringneck babies will disappear down any available crack as soon as they are hatched. But the eggs sell for twenty-five cents each, and the pheasants for from two dollars up.

In Indiana one woman has planted a persimmon grove, which seems to thrive on stony land. Twenty-five or thirty trees an acre may be set out, and though they grow slowly they bring from a hundred to a hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre.

Certain women have been investigating the chances for growing plants for drugs and for tea. It is pretty well established that drug-plants would scarcely pay. As for tea growing, the only commercially successful tea-grounds are at Summerville, South Carolina, where the proprietor has reduced the cost of production to twenty-nine cents and hopes to reduce it to fourteen. It seems strange, however, that some woman does not take up perfumery farming, which is just as possible here as in France. In the South and West, where roses are plentiful, it should be profitable, especially as the art of distillation is simplicity itself, and the process of maceration could be easily learned.

Pessimists, who seem in accord with the East African legend which has it that agriculture was sent as a punishment to the race, say that farming does not pay either for man or woman; that if a farmer manages his taxes and keeps out of debt, trusting to occasional luck for his clothes, he need expect no more. Some careful statistics have been taken over a number of years from a population of four thousand farmers in a district of New York, which reveals the facts that one-third of them receive for their work less than they are paying their farmhands, one-third approximate the laborer's wage, and one-third (those who have at least three specialties) get a fair return. Perhaps ten per cent of them clear from two thousand to four thousand dollars net above all expenses. Other states offer better opportunities, but this is a fair average of the returns of actual farming as it has so far been conducted. A good many men and women have been willing to farm on such a basis, especially the women, since they can combine, in farming, occupation and a home.

Science to the Rescue

But that is the old view. The new view is that the farmers' standards of living are rising, and that the public can never again hope to secure farm products at a price as low as they were sold by the pioneer farmers, who worked virgin land that they had obtained as a gift and that they held for an advance. The main disadvantage from which men and women farmers suffer, in the East at least, is from outworn land of which the pioneers exhausted the fertility. Land is only two-thirds as productive as it was fifty years ago, yet the selling value is four times as great, because there are more people who have to live on it. In the eastern half of this country farms can be bought for less than the capital that has been spent in bringing them to their present state—that is, in depleting them and making them unproductive.

Farmers have just begun to get rid of their conservatism and inertia; some of them see that if, during periods of low prices, they rest themselves, and rest their lands in clover, they will gain in the long run. They are just beginning to understand and follow the advice of the agricultural experiment stations, and are in a fair way to double production. The woman farmer realizes this. She enters the work in a mood of humility; she is willing to learn. She does not believe, as many a man farmer does, that being born on a farm equips one with a God-given knowledge of scientific farming. She knows that any intelligent farmer ought to be making money at the present time, especially if he has about fifty dollars capital for each acre.

She knows that farming is just in its infancy, and that it is offering her a great opportunity. She prepares herself to give much and expect little, but she is sure in the end of having more money in the bank than if she had stayed in the city; besides, she will always have a safe and comfortable home. Above all, smarting as she does under the injustice of the wage scale, accustomed in the city to do man's work at women's wages, she finds her greatest argument in the fact that Mother Earth is no respecter of persons or of sexes, and on the farm she will not be fined because she is a woman.

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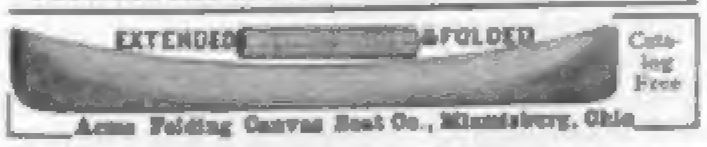

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The Part of Your Sock That *Shows*

should be handsome, just as the part which doesn't show should be durable.

Here is an Iron Clad sock, the material of which is so beautifully mercerized that pure silk hose could not be more pleasing in finish or coloring. Thrust your hand clear into it and it even feels like silk; yet its wearing parts are as strong as those of a much heavier sock, because they are made of a four-ply yarn spun from carefully selected Sea Island cotton of unusual length and given the famous Iron Clad "extra twist." We do not believe that such beauty and great durability were ever so perfectly combined as in this

Iron Clad "DREADNAUGHT" No. 398

Colors: Black, light tan, green, mode, wine, Copenhagen blue, dark grey, dark tan, heliotrope, pearl, hunter green, navy blue.

If your dealer does not keep them and will not get them for you, we will send you as many pairs as you may wish, prepaid, if you will tell us the size and colors you want. ONLY 25c A PAIR. This sock is illustrated in natural colors in our beautiful catalogue. Write for this catalogue, whether you order socks or not—we gladly mail it free.

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

Iron Clad

Another year—and still no rival

Price, $750, includes magneto and regular equipment of three oil lamps, tools and horn. Top, windshield, gas lamps and tank extra.

For 1911 the Hupmobile will be a continuation of the 1910 car.

Five thousand owners have proved that the 1910 Hupmobile is right—that we could not improve upon construction or design.

There are two or three cars in this country which have succeeded simply because the owners *got what they thought they bought.*

One of them is the Hupmobile, which has made good because it *is* good.

The third year of the Hupmobile is here—without a hint of real rivalry in its class.

Its owners are not merely pleased in a passive sort of way—they are whole-hearted and positive in their approval.

Ask any of its five thousand owners how they feel about the Hupmobile. In every instance you will find that they have not had a single moment's dissatisfaction, or cause for regret—that their cars have been all they have expected them to be, and more.

4 cylinders, 20 H. P.
Sliding gears
Bosch magneto

Hupmobile

$750
(F. O. B. Detroit)
Including three oil lamps, horn and tools

The Hupmobile has made good with men who have owned two, or three, or half a dozen cars; and with men who never before possessed one.

They like it because of the facility with which it is handled in crowded traffic, slipping through and around where a larger car could not pass; because of the time and energy it saves a dozen times a day.

They like it because of the pleasure it brings to their leisure hours.

The Hupmobile has won by rendering continuous, unvarying service; and because of the absence of parts which, in even the costliest cars, require much attention and frequent adjustment.

For instance, it carries no batteries.

The ignition source is a Bosch high tension magneto—and the engine starts every time on the magneto spark.

The elimination of batteries does away with extra weight, a coil, a commutator, and a mass of wiring.

The complication of water pump and fan are missing, because the cooling is by the natural circulation of the thermo-syphon system; and the fly wheel carries fan blades.

The same virtues which make the Hupmobile the constant companion of hundreds of men, have endeared it to women everywhere; and added to these other virtues is the extreme simplicity of its operation.

Write for the literature; and we will put you in touch with the local Hupmobile dealer.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Dept. P, Detroit, Michigan

Licensed Under Selden Patent

One lever and two pedals drive the Hupmobile

The lever governs the speeds through the sliding gear transmission.

Pull it back—as in starting—and the car travels on low speed.

Push it forward; the speed changes to high.

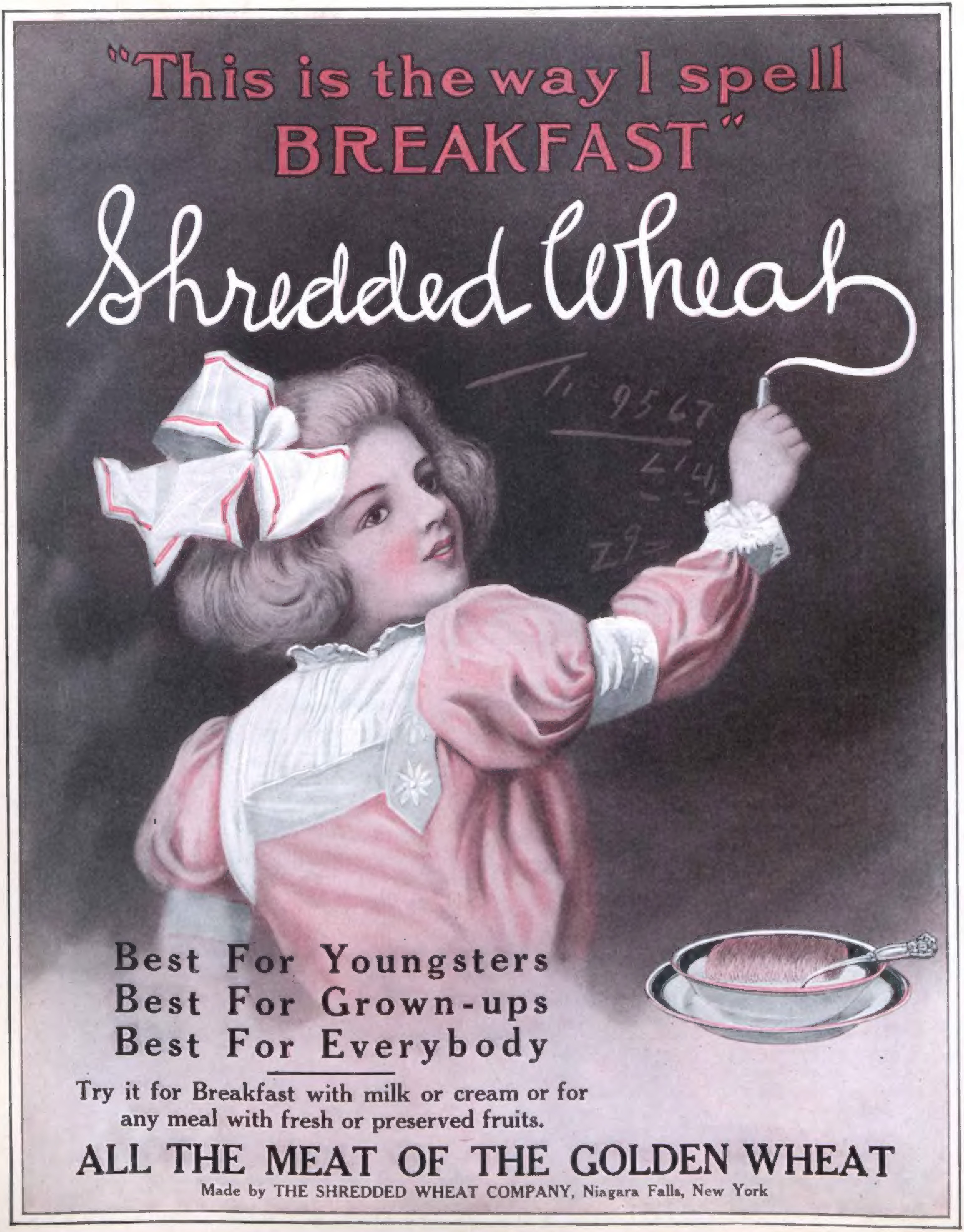
Halfway, it releases the gears and the engine runs free while the car stands at the curb.

When the left foot pedal is pushed forward it disengages the clutch; released, the clutch slips smoothly into place and the car is off and away.

Pressure on the right foot pedal applies the brake for slackening speed and stopping.

Hupmobile Coupé—a handsome, handy 1911 car

The price, $1250, includes magneto, electric headlights, dash and tail lamps, and interior overhead light; batteries and wiring; shock absorbers; single drop seat from dash; 31 x 3½ inch rear tires. The upholstering is the finest. Front, door and side windows of plate glass can be raised and lowered at will.



"This is the way I spell BREAKFAST"

Shredded Wheat

Best For Youngsters
Best For Grown-ups
Best For Everybody

Try it for Breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal with fresh or preserved fruits.

ALL THE MEAT OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT

Made by THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Niagara Falls, New York